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THE SPIRIT OF OLD WEST POINT¹

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I

ON THE THRESHOLD

SOME time during the winter of 1857-58, I received from the Hon. Samuel S. Cox, Member of Congress from Ohio, and representing the district composed of Licking, Franklin, and Pickaway, an appointment as cadet at West Point. I know it was winter time, for, across the vanished years, I can see the family gathered before the big wood fire, and my father entering, clad in his greatcoat—he had been to Newark and on his way home had stopped at the post office in Kirkersville—and bearing in his hand a large and significant-looking official letter.

Removing his coat and adjusting his glasses, he opened the communication from Washington and read my appointment. Oh, the quiet radiance of my mother's face! And never, I think, did fire burn so cheerily as ours burned that night,—and somehow, I am fain to believe, the curling smoke communicated the news to the old farm; for every field that I had wandered over from childhood seemed to greet me the next morning, as I walked out to feed the sheep. We

sat long round the fire, and read and re-read the formidable entrance requirements, both physical and mental, as set forth in the circular accompanying the appointment.

This circular, prepared by Jefferson Davis, Secretary of War, and a graduate himself, announced that only about a third of all who entered were graduated, and counseled the appointee that unless he had an aptitude for mathematics, etc., it might be better for him not to accept the appointment; thus he would escape the mortification of failure for himself and family. In view of my lack of opportunity to acquire a knowledge of mathematics, or, for that matter, more than the simplest rudiments of an education in any branch, I wonder now that I dared to face the ordeal. But how the future gleams through the gates of youth!

It was in the days before competitive examinations, when appointments to West Point and Annapolis were coveted—and usually secured—by the sons of the leaders in business, political influence, and social standing; and ours was the capital district. The debt of gratitude I owe to Mr. Cox is especially great,—greater than it was ever in my power, while he was living, to repay by word or deed. Widely known and dearly beloved, he has long since passed beyond the reach of human utterance; but whatever defects may characterize the course of this narrative, I want the light of acknowledged gratitude to him to fall across its threshold.

¹ I wish gratefully to acknowledge my obligations to Edward S. Holden, LL. D., Librarian at West Point, and especially to Mr. William Ward, who for over fifty years has been the faithful and courteous Chief Clerk in the Adjutant's office, for generous and quickly responsive aid in the preparation of these articles.

At that time our country was a very different one from that in which we are now living; and so great have been the changes that, could the leading merchants of our cities of fifty years ago, or the farmers who settled amid the primeval timber of the West, return, the former would not recognize one street from another, and the latter would look in vain for the fields and woods that met their eyes from the doorstep. The population of the country, now rising eighty millions, was less than thirty-two millions, not counting the territories; and of these nineteen millions were in the North, or free states, and twelve in the South, or slave states. The frontier was along the western boundary of Arkansas, and thence north to the Canadian line. The great tide of emigration that set in with the building of the National Road was still flowing west; while the railroads and telegraph were just beginning to push their way after it. Steamboats, called "floating palaces," could be seen at almost every bend of the beautiful Ohio and on every long reach of the solemnly impressive Mississippi.

Practically all the vast area lying west of the Hudson was devoted to agriculture, while the South, as from the early days, was still raising cotton and tobacco, finding itself year after year dropping farther and farther behind the more progressive North in commercial weight and importance. But there were no great fortunes at that time, either North or South; it is safe to say there were not throughout all the land half a dozen men worth a million dollars. If an estate amounted to fifty thousand dollars, it was considered large; and yet, under those conditions there were refinement, courage, good manners, and wide knowledge — qualities that went to the making of gentlemen. Colleges, called universities, were springing up everywhere over the land. Irving, Hawthorne, and Bancroft, Longfellow, Whittier, and Emerson, had laid the foundations for our literature. In public life the foremost statesmen of the time were Benton, Cass, Corwin,

Douglas, Chase, Wade, and Giddings in the West; Seward, Hale, Banks, Sumner, and Adams in the East; while the South counted among its leaders such men as Jefferson Davis and Quitman of Mississippi, Alexander H. Stephens and Toombs of Georgia, and Hunter and Mason of Virginia. Besides these there were Breckenridge and Crittenden of Kentucky, Benjamin and Slidell of Louisiana, Wigfall of Texas, and Yancey of Alabama — not to mention a group of arrogant and almost frenzied agitators for secession, who seemed to rise right up from the ground that was thrown out when Calhoun's grave was dug, and to whom may be attributed in great measure the dire adversity of our Southland.

The war with Mexico was still fresh in the memories of the people, and the majority of the officers who had gained distinction in it were still living, as well as veterans here and there of the War of 1812; and to emphasize the march of time, I may say that a frequent visitor at my father's house was a French veteran by the name of G  net, who had actually fought under Napoleon at Waterloo. Save with Mexico, our country had been at peace with all the world for nearly fifty years; its future, save as shadowed now and then by slavery, glowed warmly, and pride and love for it burned in every heart.

The army consisted of 16,435 officers and men; its organization was made up of engineers, topographical engineers, ordnance, supply departments, artillery, infantry, cavalry, dragoons, and mounted rifles. The heaviest guns in the forts were 10-inch columbiads, and the small arms were all muzzle-loading smooth bores and rifles.

Grant, in utter obscurity and almost utter poverty, and fronting an outlook of utter hopelessness, was a clerk in a store at Galena. Farragut was sailing the seas and not dreaming of the days to come, when, lashed to the rigging, he would lead his squadron into the battle of Mobile Bay. Lee was commanding a post in

Texas, and probably had never heard of the little town of Gettysburg; Sedgwick and Thomas and Jeb Stuart were all on the Texas frontier, and the future seemed to offer only a slow chance for promotion; and yet, in less than five years they had risen to enduring fame. Stonewall Jackson was an instructor at the Virginia Military Institute—the West Point of the South; but he was dwelling more on the sins of this earth than on its honors, either military or civil, and was regarded by his intimates as a queer and uninteresting type of a belated Roundhead. Within five years he was to rise to the pinnacle of fame, his star to the country's zenith. Sherman was teaching in Louisiana, little dreaming that he would one day lead a victorious army from Atlanta to the sea. Longstreet, the Johnstons, the Hills, Hooker, Bragg, and Forest—the latter a slave dealer, but the ablest cavalry leader of the Confederacy—and the many who in blue and gray rose on the waves of the mighty rebellion, were all unknown outside of their local and professional associations. Of these, Reynolds, who fell at Gettysburg, Webb, Warren, McCook, Howard, Griffin, Schofield, Hartsuff, Saxton, Weitzel, and Hazen, of the Union; Hardee, Beauregard, Fitz Lee, Alexander, and Field, of the Confederate Army, were on duty as officers at West Point. In the corps as cadets were Wilson, Upton, Hardin, Horace Porter, Merritt, Custer, and Mackenzie of the North, while bound in ties of friendship with them were Ramseur, Wheeler, Rosser, Pelham, Young, Semmes, and Deering of the South. Whenever and wherever I have thought of them as officers or cadets,—and it has been many and many a time,—imagination has painted them marching unconsciously toward the field of the high test of the soldier and the gentleman.

The war between the states was gathering much faster than we realized. Every little while, as from a cloud, sounded low and heavy rumblings; but, like distant thunder in summer, they died away; and

notwithstanding that they came again heavier and at shorter intervals, yet hopes of peace, like birds in the fields, sang on. And yet everywhere there was a growing fever in the blood.

The progress of events in the seventy-five years during which they had been bound together in the Constitution had forced freedom and slavery, so mutually and organically antagonistic, nearer and nearer to each other. The closer the approach, slavery on the one hand saw herself growing more and more repulsive, while on the other, the South, with increasing anger and alarm, saw in the cold look of the self-controlled North that her prosperity, happiness, social fabric, and political supremacy were threatened if not doomed. In the Ordinance of 1787 she had seen herself excluded from all the territory north of the Ohio; in 1820, forever prohibited in all the territory ceded by France, and known as Louisiana, north of 36° 20'; in 1846, excluded from all the territory purchased from Mexico; in 1850, California admitted as a free state, and the slave trade abolished in the District of Columbia. In 1854 she saw slavery expelled from the territory of Kansas, the blood of freemen dripping from her hands, after a savage and brutal contest with freedom. During this process of being hemmed in she became more and more irritable, and, unfortunately for her, more domineering.

Naturally enough the social, idealistic, and temperamental difference elementary in the natures and traditions of the people grew apace. We in the West, especially those of us with Southern affiliation of birth, hated slavery and hated New England, but generally sympathized with the South; yet in her arrogance she fast assumed an attitude of condescension and superiority over us all. Meanwhile, the abolitionist, despised on all hands, had begun the most systematic, deliberate, and stubborn crusade that ever was waged against an institution, giving birth to the Fugitive Slave Law out of the compromises thus enforced. It was a law

hateful in every feature, arousing the indignation of every natural impulse, and humiliating to the self-respect of every official called on for its execution. Then *Uncle Tom's Cabin* appeared; from door to door it went; and slavery heard its knell from every hearthstone before which it was read.

From that time an open hostility to the institution was in the plank of every platform, and was constantly engaging the earnest discussion and purpose of every benevolent and religious association. There was no respite day or night henceforward for the great body of the people, who, standing between the fire-eaters on the one hand and the abolitionists on the other, were ready and longing to do anything for the peace, glory, and welfare of South as well as North.

As early as 1851, South Carolina and Mississippi in their provincial egotism had threatened secession; declaring in a bullying way that they would not submit to degradation in the Union, — referring to the barricades that the people of the free states had thrown up against the extension of the institution of slavery. Meanwhile, Sumner, with manners more imperious and egotism more colossal than the Southern states had ever exhibited, assailed slavery and, indirectly, the representatives of the South in Congress, with a kind of dogmatic statesmanship and scholastic venom, — the latter intended to irritate, and succeeding in its purpose, — roared out in pompous and reverberating declamation. The effect of these deplorable extremes was to weaken the natural ties that bound the sections, to drive out friendship and good-will from many a home, and to substitute in their places deep and dangerous ill-feelings. Now, as I look back over it all, never, it seems to me, did provincial egotism born of slavery, and bigotry born of political and moral dogma pursue their ways more blindly to frightful wastes of treasure and blood. But let this question rest; the fire-eater is gone and the abolitionist is gone; were they to come back, the

surprise of both at the results would be astounding. However that may be, in due time an idea took possession of the North, as if it had seen a vision; the Democratic party began to break before it, and the Republican party sprang up from Maine to California with almost the speed of a phantom.

When I finally left home for West Point, James Buchanan was President, and drifting placidly into a deeper eclipse than has befallen any other who has filled that high office. Abraham Lincoln was still unknown beyond the prairies of Central Illinois.

II

THE JOURNEY

In company with J. C. Ritchey, an appointee from the adjoining district, a son of the Honorable Thomas Ritchey of Somerset, Perry County, who, for the welfare and glory of the country, appointed General Philip Sheridan to West Point, I set out the last week in May for the Military Academy by way of Cleveland, Buffalo, and Albany.

Ritchey was a spare, dark-haired, well-bred, handsome boy, and, like myself, had never been twenty-five miles from home. Neither of us had ever seen a steamboat. And so, when we boarded the *Metamora* at Albany, and the colored porter proclaimed — ringing a bell with an air of great authority, as he made his way airily along the decks — that all the passengers should present themselves at the purser's office and show their tickets, neither my companion nor myself had the faintest idea which way to go. The steamboat swung out from her berth, and down the broad sweeping Hudson, glittering in the June sunshine, between its pleasant banks of richest green, under the blue Catskills, all dreaming, and some towering loftily in the distance. To us both the trip was like an opening to another and a surprisingly beautiful and mystic world.

We met tows making their way laboriously with their long trains of forlorn canal boats. The decks of the Governor Clintons, the Queens of the Mohawk, the Mary Anns of Buffalo, were deserted, save here and there a man in coat sleeves lolling in an armchair, a dog sprawling asleep near him in the warm sunshine, and now and then a little bareheaded child, whose only play-yard was the deck, toddling by its mother as she strung up some promiscuous laundry, — the whole, from the high, animated deck of our proud steamer, a moving picture of cheerless and hopeless isolation. And yet who knows the secret pride that lingers about the captaincy of a canal boat? who knows the good spirits that visit him, the mother and the child, as his craft by fields and woods and church-spired towns pursues its silent way? Every little while, off across the glittering water, where the river broadened widely, men tugged waist deep at a seine, for the shad were running. Now and then we passed a sloop or schooner with sails set, or waiting patiently for wind or tide.

I had never seen a sailing-vessel before, and at that time did not know one from another. I learned the difference one golden summer afternoon while lying on the velvety green parapet of Fort Knox. (What a view and what memories the name will bring back to every graduate whose eyes may follow this pen!) There were four or five of us in the party, and every little while some one would speak of how some sloop or other which we could see below us was heading away from a certain schooner, or how the schooner was beating the sloop. Well, it was all Greek to me, and I finally asked, "Which is the sloop and which is the schooner?" as there were quite a number of them, and from that point they looked more like birds, they were so still and so far below you.

As most of the party were Eastern men my question had barely passed my lips when they howled, "For God's sake, Schaff, where are you from? Don't you

see that the schooner has two masts and the sloop one?" After a month or two, by remembering that the word "schooner" had more letters in it than "sloop," I was able to distinguish them.

About noon we entered the Narrows. The low, green banks, which for miles and miles had been so soothingly winsome, with their tranquil prospects reaching off to leaning distances, suddenly drew nearer to each other, and loomed up ahead into great, majestically calm, green-timbered heights. I had never seen a mountain before and, as we drew closer to them, they filled my eye with wonder.

Soon we were abreast of Storm King, and now we were at the foot of Crow Nest, which, clothed in evergreen rises sheer fifteen hundred feet from the water's edge, its deeply silent face marked here and there with patches of gray overhanging cliffs. This mountain, Fort Putnam, the stately river, and the wide, dreaming prospect beyond it, that recedes in undulating lines of quiet fields, brooding woods, and darkening ravines to a distant, elevated horizon line sweeping far to the north with the pensive beauty of remote charm, — these with Crow Nest fill the background of every West Point memory.

The passengers had gathered in the forward part of the boat, and what a scene of river and mountains lay before us! Whatever our walk in life may be and whatever our hopes, the Hudson and the Highlands convey at this point a certain sweet exultation to the mind of all. Oh, Mother Earth! endeared by mists and trailing clouds, by lone trees on crests against the evening sky, by voices of waters falling far up some wild ravine on starry nights, by fields where bees are humming, — dear as all these are to me, if I could choose one scene of all your mighty compass of beauty to fill my eye at the last, it would be the Highlands of the Hudson.

The boat sped on, and I heard a passenger near by observe: "There is West

Point!" My heart beat. And at once I caught the flag crimsoning in the distance. It needs but this bit of color, the proud banner lifting and swirling out gracefully, and sinking back tenderly to the mast, to blend the scene with the thrill of its heroic associations.

Soon we were at the dock, and soon we were ascending the slope that Grant, Lee, McPherson, Stonewall Jackson, Longstreet, and Warren, and many a high-hearted one — boys like ourselves — had ascended. The road from the wharf, supported by substantial retaining walls, bears up the face of the precipitous bluff with a commanding grade. Approaching the summit it swings sharply to the left, around massively shouldered, lichened rocks overshadowed by native forest trees, then turns to the right, flanked by a heavy wall, and emerges near the library upon the Plain, one hundred and sixty feet or so above the level of the river. The Plain, which is the counterpart of the campus at universities and colleges, is as level as a floor, and has an area of forty odd acres.

Although West Point has been an army post with forts and batteries since an early period in the Revolutionary War, — in fact, it has never known civil life, — yet there is nothing severe or austere military in its presence. On the contrary, the first view one gets of it near the library is so quiet and genial in its affluence of beauty that it seems more like a realized dream than an army post. The double rows of venerable elms margining the Plain mask the library, chapel, and the turreted, four-stoned, granite barracks on the south side, and on the west the unpretentious quarters of the superintendent, the commandant, and the professors and instructors, all overlooking the velvety sward of the extensive parade.

Dominated by Crow Nest and darkly green, — for they are clothed with cedar, — the hills rise immediately, stern and shaggy, forming a mighty and lofty background for West Point. And whoever has climbed up among the hoary ledges to the ruins of old Fort Putnam and from its idle

parapet looked down on the plain and the river, or off to the west where the hills upheave in massive, picturesque confusion, or has viewed this background with the clouds trailing over it, or the crescent moon skimming the top of Crow Nest, has a memory which time cannot efface.

The hotel, a stone and brick structure, stands within a ragged hedge on the north side of the Point, and on the very brink of its bluff. It was built by the government, and was intended primarily for the accommodation of distinguished foreign guests and for the members of the Board of Visitors appointed yearly by the President to attend the annual examinations in June, and to report to Congress on the state of discipline and course of instruction. At this time and through the summer months it has a large patronage of cultivated and light-hearted people from all over the country. The views from its broad, elevated porch are beautiful in all directions; and that to the north, with the river breaking between Crow Nest and Bull Hill, the eye traveling on over Newburgh eleven miles away to the distant Shawangunk Mountains, is matchless.

The sensations of the new cadet when he reaches the Plain linger a long while. There are two West Points, — the actual West Point, and the overarching spiritual one, of which the cadet only becomes conscious about the time he graduates. The determinate West Point that is to be his master for four years and the shaper of his destiny, meets him at the top of the slope with ominous silence. He hears no voice, he sees no portentous figure; but there is communicated in some way, through some medium, the presence of an invisible authority, cold, inexorable, and relentless. Time never wears away this first feeling; it comes back to every graduate on returning to West Point, let his years and his honors be what they may. And perhaps it is just as well that it is so; that there is one place left in our country where the vanity of asserted ancestry, and the too frequent arrogance of

speculative and fortuitous commercial leadership, find a chill.

In the "bus" that carried us up to the hotel we fell in with another new cadet, conspicuously well-dressed and with heavy dark eyes. I can recall his luxurious gold sleeve-buttons now. Nature had bestowed on him an enviable air of solemn dignity and a most promisingly developed head; yet he never mastered the course. Strange as it may seem, he was from farther west than either of us, — he was from Iowa.

A universal, incomprehensible smile met us at the hotel; the board of visitors had arrived, and there was the usual gay throng, — young ladies in the beauty of the spring of youth, and officers, spangling groups of them, with their bullion uniforms. The unaccountable smiles conveyed an uncomfortable impression that there was something out or queer about us all. At first I thought it might be my hat, — one about the color of dried corn blades, with an ambitious crown and a broad, swaggering, independent sort of brim. (I would take many a step to see it or its like again.) But I soon discovered that my Iowa friend, whose hat and clothing were in the full bloom of fashion, was quite as much a source of suppressed amusement to the young ladies, and equally the occasion of some sudden, deep pain in the sidelong glances of the young officers; so I concluded that the source of this amusement and of the looks of the officers lay deeper than our clothing.

In view of the significance that Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus* gave to clothes, I will add that my coat, a long-tailed one, went to old Bentz, the bugler, who had my laundry for the first year, and the notes of whose bugle, calling us to recitations, still float in my memory. Oh, how much his bugle-calls meant in those days! Thundering guns have long since died away; professors, instructors, superintendents, and commandants, once so overwhelmingly forceful, are resting mute on the distant ridges of our memory; while Bentz's uplifted bugle still glitters,

and its notes vibrate softly clear across the lengthening years. May sunlight and moonlight fall lovingly where the sturdy old soldier lies!

My pants and hat were traded off with some other like apparel by "Jim" Riddle of my class to a "bum" boat from Cold Spring, just after dark one night after going into camp. The transaction was carried on in one of the quiet, deeply-shadowed coves between Gee's Point and the old wharf, just below the hotel. The exchange was made for a bottle of mighty poor whiskey, and some kind of berry pie, my share being a hunk of the latter.

Finally, some charitable soul at the hotel told us that we had better go to the adjutant's office (then in the library building) and report. Thereupon down the steps of the hotel we went, passed out through the ragged hedge, — henceforth our limits for four years, — and followed the level, yellow, sun-beaten road toward the cool library under its bending elms. On the right, as we pursued our way, lay the deep, green plain, afterwards trod so many times, now at drill, now at parade, and now at will with some dear fellow cadet at our side: its every blade we may believe holds in sweetest recollection the boys who with courageous and loving hearts trod it in the glow of their youth. On the left was the cavalry and artillery plain; and I have no doubt the old brass guns of the light battery parked upon it exchanged smiles as they saw us pass, three green boys headed toward the adjutant's office. And yet, for all your mirth, we came to know you well! We drilled beside you for three years, we saw you move off to the war, — led on by Captain Charles Griffin, our instructor in light artillery, that winter morning of 1861 with the moon just settling down behind the dark brow of Crow Nest, — and heard the good-by of your rumbling, chuckling wheels. Once more I saw you, — when you were wheeling into "action front" near Grant's headquarters in the battle of the Wilderness.

One or two incidents of that morning of the great battle I must make a place for here. I was carrying a dispatch from General Warren to General Wadsworth, — the latter was killed, and his lines driven through the woods before I could reach him, — and while on this ride I saw a soldier sitting at the root of a tree near the Wilderness Run amid a clump of blue and dog-tooth violets. He had plucked some of them, and they were lying loosely now in his white, dead hand, while his head had fallen limply to the left as he rested against the tree. Was his last dream of home, of the violets blooming along the run he followed as a boy?

It was when I was returning from this ride, and had nearly reached Grant's headquarters, that the battery came rushing by. They were Regulars, and I did not know which battery it was till, as the trail of one of the pieces fell, the sergeant turned; his eye brightened and then, much to my surprise, he smiled at me; and behold! it was the old West Point battery! And I recognized the sergeant as the leader of those little devils, — the West Point drummer boys of my day! My heart never spoke more warmly or sincerely than at that moment as my glance met his; and if I could have done so, I'd gladly have grasped his hand. Yes, we and the guns of the West Point battery came to know one another right well after that sunny day when we first met on our way to the adjutant's office.

III

FINDING OUR PLACE

We found the office, and on reporting, crossed the boundary between civil and military life, — and there is no boundary in this world like it in its contrasts. And now, as from the height of years I look down upon ourselves at this fateful crossing, our personalities become objects of almost pathetic interest.

The adjutant was James B. Fry, who during the Civil War rose to some dis-

tinction, but not nearly to that which his services deserved, as the head of the recruiting department of the army. He took our names, the occupations of our parents, and their address. When he heard mine, "Kirkersville, Ohio," he smiled, as about everybody has smiled from that day to this when it is mentioned. And yet, from within a radius of twenty-five miles of Kirkersville, have come Sherman, Sheridan, McDowell, Rosecrans, Curtis, Griffin, Brice, and Woods, — all graduates of distinction.

We were turned over to a soldierly orderly, and soon were tailing behind him towards the barracks. And oh, with what form and step he preceded us, breasting, as it were, the soft June air with a front of irresistible authority; on past the dear little chapel, the only one of all the buildings enthroned with tenderness in a cadet's memory; on past the Academic Hall, and thence into the area of the barracks. By this time he had increased his step, gaining distance somewhat between us for reasons that soon became obvious; for, shortly after we turned the corner of barracks, first one and then another pattering shower of saved-up buttons began to fall around us. This noiseless salute was coming from the cockloft, and from those and those only who just a year before were on their way to the seventh and eighth divisions with countenances as serious as those we wore.

The orderly led us across the area, up the iron steps to the stoop, and thence into the hall of the eighth division. There he tapped respectfully on the door to the left. "Come in!" responded a voice in military tones, and we entered. The little slips of paper which the adjutant gave us had barely reached the hands of the cadet officers, Kingsbury, Chambliss, and Babbitt, detailed in charge of new cadets, when instantaneously all three at once shouted to us to take our hats off and "stand at attention!" — whatever that might be — with voices boiling with indignation, and eyes glaring with panther-like readiness to jump on us and tear us

to bits, as though we had seriously meditated the overthrow of West Point, and possibly of the Christian religion itself. There is something so ludicrous, when once it is seen through, about the airs of some cadet officers, especially the lance corporals, — and for that matter of some of the tactical instructors also, — that it ripples like a brook in sunshine clear down through the meadows, so to speak, of West Point memories.

Ritchey and myself were commanded imperiously by Babbitt to follow *him*, — the day for "Will you please, sir," or "May I have the pleasure," had passed. We had had a view of his chest expanding in a full, broad swell of glory; and now we had one of his back, his coat embracing his waist with the lines of a wasp, his white pants creased and immaculate, and his cap tilted just a little jauntily across his forehead, his thin, light hair brushed with such careful attention as to give an air of fastidiousness. He mounted the stairways of the seventh division, with elastic sprightliness, to the cockloft, and at the room on the left hand facing the area rapped peremptorily, and the next moment — had he been bursting through an animated impertinence he could not have shown more determined vigor — he sent the old door swinging on its hinges. Then marching up boldly, as only an ambitious yearling corporal can march, to some posted regulations condensed to the limit of comprehension, — I can see them now, printed on blue paper in heavy black type, and prescribing the arrangements of clothing, bed linen, stationery, the care of the room, and what not, — he turned about face, and announced that when our trunks were delivered, we should see to it *that they were obeyed*, indicating the regulations. This announcement having been made with due firmness and volume, he strutted away, giving us a parting look full apparently of intentions on his part of the most desperate character if we did n't look out. On his departure we turned and gazed into each other's faces, seeking hopelessly,

and, from the standpoint of old age, piteously, for some explanation of our experiences at West Point up to that moment.

Later in the day George L. Gillespie of Tennessee was put into the room with us — a boy with blue eyes kindled with the light of natural merriment, well formed, with coal-black hair — and a friend from that day to this. He has lately been retired a major-general at the close of an enviable record on the field, and through all the grades of the corps of engineers. God bless him this day and on to his end!

That night in the midst of profound sleep we were all yanked out by the heels, upsetting in our flight the waste-water bucket on our new woolen blankets. We had barely regained our beds when suddenly there was a startling noise in the room across the hall. At first I thought the whole barracks were tumbling down. It seems that the occupants, who had had the previous night the same experience as ourselves, had decided that they would provide an automatic awakener if the visitors should repeat their devilish call. So they placed the washstands, and on top of them their chairs, against the door; when it was opened, away went the furniture with a most infernal racket. A silence as deep as the grave followed, and Custer — the light-hearted and galling fellow, I cannot mention his name without swimming eyes! — who with Watts of Kentucky was engaged in the hazing, told me afterward that his heart thumped like an engine, expecting every moment to hear the footsteps of officers who roomed in the division adjacent, called the "angle."

When they found the danger past, Watts entered, and in a voice loaded with revenge, asked, "Who lives in here?"

There was a strange contrast in that room. It was occupied by Kenelm Robbins, a large-boned, mild, despondent boy from Plymouth, Massachusetts, and Reuben A. Higgason, a tall, sallow,

freckled and glassy-eyed Mississippian, who had the richest vocabulary of expressive and penetrating oaths of any one I have ever met. In reply to Watts, Robbins answered with peculiarly unassuming and deferential tones, bringing out faithfully the last three letters of his name "Mr. Robbins!"

Then we heard, "Good God! Mr. Robbins, come out of this!" and the next moment our ears recorded him hustling the overturned chairs aside and then scooting to the end of the hall, followed by Higgason, whose bony ankle was in Custer's grasp. Then their tormentors let go of them, and softly and quickly vanished down the stairs. Soon we heard them making their way back. Robbins was speechless, but Higgason opened every stop of his oath-organ, and he kept it going till I went to sleep, and I don't know how much longer.

The poor fellow, as well as Ritchey, failed in his entrance examinations, and together they disappeared. I have never seen or heard of either of them since, and have often wondered where life's currents bore them at last, — I hope to good cheer, success, and happiness.

Perhaps at this point, as well as at any other, some reference may be made to hazing, for it has been made to appear that it assumed a brutal and vulgar phase at West Point. When I reported, it was running full tide, and while it made life sufficiently miserable for me, yet, as I look back over it all, smiles rather than frowns gather. At the risk of being charged as a covert advocate, I must say that it was a mighty leveler in my day; and that the fellow who got it worst and most frequently, if he did not deserve it, at least courted it by some lofty manner, or resented witticism. To be sure, sometimes, a profoundly rural simplicity, some queer wild look, tone of voice, or manner, would get faithful, if not undue attention.

As an example, Custer, Noyes, "Gimlet" Lee, Edie, and Cushing — the Cushing of Cushing's battery — and others of their set, would gather about one of

my classmates from Maine, a serious, rather broad and logy countryman, and insist on seeing and examining the wheels of a huge, double-cased silver watch he had brought with him; then they always wanted to listen to its ticking, and would ask many questions. They never seemed to get tired of having him wind it, and tell them about the last man that repaired it, or of asking how he dared to risk his life through New York with it; insisting daily on taking him to the sun-dial in the area, and threatening at last that if he did n't bring it to running accurately with the dial, they would have to report him for carrying a timepiece that discredited the official time, and thereby reflected on them as *officers* of the *army*. I can see the crowd around him, and more mischievous countenances never twinkled in a light-hearted group.

One of them, Cushing, saw me leaning dismally — yes, and lonely enough — against a post of the stoop a day or so after reporting. It was after dinner and I was overlooking the crowd of yearlings who had assembled at the verge of limits. The brass buttons, jaunty caps, trim figures, and white pants still glitter and enliven the memory of that old drum-echoing area. Cushing fastened his eye on me and then asked, his prominent white teeth gleaming through his radiant smile, "What is your name, *Animal*?" — the title given by the third-class men to all new cadets.

"Schaff," I answered demurely.

"Come right down here, Mr. *Shad*," commanded Cushing.

Well, I went, and had the usual guying, and subsequently was conducted over to a room in the second or third division, where I was ordered to debate the repeal of the Missouri Compromise with another *animal* by the name of Vance, from Illinois, whose eyes were so large and white as almost to prolong twilight. And, by the way, the next day at dinner while sitting just opposite him, a boiled potato grazed my ear and landed with a great splash into his soup. Vance, seeing

it about the time it passed me, involuntarily closed his eyes, but the spatter of the soup opened them — and so widely as to display an additional zone of white. Then he began to apply his handkerchief, — we did not have napkins in those days, — muttering what sounded like horrible oaths, while some of us who had escaped grinned, wondering how soon another missile would come our way. Of course, the potato was not aimed at Vance; and I don't suppose the cadet who threw it ever knew where it landed. For the first captain (it was the tall, dark-eyed, sombre, gaunt, determined Payne of Massachusetts, whom Jessup of Maryland attacked with his sword just after breaking ranks one day in marching from that same mess hall) was on the lookout for that sort of thing. To avoid detection the yearling had to watch his chance, have the potato in his hand ready, and when he thought the way clear, let it go, resume his fork, and fasten his eyes on his plate almighty quick, even before the potato had cleared half the length of its journey.

On the field of Gettysburg, where I stayed for over a month after the battle, collecting and shipping arms and guns left on the field, — there were 37,574¹ of them, — more than once I stood where the brave Cushing gave up his life, right at the peak of Pickett's daring

¹ It was officially reported when those guns were examined that 24,000 of them were loaded, half containing two loads each, one-fourth from three to ten loads each. In many of these from two to six balls have been found with only one charge of powder. Twenty-three were found in one Springfield rifle, each loaded in regular order. Twenty-two balls and sixty-two buckshot, with a corresponding quantity of powder, all mixed up together, were found in one percussion, smooth-bore musket. In many of the smooth-bore guns of rebel make we have found a wad of loose paper between the powder and the ball and another wad of the same kind on top of the ball. For particulars, see the letter dated January 4, 1864, of the master armorer of Washington Arsenal to his commanding officer, Captain J. G. Benton.

charge. Oh, that day and that hour! History will not let that smiling, splendid boy die in vain; her dew will glisten forever over his record as the earthly morning dew glistens in the fields. Fame loves the gentleman and the true-hearted, but her sweetheart is gallant youth.

Two or three others died there who were at West Point with me, namely "Rip" McCreery in the Confederate service, Hazlett, little "Dad" Woodruff, and "Pat" O'Rorke, in our own. McCreery and Hazlett were second-class men; Woodruff and O'Rorke in the class just ahead of mine. The latter drilled me when I was in the *animal* state, and I was very — and I'm afraid hopelessly — awkward, for I was among the last to be drilled alone. Somehow, for the life of me, I could never swell out my breast, or plant one foot after another, with that determination of movement and sternness of countenance indicative of mighty and serious purpose which characterizes what is known as a "military" carriage. O'Rorke, spare, middle size, raven-black hair, his face inclined to freckles, but as mild as a May morning, his manner and voice like that of a quiet gentleman — O'Rorke had been a hod-carrier in Rochester when he was appointed to West Point. Previous appointments all having failed to pass, the Congressman, his pride probably ruffled by the fact, set out determined to find somebody in his district who could graduate at the Military Academy, and, turning away from the rich and the high social levels, made choice of O'Rorke.

There is something that sets the heart beating warmly in the fact that when his friends of toil learned that he stood at the head of his class, they chipped in some of their hard earnings and bought him a costly, richly engraved gold watch as a token that they were proud of him.

He drilled me under the blooming horse-chestnuts on the east side of the academic hall; I can see him now, and the pompon-like, pink-tinted blossoms among the long leaves over us. More-

over, I well remember his looking at that same watch while giving me a little rest, probably nearly bored to death, and wondering how much longer he had to endure it. He graduated at the head of his class, and in less than eighteen months was brevetted twice for gallant and meritorious conduct. The fall before the Gettysburg campaign he became Colonel of the 140th New York; and some time in the winter of 1862-63 I received, while at Fort Monroe, his wedding-cards, and the bride's name was Bridget. Many a time since, I have thought that this was his boyhood love, to which he had remained steadfast while honors were falling about him. However that may be, he was killed while standing on a large boulder, his regiment immediately before him, and fighting almost at the very muzzles of its guns on Round Top. It was Warren, his old instructor, who had led them thither, and most fortunately, too, for that regiment saved the hill — and perhaps the day. Again and again I visited the spot where this brave, mild-voiced, and sweet-hearted friend fell.

Meanwhile fame's trumpet has been pealing; but not over his grave. Ah, how fickle she is! Everybody knows of his classmate, Cushing; not one in a thousand of dear old Pat! I wish the hod-carriers of his race would chip in once more, and, if possible, secure St. Gaudens's evoking genius. I think we should see a figure of a young soldier ascending a Jacob's ladder, and angels with garlands hovering and leading upward to the clear, open space where the spirits of Bayard and Sidney are reaching out their hands to grasp the gallant boy and welcome him to the company of gentlemen of all ages.

Hazlett — how often I saw him bearing the cadet colors, for he was the color-sergeant — fell on Round Top about the same time as O'Rorke. He was a handsome youth; had very dark hair, deep blue eyes, and in many ways, I think, the most distinguished air of all the cadets that I recall — that mingling of the

gentleman and the man of the world, a characteristic rarely displayed in one so young. While bending over Weed, who had been in the corps with him, to catch his last murmuring word, Hazlett was killed — I believe instantly. The last time I saw him alive was at Hooker's headquarters on the banks of the Rappahannock, playing chess with Flagler. Weed I never saw. But thus, on that famous hill of Round Top, and near together, that July afternoon, West Point lost three fine men. O'Rorke was twenty-seven, Hazlett twenty-five, and Weed thirty years of age.

Woodruff — he was called little "Dad" — was one among the few very small men in the battalion. He too, like O'Rorke, had dark hair, a rather clouded, oldish, firm face, and serious dark eyes, and was universally popular in his class. He was mortally wounded during Pickett's charge. He was so small and frail, so courageous and so well-beloved, that those of us who had formed under the elms and marched to parade day after day with him felt sorrowful enough when we heard he was gone. I never saw so many horses lying dead on any field as along the ridge where his and the adjacent batteries stood.

McCreery, known as "Rip" from his superfluous activity, and loud and persistent loquacity, was from Virginia. When the war came on he took his place beside his brothers of the proud old Dominion, and was killed while carrying the colors of the 26th North Carolina the first day at Gettysburg. I heard of his death from some Confederate surgeons who had been left in charge of their wounded, and whom I met daily and always on the pleasantest of terms. I think if any of them are living, they will possibly remember some mint juleps or whiskey toddies that we drank while sitting on the pavement in the shadow of a bank building in the square at Gettysburg. I fear that some of the volunteer officers who passed us doubted my loyalty, hobnobbing, as I did, with them; but those Confederates

were first-rate fellows, and I wish now I had put a little more whiskey into every one of their glasses.

IV

THE RAW MATERIAL

The class having reported, we were summoned to our physical and mental examinations; the latter was held in the old Academic Hall that had echoed so many footsteps, and whose walls were clammy, so to speak, with the ooze of distressingly exacting recitations. That morning for the first time I saw the Academic Board. It is made up of the superintendent, commandant, and professors, and is a formidable reality to youthful eyes. They were sitting at small desks, arranged in a crescent; their heavy bulioned epaulettes, and the flat, brass buttons on the deep blue, scholastic dress-coats of the professors, pointed the dignity of the solemn array. In full uniform in the middle of the Board sat the superintendent, Major Richard Delafield, a pudgy man with heavy, sandy eyebrows, abundant grayish sandy hair, and a pronounced eagle nose. He wore glasses, and had the air of an officer and a man of cultivation, invested, furthermore, with the honor of a wide and well-earned distinction. Colonel William H. Hardee, the commandant, sat on the left of Major Delafield. He was a tall man with large, solid gray eyes, a low forehead, heavy, grizzled mustache and imperial, and soldierly in every bearing. Colonel Hardee was a trusted friend of Jefferson Davis, and later a lieutenant-general in the Confederacy. In his sketch of Cleburne, the great Confederate killed at Franklin, he said, "He fell before the banner he had so often guided to victory was furled; before the people he fought for were crushed; before the cause he loved was lost." The man who could write prose like that was no ordinary man. Church, Mahan, Bartlett, French, Kendrick, Angel, and Weir, the professors, were all

beyond middle life; benignant, white locks softened the faces of most of them.

The examination was thorough, as it should have been, but it was extremely simple. I wondered then, and I wonder now, that any boy who has had a fair training at a common school should have failed to pass it; yet a number did fail. And in this connection, there is no question that I have ever thought over seriously that offers more perplexing factors than the requirements for admission to West Point. But so long as we feel a pride in Grant, Stonewall Jackson, Sheridan, McPherson, Michie, and a host of others, any exaction that puts admission beyond the reach of a farmer's or mechanic's boy who has had only a common school to go to, ought not to be adopted without overwhelming reasons.

There was one incident in my examination that has always left a doubt as to whether I crossed the boundary between truth and falsehood. It was this: I had got through with everything but reading when Professor French called on me to read aloud, handing me an open book. I was rattling it off when I came to Mosheim's *History of the Middle Ages*. I had never heard of Mosheim and knew mighty little about the Middle Ages. I first pronounced it "Mosheem," and then said "Moshime." The old professor looked up — he had a sweetly soft, generously broad face, bald, well-formed head, a fountain of still white light streaming from its dome, liquid black eyes, and that air of scholarship that manifests itself in tones of voice and in a reserved mental quiet and mental simplicity which cannot be mistaken — and inquired, "Why did you change the pronunciation, Mr. Schaff?"

Now, to make my case perfectly clear, I must say that I had noticed at chapel that he always pronounced "either" and "neither" with a long "i," and that, as I had never heard it before, it made a deep impression. Of course, the eyes of every one of the Board were on me at once, some looking mildly intent over

their glasses, and some peering through them.

Whereupon I manufactured this explanation quicker than lightning. "I believe the best speakers pronounce the diphthong 'ei' i." Of course, it was all based on his pronunciation.

"Very good," he answered, and I sat down; and how near I — well, to say the least — prevaricated, has never been fully settled in my own mind.

I see by the original statement filed with the War Department and now before me, that there were ninety-one appointments to my class: sixty-six were admitted, eighteen were rejected, and seven did not report. Of the sixty-six, twenty-seven were from the South, and all save two, Gillespie of Tennessee and McKee of Kentucky, went with their section. The report of the examination is dated June 22, 1858; from that date therefore, my class was an integral part of West Point.

In our first appearance as a military body, marching to dinner, we offered, as every class before us had offered, the usual — and perhaps the most amusing — spectacle that there meets the eye. We were a column of gawky boys of all sizes, from five to six feet tall, clad in all sorts of particolored raiment; our eyes fixed, yes, glued, on the coat collar of the boy in front of us, a grim dismalness hanging in every face; all of us trying mechanically to point our toes and to comply with the fierce orders from sergeants and lance corporals who trod the earth proudly on each flank, filling the air with "hep! — hep!" Every little while some one of us lost the step or, treading on the heels of the man in front, threw the whole line into such a hobbling mass as to cause the sergeant in a high state of dudgeon to plant his heels and roar out, "Halt!"

This outraged officer now stalked up rapidly to the side of the awkward boy whose eyes were still glued on the coat collar ahead of him, with a hopelessness more abject than ever in his face, and in the maddest of tones threatened

the most dire punishment if it should happen again. After the mighty wrath of the sergeant had exhausted itself, he would throw a withering glance up and down the line; then, putting himself into an attitude, with great emphasis he would order the march resumed. Whereupon the sergeants and lance corporals resumed their yelps louder and fiercer than ever; and so it went on until we poor devils reached the mess hall.

Yes, a "plebe" class marching for the first time is a mighty funny sight. But see them four years hence, marching up to the commanding officer at their last parade! What a transformation! Oh, the step now! No sergeant's or lance corporal's commands are necessary; they walk proudly and gracefully; the grim dismal cloud of plebedom has drifted off, and the faces are lit up with a flushing pride. Great, great are the changes a class undergoes in four years at West Point, — and in more ways than one.

The member of my class who bore the proudest name was Singleton Van Buren of South Carolina, a grandson of ex-President Van Buren, his mother's family the distinguished Singletons of the South. No one, I think, could fail to appreciate his good breeding; he wore its autograph in his face, his tones, his simple, quiet ways, his unobtrusive and habitual good manners. He had very dark chestnut hair and eyes, was above middle size, and carried his head in addressing you as if he were extending a compliment sincerely and deferentially. I am free to say that I never realized all the beauty of good breeding and simple good manners till I knew him. We entered the same section, — the "immortals" (the name borne by the last section or those at the foot of the class), — but I soon discovered that the road would be a hard one for him; and so it proved to be; for the following January he left us along with others, but carrying with him the affection of us all.

Among the appointments "at large" (those made by the President), besides

Van Buren, was Ronald Mackenzie, son of Commodore Mackenzie, who graduated at the head of the class, and was easily the all-around ablest man in it, and who, in less than three years after graduating, commanded a division of cavalry with the rank of major-general. He had a very immobile, inexpressive face as a boy, and a little impediment in his speech; there was very little of the spick and span ways of a soldier about him, but he had a very sweet smile, with earnest gray eyes. Mansfield, another appointment at large, was a son of the able and venerable General Mansfield, who, with hair as white as snow, fell on the field of Antietam. George McKee, the son of Colonel McKee, class of 1829, of Lexington, Kentucky, and Charles R. Suter, now a colonel of engineers, who I have reason to believe meets the world with the same mild, sweet ways that characterized him as a pink-cheeked boy, — both were appointments by President Buchanan. Among us, too, was Oliver J. Semmes of Alabama, a stocky, dark-eyed, broad-breasted youth, whose father was in the navy and subsequently became the fa-

mous Raphael Semmes, commander of the Sumter and the Alabama. I do not know whether Semmes be alive or not, but alive or dead, he carried a brave, fine heart. There were very few of the class who had not been to some college. Broughs of Boston, a typical Bostonese, had been at Harvard; Mackenzie had been at Williams; Hamilton of Ohio at Western Reserve; Lovejoy — how his honest, liquid dark eyes shine across the years! — had been at the University of North Carolina; Suter, and several more, had had more or less of their education abroad.

But as I view the class now across the slumbering years, all distinctions of birth, early advantages, and those morning promises of ability, so sparkling at the outset, but alas! strewn like dead fagots the hearth of prophecy, are lost. I see them with the flush of youth on their cheeks; and a mist gathers over my eyes as one after another their faces come into view. Oh! let the dew fall and the stars shine softly where the dead lie; and when the last trumpet blows, may the gates of Heaven swing wide open to all!

(To be continued.)

THE AMERICAN CONSUL AND AMERICAN TRADE

BY JOHN BALL OSBORNE

THE year just completed will be memorable in the annals of the American Consular Service by reason of the important reforms effected both by legislation and by administrative action. The Reorganization Act of April 15, 1906, while not so far-reaching as the authors of the measure intended, marks an unprecedentedly long step towards perfection; it classifies and grades the consular offices more equably than before; provides systematic inspection and supervision by five inspectors; requires all fees for acts

done by consular officers to be accounted for and turned into the Treasury, and, at the same time, provides adequate salaries for principal officers; Americanizes the service by requiring all officers receiving \$1000 per annum or more to be American citizens; prohibits principal officers from engaging in business or practicing law for private profit, and empowers the President to make suitable tariffs for the service. The civil service features of the original bill, that is, the requirement that admission to the ser-

vices be through competitive examination by a board of three, including a representative of the United States Civil Service Commission, with provision that appointments be made to the lower grades, advancement being on merit only; and the feature authorizing the President to transfer consular officers from one post to another in the same grade, without a new constitutional appointment, were all eliminated prior to enactment.

Secretary Root's Merit System

Important as are the reforms accomplished, or made possible, by the new legislation, the reorganization would lose much of its effectiveness were it not accompanied by the introduction in the Department of State of an admirable merit system, devised by Secretary Root to make amends, so far as possible, for the omission from the law of the civil-service features which would have made holding a consulship a career equal in security of tenure and progressive promotion to that enjoyed by officers in our army or navy. As has been reported in the press and referred to in congressional hearings, there has been established in the State Department an efficiency-record of all consular officers, which is made up from all sources of information available to the department. In the determination of the relative efficiency of each officer, the ability, promptness, and diligence displayed by him in the performance of all his official duties, his personal conduct while in office, and the character of his trade-reports are all made a matter of permanent record, thereby preserving evidence of meritorious service, as well as disclosing every instance of failure on the part of a consul to come up to the proper standard.

This new efficiency-record is consulted by the Secretary of State and brought to the attention of the President, in determining questions of promotion, transfer, and retention in office; and thus, with simple machinery, the secretary

has vitalized the new legislation with the spirit of the merit features which were dropped in the course of enactment. This new policy has been further emphasized in the excellent regulations promulgated by the President under date of June 27, 1906, to govern appointments and promotions of consuls-general and consuls. Strange as it may seem to the professional office-seeker, the time has actually arrived when highly meritorious service counts for more than political influence; the commendatory features of the consul's efficiency-record for more than the names on his "papers" on file.

Influence of the System on Consular Reports

It can easily be understood what a splendid incentive Secretary Root has offered to consular officers by the establishment of this permanent efficiency-record. In no phase of consular activities is its beneficial influence greater than in the matter of official efforts for the protection and development of our foreign trade interests, especially in the making of reports for publication on commercial and industrial subjects, and in trade correspondence with the American business public. In past years the ambitious consul who has contributed many valuable reports to the government publications has found his chief, if not his only, reward in the pride of authorship and, sometimes, in appreciation on the part of the business interests benefited; but as regards the official record of his work, it might as well have been inscribed upon the sands, for it was sure to be washed away by the tide of the next administration. Under Secretary Root's system, however, good work in this field is so recorded as to furnish a reasonable guaranty that it will not go unrewarded, whatever the vicissitudes of national politics.

Every consular officer in the service is, of course, aware of this system and policy, and the results have already been very gratifying as respects the quality, as

well as number, of the trade reports received. Their general standard is much higher than formerly, and an unusual proportion shows discrimination in choice of material, and ability and painstaking in treatment of the subject; while carelessly prepared and valueless contributions are rarely received. All this operates directly to the advantage of American manufacturers and exporters; in fact, it is not an extravagant statement to say that they will profit as much from improvement in this branch of consular work as from the legislative reforms.

Importance of Consular Trade Services

While the general efficiency of American consular officers depends upon satisfactory performance of a great variety of duties imposed upon them by law and departmental regulations, there is no feature of their official work that is so much in public evidence as their reports upon commercial, industrial, and miscellaneous subjects, published first in the daily periodical of the Department of Commerce and Labor entitled "Daily Consular and Trade Reports," and then reprinted in the "Monthly Consular and Trade Reports" issued by the same department. The service thus rendered to American commerce and industry is very important. Moreover, consular officers, besides contributing these reports and voluntarily exerting themselves in other ways to promote American commercial expansion, supply, through correspondence conducted under the supervision of the Department of State, a great mass of valuable information to the business firms and commercial bodies of this country. The department has recently issued circular instructions with a view of raising this branch of official assistance to exporting interests to the highest possible degree of effectiveness.

There can be no doubt that the published reports of our consuls have constituted an important factor in the phenomenal development of the foreign commerce of the United States in the last

twenty-five years. The monthly publication of consular reports was begun in 1880. In that year the total exports of merchandise from the United States to the world amounted to \$836,000,000, while in the fiscal year 1906 they amounted to \$1,743,763,612. But the growth in the same period of the export trade in American manufactured goods is more significant, since the total exports include great staples such as cotton, petroleum, grains, and the like, which find their own markets and, as it were, sell themselves, under the operation of well-understood economic laws. The value of total exports of manufactured articles rose, in the period mentioned, from 103 to 603 million dollars, or an increase of 485 per cent. It is a reasonable conclusion that the intelligent efforts of our consular officers, directed unremittently toward finding new and enlarged markets for these products of American skill and industry, have contributed vastly to the gratifying commercial expansion of the last quarter of a century.

This conclusion, however, is not entirely a matter of inference, for in numerous instances the American beneficiary interests have testified to the importance of the assistance rendered them by the consular service, through the medium of the reports, as well as through correspondence and personal efforts for the extension of American trade abroad. Many important contracts in foreign countries have been secured by American firms through intelligence published in the Consular Reports; many valuable markets have been discovered, and acquired markets safeguarded, as a result of the vigilance and prompt action of the consuls.

Secretary Evarts, the Founder of Consular Reports

It is a noteworthy fact that, so long ago as 1857, Secretary Marcy, in transmitting to Congress his first Annual Report on the Commercial Relations of the United States, said: "The interests

of commerce can be viewed as secondary to none, and can scarcely be fostered with a care too sedulous." The truth of this proposition appealed very strongly to Secretary Evarts, and on March 12, 1880, he made a report to the House of Representatives in compliance with a resolution of that body calling for information in relation to the publication and circulation of commercial reports, in which, among other important recommendations, he urged the frequent publication of consular and diplomatic reports upon commercial and kindred subjects of general interest, and the continuance of the practice of furnishing items of commercial information and abstracts of reports to newspapers. In addition he proposed the supplying of chambers of commerce, by means of circular letters, with information of immediate interest.

These recommendations were approved by Congress and given effect by an appropriation "for printing and distributing more frequently the publications by the Department of State of the consular and other commercial reports, including circular letters of chambers of commerce," as well as for the necessary clerical force. The department issued instructions to consular officers to prepare and forward reports upon all subjects that might be "calculated to advance the commercial and industrial interests of the United States," always, however, directing their principal efforts to the introduction and enlargement of American trade in their several districts.

The American consuls thereupon fell to writing trade reports for early publication, and in the course of a few weeks the department had a large supply of material on hand, which has never since failed. The first number of the "Monthly Consular Reports" appeared in October, 1880, and was received with high appreciation by the business interests of the country, as well as the general public. For the first two or three years the Department of State was authorized to fix

a price for the sale of the reports to the public; but this plan was soon abandoned and gratuitous distribution provided by law. In 1894, when the mailing list was revised, it embraced about 1200 newspapers and journals, 600 libraries, 150 boards of trade, and 3000 individuals. At the present time the edition is 7000 copies per month.

Daily Consular Reports

To Mr. Frederic Emory, formerly editor of the Consular Reports, belongs the honor of recommending the most valuable improvement that has ever been introduced in the governmental system for aiding the export trade: the establishment, in January, 1898, of a daily periodical containing freshly received consular reports, entitled at first "Advance Sheets, Consular Reports," and, upon the transfer of its publication to the Department of Commerce and Labor, "Daily Consular Reports," and since July, 1905, "Daily Consular and Trade Reports" (to accommodate the reports of the special agents of that department). The institution of this daily magazine was a brilliant and even daring idea, for it had no precedent in this or any other country; although it met the practical needs of the export trade admirably. It was an immediate success, and its practically unrestricted circulation has done more towards promoting American foreign trade than all other official publications. Since 1898, the Monthly Consular Reports are merely a reprint of the Daily Reports published in the course of the month. The present edition of the Daily Reports amounts to 5700 copies, sent mainly to newspapers, exporting and manufacturing firms, and commercial bodies; while the monthly edition goes chiefly to educational institutions, libraries, country newspapers, and the general public. I may add that *Commercial Relations* is chiefly sought by educators and students, especially writers on economic subjects. The annual series presents a consecutive history of the world's com-

merce, and as such has a distinct value to the economist and historian.

Special Consular Reports

There is still another series of consular publications that has greatly contributed to the commercial enlightenment of this country: this is the series of "Special Consular Reports" established in 1890, — although prior to that date several volumes had been issued from time to time on similar lines. Each one of this series contains a collection of reports on particular subjects, prepared under special instructions in the form of printed circulars sent either to all heads of consular offices, or to the consuls in certain countries, or sometimes to selected ones in different countries. The plan of circularizing the entire service, regardless of applicability of the subject-matter to the part of the world, was formerly the rule; but the present practice is to make careful selection of the officers from whom the special reports are required.

Of the fifteen special publications issued by the Department of State prior to 1890, the most valuable were the following: "Labor in Europe" (1878), "Labor in Foreign Countries" (1884, 3 vols.), "Trade Guilds of Europe" (1885), "Forestry in Europe" (1887), "Emigration and Immigration" (1885-86), "Cattle and Dairy Farming in Foreign Countries" (1888), and "Technical Education in Europe" (1888). The editions of all these early special publications are exhausted, and it is possible to consult them only in the larger public libraries.

In 1890, as already stated, the department began the publication of the reports on special subjects in separate form, entitled "Special Consular Reports." Up to date thirty-eight volumes of this series have appeared, Volume 1 including "Cotton Textiles in Foreign Countries," "Files in Spanish America," "Carpet Manufacture in Foreign Countries," "Malt and Beer in Spanish America,"

and "Fruit Culture in Foreign Countries," while Volume 38, issued by the Department of Commerce and Labor, is devoted to "Insurance in Foreign Countries." Among the best of this admirable series are the collections of reports on "Streets and Highways in Foreign Countries" (1891, 1897), "Port Regulations in Foreign Countries" (1891), "Canals and Irrigation in Foreign Countries" (1891, 1898), "Vagrancy and Public Charities in Foreign Countries" (1893), "Highways of Commerce" (1894, 1897), "Tariffs of Foreign Countries" (1899), "Paper in Foreign Countries" (1900), "Briquettes as Fuel in Foreign Countries" (1903), "Industrial Education and Industrial Conditions in Germany" (1904), "Foreign Markets for American Cotton Manufactures" (1904), and "Insurance in Foreign Countries" (1905). Some of these specials, notably the one on "Streets and Highways," have been issued in second editions and been in great demand throughout the country. This is one of the fields in which the government, controlling an incomparable corps of well-disciplined reporters, can render a service of great value to the different industrial interests of the United States.

Consular Reports on Non-Commercial Subjects

While the consular reports, for the most part, relate strictly to commerce and industry, American consuls have, since 1880, reported upon almost every conceivable subject, and the number of non-commercial reports scattered through the published volumes of the past quarter of a century is quite considerable. Here are the titles of a few, for example: (1) *Foreign Customs*, etc.: "Religion in Siam," "Bullfights in Spain," "Burial of the Dead in Switzerland," "Marriage Law in Siam." (2) *Geographical and Political*: "History, Geography, etc., of Paraguay," "Relations between Holland and her Colonies," "German Colonies in Asia-Minor," "Description of

Liberia," "Privileges of Jews in Russia," "Jewish Colonies in Palestine," "Economic and Social Problems in Europe," "Mormon Colonists in Mexico." (3) *Happenings*: "Earthquake in Granada," "Earthquakes in Guadeloupe," "Plague of Mice in Russia," and "Gutenberg Festival." (4) *Vital Statistics*: "Longevity and Mortality in Norway," "Infant Mortality in Singapore," and "Depopulation in France." (5) *Archeological*: "Roman Pavement in Jerusalem," "Sarcophagi at Sidon," "Explorations near Babylon," "Archeological Explorations in Mexico," "Inscription on the Parthenon," and "Archeological Discoveries in Greece." (6) *State and Municipal Institutions*: "Prison System in the Netherlands," "Pawnshops in France, Germany, Belgium, Austria-Hungary, and Russia," "Charities in the Netherlands," "Lunatic Asylum in Florence," "Police Force of Rio," "Workhouse and Home for Homeless in Berlin," "Referendum and Initiative Laws of Switzerland," "Public Charity in Germany," and "Penal Colony of New Caledonia." (7) *Medical Discoveries*: "New Cancer Cure" (several), "New Treatment of Tuberculosis" (more than a score of reports), "Treatment of Yellow Fever," "Serum for Diphtheria," "Typhus Antitoxin," "Plague Serum," "Treatment of Appendicitis without the Knife," "Treatment of Hydrophobia," "Anti-alcohol Serum in France," "Cure for Malaria,"—"for Epilepsy," "Miner's Worm," etc. *Miscellaneous*: "X-rays and Infernal Machines," "Rainfall in Flanders," "American Circus in Germany," "Muzzling of Dogs in Germany," and "Airships in Switzerland."

Many of the regular readers of the Consular Reports consider that contributions of the above-mentioned character add a certain needed element of gayety to the pages of that publication.

Editing of Consular Reports

During the period 1856 to 1874 the work of editing and revising the trade

reports made by consular officers for publication in the annual volume of Commercial Relations of the United States was done by the Statistical Office in the Department of State. In 1874 the law that reorganized the work of the department created a Bureau of Statistics, which thereafter had charge of that publication and, after 1880, of the Monthly Consular Reports. In 1897 the name of the bureau was changed to the Bureau of Foreign Commerce. The establishment in 1903 of the Department of Commerce and Labor brought about a radical change in the method of handling the Consular Reports, for the organic law of that department charged it with the duty of publishing and distributing those reports, leaving to the Department of State complete control over their authors, who, of course, are officers of the latter department exclusively. The act of February 14, 1903, transferred the Bureau of Foreign Commerce from the State Department to the Department of Commerce and Labor, and consolidated it with the Bureau of Statistics, simultaneously transferred from the Treasury Department. Section 11 of the same act created a new bureau in the Department of State, to perform the editorial work inseparably belonging to that department, and to act as the medium of communication between the two departments in the joint work in relation to the consular reports.

It might seem that there is a duplication of editorial work upon the consular reports in the two departments, but such is by no means the case. In the Bureau of Trade Relations the reports are carefully read and, when necessary, so revised as to eliminate everything unsuitable for publication from the standpoint of the interests of the government. Not infrequently a report is of such character as to make it inexpedient to publish any portion, in which case it is filed *in toto* in the archives of the Department of State for future reference. All statements in the reports calculated to cause adverse criticism in a foreign country or to bring

about diplomatic representations on the part of another government, or to embarrass the administration of any executive branch of our own government, are omitted from the material transmitted to the Department of Commerce and Labor for publication. Under the head of matter that is objectionable because of its probable effect in a foreign community come slighting allusions to any nationality or race; adverse criticism, even implied, of the political, social, or religious institutions; disparaging statements in regard to the enforcement of the laws; charges of dishonesty and inefficiency of officials, and the like. In short, anything that reflects on the integrity and efficiency of the foreign administration, or that might offend the sensibilities of the people of the country, is eliminated in the State Department, which is, of course, the best judge of the diplomatic proprieties.

Under the category of matter prejudicial to the interests of our government are discussions of, and references to, diplomatic negotiations pending between the United States and other countries, and reports dealing with frauds upon our national customs revenues, violations of our sanitary and immigration laws, all of which, although often highly valuable for the information of the administrative officers, are generally unsuitable for publication when regarded simply from the standpoint of expediency.

This editorial supervision is essential to the protection of consular officers as well as that of the government. In past years many instances have occurred where reports have been submitted for publication which, if published unedited, would probably have led to a demand for the recall of the author as the alternative to the revocation of his exequatur by the receiving government.

After the reports have been edited and indexed (by author, station, and subject) in the Bureau of Trade Relations, they are transmitted directly to the Bureau of Manufactures, Department of Commerce and Labor, where they are edited

with a view to publication, being used in full, condensed, or rejected altogether in the discretion of the chief of that bureau. This work was done by the Bureau of Statistics for a period of two years following the transfer of the former Bureau of Foreign Commerce, already mentioned; but since July 1, 1905, the Bureau of Manufactures has had charge of the publication and distribution of the consular reports. The chief of this bureau, Major John M. Carson, is admirably fitted, by long years of experience in the cleanest of American journalism, to maintain and improve the high editorial standards established for the reports by Mr. Emory. Major Carson is also fortunate in having the able assistance of Mr. Gibson, formerly Washington correspondent of the *Philadelphia Press*, and Professor Monaghan, a former consul and educator.

At the time of the transfer of the Bureau of Foreign Commerce to the Department of Commerce and Labor, it was freely predicted that the division of labor between the two departments in relation to the consular reports would lead to much delay, friction, and dissatisfaction. These fears have not been realized; the Bureau of Trade Relations and the Bureau of Manufactures co-operate as smoothly and completely as two divisions of the same office, and no unpleasant incident has yet arisen to mar the close and cordial relations between them. Direct correspondence between the chiefs of the two bureaus is authorized and many details of routine business are transacted expeditiously by telephone. A certain amount of official red-tape is inevitable in the transaction of the public business; but here, thanks to the liberal views of Secretary Root and Secretary Metcalf, both of whom are intensely interested in the effective promotion of American foreign commerce — it is reduced to a minimum.

I should add that a considerable number of consular reports are sent to some other department than that of Commerce

and Labor (especially to the Department of Agriculture), when the subject pertains to the work of that branch of the government. The number of trade reports of all kinds made by our consular officers is steadily increasing. In the year 1905 the number examined in the Bureau of Trade Relations averaged about 400 each month, while the monthly average for the first quarter of 1906 was 600 reports, of which fully 95 per cent were transmitted to the Bureau of Manufactures, Department of Commerce and Labor.

American and European Reports compared

The claim is often made, and freely conceded by leading European economists, that in respect of practical value the trade reports made by American consular officers are unsurpassed. Twenty years ago, when the United States first entered the foremost rank of commercial nations, the principal markets of the world were overwhelmingly controlled by our European competitors, — at least, this was true in manufactured goods. The supremacy, therefore, which the United States has since gained in several foreign countries, in many important manufactures, has represented a continual struggle, resulting, *pro tanto*, in the displacement of the former controlling nations. As American consuls have played an important rôle in this aggressive campaign, it is easy to understand why their published reports have won praise from competent foreign experts.

After the United States, there can be no doubt that the consular services of Germany and Great Britain render the most effective assistance to their national commerce.

British Consular Reports

The British "Diplomatic and Consular Reports" are issued by the Foreign Office in two series, the Annual and the Miscellaneous. Each number of the former contains an annual report on the trade

and commerce of some foreign city, region, or country; while the Miscellaneous series is devoted to reports of general and commercial interest, such as "The French Octroi System," "Agriculture in Germany," "Tea Culture in Japan," "Persian Customs-Regulations." The reports of either series are sold to the public by the government stationers, at a nominal price, and, being published separately in pamphlet form, interested persons may buy only such as appeal to them. This arrangement has certain obvious advantages over the gratuitous distribution of a collection of reports that is in operation in this country.

It is a curious fact that the alleged defects in the consular service of each great commercial power are nearly always exposed by writers of the country in question, who use the meritorious features of the establishment of a foreign country as a foil. For unsparing criticism of British consuls one must read the London newspapers, while the German press fairly teems with articles questioning the efficiency of the consuls of Germany. A critic in a recent issue of the *London Standard* alleges that British consuls habitually neglect the important duty of fostering their country's trade, many of them considering it *infra dignitatem* to occupy themselves with commercial matters, and preferring to play diplomatist. He attributes this tendency to the alleged lack of care on the part of the appointing power to select men having commercial qualifications, and suggests that the Board of Trade — which corresponds somewhat to our Department of Commerce and Labor — should be consulted in the appointment of consuls to places of special importance.

But notwithstanding this home disparagement, the American student of the world's commerce frequently finds in the annual report of the British consul at some remote Oriental station a more complete and valuable exposition of the commercial and industrial situation of that region than is available to him

from any other source. The British consular reports, as a rule, are confined strictly to the subject in hand and are free from needless interjection of the personal opinions of their authors. They are usually enriched by carefully arranged and reliable statistical statements, and the terse and practical treatment that characterizes them merits unqualified praise, although to what extent credit for this result is due to editorial revision in the Foreign Office I am not able to say.

German Consular Reports

The reports of German consular officers reach the public through the medium of three different publications issued by the Imperial Department of the Interior, viz: —

(a) *Nachrichten für Handel und Industrie*, which appears two or three times a week and contains trade information of current interest, such as foreign tariff changes and trade opportunities, — particularly, public calls for tenders.

(b) *Berichte über Handel und Industrie*, which appears at irregular intervals and contains reports on special subjects by the consuls and commercial attachés of Germany, translations of foreign official documents likely to interest the German business world, and monographs on commercial subjects. Noteworthy instances of these monographs were the series of reports on the production of cotton and iron in foreign countries. Recent numbers contain good special reports on "The Commerce of the Australian Commonwealth for 1904," and "The Saltpeter Industry of Chili and its Kartell."

(c) *Deutsches Handels-Archiv*, a monthly quarto of 250 to 300 pages, which contains, besides tariff information and statistics of German commerce, the annual reports of German consuls on the trade, shipping, mining, railways, finance, and so forth, of their respective districts. These reports constitute a valuable commercial history of the ports

and countries with which they deal, although it is said that they have been emasculated of practical hints for extending trade.

The scholarly thoroughness that distinguishes every intellectual effort of the German nation stands out conspicuously in the consular reports; and there is no doubt that they have contributed greatly to the expansion of the foreign commerce of Germany. The only adverse criticism of them that I recall reading was penned by German citizens and published in German journals. A writer in the *Hamburger Nachrichten* (August 12, 1905) had the following to say of his country's consular reports:—

"They are very seldom clear, because the ponderous German juridical and professorial style has gone over into the flesh and blood of our Consuls, whose previous training has been almost without exceptions a legal one. They are only very rarely practical, because the professional Consul (always with individual exceptions), in view of his position in society, considers himself called upon as little as possible to associate his official domicile with the circles of commerce and industry, and carefully avoids following in the footsteps of his American professional colleagues, who are actuated by purely practical considerations, and whom the deceased Lamezan was in the habit of designating, with a pitying shrug of his shoulders, 'State commercial travelers.' Finally, our consular reports are anything but prompt, for it is a very long distance that they have to cover after leaving the writing-desk of the Consul (and he is, as a rule, far from an unconditional adherent of excessive 'hustling'), before they reach the typesetter's 'case' of the official *Nachrichten für Handel und Industrie*."

There are several other countries of Europe whose consular officers render efficient aid in promoting foreign trade by making valuable reports for official publication, notably France, Italy, Austria-Hungary, and Belgium.

Foreign Systems worthy of Study

Only a few years ago it would have been idle for the United States to go abroad in search of valuable ideas for the promotion of trade interests, for the American methods, particularly in the matter of timely publication, were unsurpassed. This fact was universally recognized, and several of our commercial rivals adopted, after investigation, the best features of our system. Inasmuch, however, as the betterment of the consular service as an agency in trade development continues to be a matter of increasing concern to each of the great powers of Europe, we may expect progress independently of further imitation of our methods. It is difficult to point out where and how the present system of promoting the commerce and industries of the United States could be made more effective. There is certainly no room for appreciable improvement as respects timeliness in publication, for the daily periodical of (usually) sixteen pages conveys promptly to the American business public a vast mass of useful trade information.

There are, however, two features of the German system that merit our careful consideration, one being unknown in our system and the other only partially followed. These are the institution of commercial attachés, and the secret dissemination of certain trade information furnished by consular officers.

Commercial Attachés

The German consular service is greatly aided in rendering assistance to the export-trade of the empire by the labors of an increasing staff of commercial experts appointed by the government to increase the utility of each of the more important consulates as a focus for the collection of information of practical value to German manufacturers and exporters. At a recent date this staff numbered eight, attached, respectively, to the consulates at New York, Buenos Ayres, Valparaiso,

Sydney, Shanghai, Pretoria, Constantinople, and St. Petersburg. Being attached to consulates, they have no diplomatic status, nor do they enjoy permanency of tenure; but they are engaged by contract, made with them individually by the Foreign Office and providing for employment for three years, subject to reengagement or discharge at the end of that period. They are usually experienced business men, or at least men who have devoted much study to economic and commercial questions. The duties of the commercial attaché include making reports to the Foreign Office on commercial subjects, collecting and forwarding samples of merchandise, and answering the trade inquiries of German corporations and individuals. Each attaché is required to return to Germany periodically, in order to make oral reports to his superior officers, and to study home conditions and keep in touch with the industrial development of his own country.

The British Government maintains commercial attachés having a diplomatic status at the embassies at Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Madrid, and Constantinople, and at the legation at Peking. Their duties are practically the same as those of the commercial attachés at the German Consulates. They are the recognized intermediaries for British chambers of commerce, merchants, manufacturers, and shippers, who have a right to turn to them for information and guidance on all commercial matters.

It will perhaps be recalled that President Roosevelt transmitted to Congress, with a special message, on January 18, 1905, a letter of Mr. Loomis, then Acting Secretary of State, accompanied by reports from American diplomatic and consular officers "upon the feasibility of regular coöperation between the two branches of our foreign service, for the better promotion of American industry and trade." The President, in his message, heartily indorsed the recommendation made by the Acting Secretary that provision be made for the appointment

of six special agents, with the diplomatic rank and title of commercial attaché, to be stationed at American embassies and legations so as to cover the principal trade regions of the world, and to make reports upon commerce and manufactures, or upon kindred topics, of a more exhaustive and comprehensive character than is now obtainable. It was also proposed that these commercial attachés should make regular inspection of consulates; but this duty has since been vested in the five consuls-general at large, created by the consular reorganization law.

Congress has as yet taken no action in regard to the plan of creating a staff of commercial attachés; but there can be no doubt that its adoption — even on the modest, tentative scale recommended in 1905 — would materially strengthen the existing official machinery for promoting American trade interests abroad.

Discriminating Dissemination of Trade Intelligence

Another wise feature of the German system, that is worthy of our serious attention, is the practice of placing secretly at the disposal of home merchants and manufacturers certain classes of commercial information before it is made accessible to foreign competitors. Whenever the government considers it desirable to give preference to the business interests of the empire, the information reported by the consuls or commercial attachés is printed on slips marked "confidential," and then distributed among the several chambers of commerce and other commercial bodies for the use of their members, notice of its existence being generally inserted in the local press. The character of this notification will appear from the following example taken from a recent issue of the Berlin *Reichsanzeiger*:—

"Confidential communications have been sent to the Berlin Corporation of Merchants as to the material available for interpretation of the French tariff,

the expected call for tenders for building a bridge in Shanghai, and the exploitation of mines in the state of Maranhao. Further particulars may be obtained from the information office of the corporation."

Not infrequently the seal of secrecy is subsequently removed from these communications, and they are published in one of the ordinary vehicles of publication of consular reports.

Contrasting this judicious policy with the free trade in commercial intelligence that has always characterized the English system of handling trade reports, a writer in the London *Times* (November 27, 1905) cites the following concrete case to illustrate his point:—

"In 1897-8 the Board of Trade sent at some considerable expense a commissioner to report upon the conditions and prospects of British trade in South America. On his return, six reports containing in considerable detail particulars as to the class of each article in most demand and the prices ruling, with valuable hints and suggestions to traders, were issued as Parliamentary Papers, in order presumably that British traders might benefit by this expenditure of public money on their behalf. Within a few months the United States Government had reprinted these, and had distributed some thousands of copies amongst American firms; so that the expenditure of the British taxpayers' money in this particular case doubtless proved of as much assistance to American as to British trade. Extracts from these reports were also translated and published by the German and Austrian Governments."

Until very recently our government made no attempt to discriminate in favor of American citizens in the matter of disseminating any class of trade intelligence, all reports received being either published in the consular reports, or given to the press, or filed in the archives for future reference. Less than a year ago, however, the Bureau of Manufactures adopted with reference to a limited

class of trade intelligence a policy somewhat similar to the German practice. An occasional department of the "Daily Consular and Trade Reports" was instituted, entitled "Foreign Trade Opportunities," in which notification is given of inquiries on file at the above-mentioned bureau, each bearing a file number, to which applicants for information are requested to refer. The majority of these opportunities relate to foreign calls for tenders, and give names and addresses; but an increasing number are treated as confidential, in order to enable the bureau to promote exclusively American export trade. The following examples are taken from recent issues of the daily reports:—

No. 133. *Orange-wrapping machinery*.—Information is desired with the least possible delay by European orange importer of high commercial standing in regard to machinery for wrapping oranges, particularly the small sizes, such as mandarins. There is said to be a very considerable opening for this machinery in Mediterranean countries.

No. 134. *Condensers*.—A brewer and malter in Bohemia is in the market for condensers with the latest improvements.

No. 144. *Wood alcohol and charcoal apparatus*.—A Montreal mining engineer requests information as to cost and profits of an equipment for producing wood alcohol, and subsequently charcoal, from the wood refuse of saw-mills.

No. 153. *Street sprinklers, stone crusher, etc.*—South American city about to purchase outfits for improvements and sanitation, especially garbage carts, street sprinklers, and stone crusher. The main streets are to be macadamized.

No. 165. *Portable houses*.—A resident of Central America has made inquiries at an American consulate relative to portable houses. There is a great scarcity of lumber and carpenters in that region for necessary houses, and the consul asks that not only prices and particulars

be furnished the inquirer, but that catalogues and prices be sent to his office for filing.

No. 181. *Fish fertilizers*.—Japanese firm desires to be put in communication with American firms selling fish fertilizers manufactured from the waste of salmon and other fish. They ask for a range of samples, price lists, and other particulars as to freight, packing, and other charges. If these are favorable, the firm propose to do business by opening a credit account in an American bank, upon which the shippers could draw in full against every bill of lading.

No. 192. *Candle machinery*.—The two principal manufacturers of candles at a city in Turkey wish catalogues and price lists of the machinery used in the manufacture of cast candles. Correspondence should be in French language.

No. 202. *Wooden shoe-peg machinery*.—An American missionary in Asia Minor desires to purchase machinery for the manufacture of wooden shoe-pegs. Circulars with description and prices requested.

The view formerly prevailed that the best policy was to publish everything freely, and trust to American enterprise and energy to take advantage of the trade opportunities abroad which American readers of the published reports should be able to see several days or weeks earlier than their foreign competitors. At the present time, however, valuable trade hints in the "Daily Consular and Trade Reports" are not only immediately reprinted in the American press, but, in many instances, they are cabled to Europe for publication for the benefit of our commercial rivals.

This situation makes the German practice described above significantly interesting. I regard that practice as not only sagacious but eminently patriotic, for it is one effective way of protecting home industrial and commercial interests in the international struggle for wider markets.

FOILS

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

I

GIVE me drifted winter-ways,
Whence, returned, the ingle-blaze
Shall like altar-fire divine
Leap before these eyes of mine.
Give me hours of hungry dearth,
That I may possess the earth —
Find Olympian banquets spread
In the country wine and bread!

II

Give me Strife (who so love Peace!)
That, when furrowing wars shall cease,
Fruitful be the olives found,
Springing from that blackened ground.
I, who so love Love — ah, — yes!
Give me Hate and Bitterness,
That, when these are past and done,
Love and I may more be one!

III

Give me sleep, that I may feel
Clotho's hand new start the wheel
Of another day's bright spinning . . .
And when warp and woof are thinning,
And the daylight is half blind,
Give me Death, that I may find
Life, upon some morning height
Sheen and sheer above the Night!

SHAKESPEARE OF WARWICKSHIRE

BY THEODORE T. MUNGER

PROFESSOR LOUNSBURY, who reigns sternly but wisely as a critic in the literary demesne where the writer dwells, says that "Shakespeare is the one writer about whom nothing new can be said; that is, nothing rational." Humbly accepting this dictum, though at a loss where a place is to be found for our great critic with his third priceless volume just out, we venture the opinion that some of the things said are not so old but that they are worth saying over again. Is there not, for example, a place for a study of Shakespeare in his *habitat*? The ground may yield something like grass,—old, but new and welcome in the spring.

It is a mistake to limit the associations of the great citizen to Stratford-upon-Avon. He does not belong so much to this dull little village as to all Warwickshire; and if we are to find any relation between the man and his environment, we must take the wider circuit. The question is not as to the walls within which he was born and the grave where his bones lie curse-protected, but rather what helped to make him; what in nature drew out and fed his mighty genius. The photograph can give us with sufficient accuracy the Henley Street birthplace, the parish church, the site of New Place, the Shottery cottage, the grammar school, and all the other local associations; but it cannot give the Avon, that flows through Warwickshire even as it flows through so many of his lines, nor the landscape, more accurately delineated there than in the photograph. Of course, one must carry out the immemorial custom of tourists, and visit the birthplace and the grave,—the two things pertaining to any man, great or small, least worth heeding,—but either before or after, one should acquaint one's self with the surrounding country.

The ancient town of Warwick, with its castle full of suggestion of Crusader and Templar, and Kenilworth, about which still clung the memory of Elizabeth's visit,—both within a short drive or a long ramble from Stratford,—cast a stronger influence upon the young Shakespeare than did the town where he was born. It was at Warwick that he saw those strolling players who first kindled the dramatic fire within him, and perhaps inducted him in practical ways into their craft. Eight miles was a short distance for a band of players to attract the young Shakespeare; cart-ropes could not have kept him away. Kenilworth, still ablaze with courtly glory, taught him how queens and dukes and knights bore themselves,—at a future day the pageants of the Henrys would move easily across the stage. Shakespeare learned a vast deal before he went to London; but his lesson-book was all Warwickshire and not the leaf or two of Stratford.

It is significant that Shakespeare came from this shire, which is often spoken of as "the heart of England." Indeed, I think if he had come from any other, he would have been a different and a poorer Shakespeare. With all his universality he was distinctly and intensely an Englishman, but English in the sense of having the English heart rather than the English brain. His intellect cannot easily be classified,—it comes too near being absolute and without limitations; but his loves and hates and tastes were English to the core. This heart of England, out of which Shakespeare drew his being, is sharply located. As you drive from Leamington to Warwick, your carriage is halted before an oak in the middle of the road, surrounded by an iron fence. The driver reverently rises,

points to the tree, and says, "That hoak is the 'art of Hengland."

The heart of England is poetically supposed to be of oak; and yet your driver is not speaking in a figure, but with geographical accuracy. Draw lines from the Isle of Wight to Tweedmouth; from Yarmouth on the east to St. David's on the west; from Penzance to Newcastle, and from Hastings to Carlisle, and they would almost if not absolutely intersect this truly royal oak.

When we return to Stratford, and begin the tourists' round, we are pained to find ourselves beset by uncertainty. Not one of the associations with Shakespeare is wholly trustworthy. There are but two points of close unquestioned association, — the house in which he was born and the church in which he was buried. All else, except a bit of ruined wall, marking New Place, is guesswork. Doubtless he walked these streets, roamed through these fields, swam in the gently flowing Avon, and later — in those mysterious years of his retirement — mingled in the life of the little town; but no sure trace of word or work remains. By far the most interesting association with the poet — because the most poetical — is the garden about the little house where he was born, — a small, well-kept plot of gravel-walks and flowerbeds. When this house was restored, it was proposed to bring together all the flowers named in the dramas. The plan was not carried out, chiefly from lack of energy, for surely it would not have been a difficult task. But enough was done to make the collection interesting and significant. Few and simple as the specimens are, they can be woven into a telling argument for the Shakespearean authorship of the plays, or, at least, for their origin in Central England. An accomplished botanist in Leamington told us that the flowers of Shakespeare are distinctively the flowers of Warwickshire, and that the author of the plays must have observed them here and not elsewhere. It is a remarkable fact that the slight local variations in the

flowers of England are to be traced in the lines of Shakespeare. The true poet is a closer observer than the naturalist.

It is impossible wholly to verify any except the most meagre statement of his external history, so that a Life is not to be named, however many have been attempted. But such as they are, perhaps Aubrey's is the best, being the shortest, containing only about six hundred and twenty words. As he wrote well within a century after the poet's death, he had little reason for inaccuracy, and less temptation to exaggerate in his estimates, — relying chiefly upon Ben Jonson and first-hand traditions. Great as Shakespeare was, he had not sufficiently impressed his age with his genius to start exaggerations as to his personal character; and as for myths, they are of slow growth. Aubrey's few words, simple and disconnected to the last degree, — but all the truer for that, — contain one sentence that strikes at the secret of Shakespeare, and is as profound as anything ever said of him: "His comedies will remaine witt as long as the English tongue is understood, for that he handles *mores hominum*; now our present writers reflect so much upon particular persons and coxcombeities, that twenty yeares hence they will not be understood."

We can, however, construct a life, not of gossip indeed, but of reality made from actual records. We do not refer to those inferences, drawn from various sources, that Shakespeare was a school-teacher, a lawyer's clerk, a physician's apprentice, a soldier, and so on. We refer instead to that impress of himself which he made in his works, and which can be read, or rather translated, by the careful student. Take, for example, his treatment of flowers. They all have literally the dew of youth upon them. They were not an object of study; they are treated simply in the light of memory and early association. "Rosemary, that's for remembrance;" "pansies, that's for thoughts;" "Rue, — we may call it herb-grace o' Sundays," — that is, rue, which stands

for sorrow, may on Sunday be called an herb of grace, for the day can turn sorrow into that quality. What a flavor there is here of country-life and child-life, — of those things which get fixed in a child's mind and are never forgotten.

While Shakespeare's treatment of flowers is essentially that of a poet, there is underneath this use that peculiar sense of them which belongs to childhood, as it interprets popular conceptions. Many times over he tells us by what names flowers are known to different persons, evidently the result of memories of childhood. Memory is par excellence the poet's faculty. To see a thing as it was, and to see it in the light and with the feelings of memory, this is what makes poetry possible, — a profound impression, cherished and meditated.

Shakespeare's descriptions of flowers have this quality of remembered association, and they call out the purest exercise of his genius. It is on his two loveliest characters, Ophelia and Perdita, that this wealth of flowers is lavished without stint; in *The Winter's Tale*, where love passionate yet pure is woven into each flower, Perdita in disguise gives them to her visitors; and in *Hamlet*, when Ophelia says "You must wear your rue with a difference," yet all "she turns to favor and to prettiness." Nowhere does Shakespeare show the tenderness and keenness of his genius more than in this use of the same common flowers in connection with the tragedy of love brought to despair, and of love in the very height and enchantment of its near-at-hand revelation.

All this tallies with the alleged facts of his life as spent first in Warwickshire, and then in London, where most of his plays were written, and last in Stratford, where the memories of his youth were revived after wide separation from its scenes. There are three conditions essential to a true vision of natural scenery: that one must spend one's childhood in the presence of it, must leave it, and later on return to it. The close and divine contact of the first period, the memories of

the second period, the revival of associations in the third period, — these furnish the poet's vision of nature.

When the pilgrim has fully mastered the few details of Shakespeare's birth-place, he proceeds directly to the church, putting but a ten-minutes walk between the cradle and the grave of the poet, — a symbol of how little there is to be known between. The grammar school, the Shottery cottage, Charlecote Park, and the few stones of New Place, are all the material with which to fill the long gap.

Let us not hastily infer, however, that nothing more is to be told of him. Aubrey evidently does not give all he knows or could get at, but only a few salient points and incidents. Along with these reasonably sure facts are a number of hints which may be built up into facts by aid drawn from the writings. It is these hints that reveal the man.

If there is one thing more clear than another it is that Shakespeare was pre-eminently a man of business and regarded himself as such. His relation to his work seems to have been a violation of all the canons which are supposed to govern poets. There is no trace of literary ambition in connection with his plays; whatever ambition of this sort he may have entertained had to do with two or three poems. Upon his plays he seems to have set no estimate beyond their commercial value. There is about him an almost total absence of the literary atmosphere, and in its place we have the hard-headed, common-sense man of business. We grant the fullness of the poetic gift, the largest with which mortal man was ever dowered. We do not doubt that there was a constant play of the poetic faculty; there was doubtless the dreaminess, the spiritual eye, the responsiveness of the poet to every kind of inspiration; but it was, so to speak, *subconscious*. He presents himself to us chiefly in the light of a man who is determined to get on in the world by means of business and in business-like ways; he has no other controlling ambi-

tion; he uses his great powers simply and solely to advance his fortunes. There are several men to be regarded, each one of which he was, both consciously and of set purpose, before we come to Shakespeare the literary man. There is the man of affairs, the actor and manager, the country gentleman, the family man, and the man of society. This should not lower him in our respect. Almost any departure from the rôle of the literary men of his day, as played by Marlowe, Greene, and Peele, would reflect credit upon him. That he withheld himself from the excessive Bohemianism of his contemporaries shows good sense and sound character. That his ambition took the form of advancing his fortunes has several grounds of justification. He thus simply shows himself genuinely English. To be the author of a popular novel or of a poem that sells, or to be a party leader, is all very well; but when you have discovered what a true Englishman likes above all else, you will find it to be seven hunters and a pack of hounds.

Shakespeare evidently shared in this English liking to the full, and added to it all the fervor of a poet's heart. The literary men of his day, and for two centuries after, were Londoners. Dr. Johnson and Charles Lamb were types of English literary men up to the beginning of the 19th century, loving London and hating the country, men of clubs and taverns and garrets. Shakespeare seemed not to belong to this set, though Aubrey says that he was "very good company and of a very readie and pleasant smooth witt;" and also says, "He was wont to goe to his native country once a yeare;" which indicates that Shakespeare regarded himself as a citizen of Stratford, and at last remained there altogether. His taste and ambition were gratified in Warwickshire rather than in London.

There is much reason to believe that his interest in business was due not only to natural taste, but to stern determination as well. This much is plain: after a stormy youth that seems to have reached

its height in lawlessness, and after an early marriage, he abruptly leaves the country and speedily turns up in London, first in some subordinate position in a theatre, then as an actor, then as a shareholder — and probably a manager — in the Globe and Blackfriars, an author of carefully written poems, a most earnest student of the Italian and French drama, and very soon a writer of original plays, which he produces with great rapidity. Now here is a great revolution. We think it was a moral revolution, of which there was abundant occasion. But probably the main spur and the one that gave him a special direction toward money-making, was the condition of his father's affairs. It is quite clear that his life, from his schooldays on, was a struggle, not so much with poverty, as with business troubles. It is strange that we know more of the father than of the son, but in knowing the former we infer the latter. John Shakespeare followed as many occupations as have been ascribed to his son William, hence the probable explanation of the latter's wide knowledge of several branches of business. It was not the son but the father who figured in so many callings. He was a glover, a farmer, a butcher, a wool-stapler, a lumber-merchant, a corn-dealer, ale-taster, burgess, constable, chamberlain, alderman, high bailiff, and mayor, and had figured in each calling and office before his son went to London. As the boy had early left the grammar school in order to serve his father, he undoubtedly shared his life and knew all that was to be thus learned. But what proved the boy's education — and for such a boy none could have been better — became the father's ruin. Certainly, as the son was attaining manhood, we find John Shakespeare heavily involved in debt, his wife's property mortgaged, and himself either in the debtor's jail or in hiding to escape it. How this state of affairs came about is unknown, but it may have been the natural conclusion of a career embracing so many occupations, followed at first with a success that led to

social prominence and thus to public life, then to neglect of his affairs, embarrassment, and disaster. Guesses are always in order in connection with Shakespeare, and so — using one of the poet's own favorite words, which is no Yankeeism, for he uses it more than fifty times — we may *guess* that the son's wildness may have, in fact, caused the business misfortunes of the father.

One of the most self-revealing of the Plays is *As You Like It*. We cannot but feel that in Jaques there is a touch of personal experience, and that as he views the "careless herd, full of pasture" jump past the wounded deer, and "never stay to greet him," the author has in mind the vicissitudes of his father's career.

Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
'Tis just the fashion: wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?

The place — the Forest of Arden, just north of Stratford, and his mother's birthplace; the character — a bankrupt slighted by his prosperous fellow citizens — make it almost certain that the passage is a bit of family history. The father had lost his position as alderman on account of his embarrassments, and not improbably the son shared in his ostracism, even if he may not have caused it.

It is common to ascribe Shakespeare's fullness and accuracy in narrative to observation; but the eye, however wide open and keen, does not see all things. Without the touch of experience, all things would pass before it as an unsubstantial vision. Whenever there is unusual depth of meaning, or intensity of feeling, or a prevailing thought in different plays, it is safe to infer that we are listening to a note struck from personal experience. The soliloquy of Hamlet runs close to the autobiographic: —

For who would bear the whips and scorns of
time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes . . .

This is not observation of life; it is the experience, the very distillation of it. The Warwickshire note is heard again in his dealing with courts of justice. Law itself is treated in a lofty way, in the spirit of broadest wisdom, and even religiously; but its administration with bitter complaint, contempt and ridicule. Shakespeare was much too sensible a man to sprinkle his pages with contempt of the courts without good reason for it. We can read between the lines a stern conviction that the administration of law, if not the law itself, was devoid of mercy, and that it bore heavily upon his father; also that in his own case and as administered by country justices, it was a farce. However this be, he gave the keynote to all future treatment of legal proceedings; whatever abuse there may be, there is some stinging phrase with which to pierce it.

It is upon the background of such a life as this — a stormy youth involved in the meshes of the law; a considerable training in business which has come to literal grief and perhaps shame; his father a bankrupt; his mother's property jeopardized; a young family dependent upon him for support; a man but twenty-two years old, though with the experience of twice these years — with such a life behind him and weighing down upon him, he goes to London, renews acquaintance with actors whom he had met in Warwickshire, and at once enters upon his great career.

One can safely venture assertions in regard to Shakespeare, because if judiciously made no one can prove them false; we mean any assertion except that he did not write the plays. Hence we do not hesitate to assert that on going to London he underwent a revolution. He had, very likely, been a spendthrift; he had left a wife and children in poverty, a father in business difficulties possibly caused by himself, and the estate of his mother endangered. These facts are sufficient to account for the direction he now took; in

prosaic phrase, that of business. He had some skill in acting. — Aubrey says "did act exceedingly well," — a nimble fancy, a head for affairs; and so, in a very short time, we find him in the full tide of his career as playwright and manager.

No history of Shakespeare can account for him which does not make a place for immense and incessant toil. He brought to London a head uncommonly full of very superior brains, some slight knowledge of the classics, — "small Latine and lesse Greek," is Jonson's phrase; but Aubrey more fairly says that "he understood Latine pretty well, for he had been in his younger yeares a schoolmaster in the country," — a memory stored with nearly everything to be seen and known in Warwickshire, some very distinct impressions of the administration of justice in the country and of the inconveniences of poverty and the embarrassment of debt, and a good taste generally "of this rough world." In a few years he has produced poems and plays which by the vast amount of knowledge wrought into them imply a like amount of study. No degree of genius will teach one a knowledge of Greek mythology and Roman history and the Italian and French languages, and make one an easy master of all the science and statecraft and current wisdom of the world, along with an insight into human nature and conduct that could only spring out of prolonged meditation. To wonder at Shakespeare is a vain thing; there will be enough room left for wonder when we have explained him so far as we can. We are driven to think of him as a man of infinite industry, shunning the ordinary life of the literary man, a life of much roistering and excess, and subordinating every detail to the stern purpose of success. "Put money in thy purse," is his motto.

The money comes to him, and it goes down to Stratford to take up mortgages and feed wife and babes, to prepare a home and place to redeem what has been lost, and to secure the kind of life he covets. Of literary ambition he gives few signs, VOL. 99 — NO. 2

except in the sonnets, or it is overborne by a determination to turn his wits to other account. His plays were not bids for immortality, nor even for local reputation; they were so many bills of exchange on the money market of London, — a humiliating conclusion, perhaps, yet we are sure the plays are greater, the genius clearer and more fully authenticated, than if he had worked from the standpoint of authorship and with a consciousness of extraordinary gifts. We thus have a forest instead of a garden, nature instead of art, or, as Polixenes, in *The Winter's Tale* says, "The art itself is nature;" a reflection, as in a mirror, of the universe, rather than a study of the universe.

One secret of the greatness of Shakespeare lies in his unconsciousness; it helps to make him infallible. He sees a thing, sets it down, and does not spoil it by overmuch thinking about it; he has no selfish interest in it; he makes no attempt to square it with any theory or previously expressed opinion; he has no reputation that he cares to guard; no hobby or creed to urge; and so his expression is as free and natural as the blowing of the wind; it has in it all the unhindered weight of his native apprehension and the clearness of undisturbed vision. It is this freedom of inspired genius that makes every utterance so trustworthy. It can be secured in two ways only, — by a moral superiority to disturbing influences, or by the influence of some foreign motive. Shakespeare, however related to moral superiority, was moved by the foreign motive. Because it was foreign — outside of authorship — it left him free to say what he thought and felt. It is all over with a writer when he has become the head of a school of thought or style and has at his heels a crowd of followers who clamor for the next word that logically follows his previous word. Say it he must, and if it happens to disagree with the former word, they will rend him limb from limb. The prophets have ever dwelt in the desert or in some other isolation of their own — even perhaps

their own indifference to the world. No teacher of men is to be trusted who is not in some way separated from outer influences that might sway his thoughts; the pole-star and not the iron of the ship must attract him. Tennyson well understood this; it was the secret of his isolated life; he would not mingle with the world because he would not be disturbed in his judgments by it. He stood aside and looked at the world with that insight of genius which pierces to the meaning of things without analysis or measurement. Shakespeare gained the same point of view by having a remote and absorbing interest; it left his whole nature free to see and to feel.

The motive under which he worked and secured his isolation was a sordid motive, but a worthy sordidness, if one may so speak. Whatever its character, it made room for the free play of his genius. He was an actor, a shareholder and perhaps a manager of two theatres; and he certainly furnished them plays, — at first recasts of the various *Henrys*, and then, having discovered that he could write as well as Marlowe, launching out into original work like *The Merchant of Venice*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and *Romeo and Juliet*. His ambition is to have a play ready for the next season, and so composed that it will run well and put money in his purse. And so he writes a play, — anything that will do the business. He steals right and left, — a line from Marlowe, a song from Ben Jonson, whole passages, as from Montaigne and contemporary writers, plots wherever he can find them. Plagiarism! What does he care for that? he is not striving to make a name, but to furnish the Globe with a play. There is much to show that he did not rate the play in itself as belonging to the highest order of literature. He sedulously cared for his poems and sonnets, but abandoned the plays as waifs. Nowhere does he indicate that he troubles himself over the rules that are supposed to govern the composition of a play. He ignores the unities, not as de-

spising them, but simply because he could get along better without them. Yet when it came to the acting — as in *Hamlet* — his criticism was definite and exacting, for it was the acting that filled the house.

When we speak of Shakespeare as without literary ambition and consciousness, we do not mean that he was devoid of them, but rather that they were not the moving motive. His poems and sonnets are distinct ventures in the world of letters. His poems, at least, were highly popular, and their reception must have fixed his place as an author. But although he forsakes poetry and devotes himself entirely to the drama, he pays no heed to his plays beyond their money value. Possibly they were owned by the theatres. He made no collection of them, and treated them so carelessly as to leave room, if there is room in a vacuum, for the Baconian theorists. Evidently he regarded the plays as having had their day and as of no further account. Here we have an illuminating conjunction of facts, — the successful author sinks himself in the playwright, who abandons his work to oblivion when it has earned a money value. What better proof that he cared little for fame as a dramatist, and had no conception, except perhaps at moments, of the greatness of the plays? Add to this his retirement to Stratford about eight years before his death, still in the full tide of success and popularity and with unabated powers, and we have sufficient elements to construct a very probable character. The chosen course of a man's life generally reveals him. He goes to London to retrieve his fortunes; he succeeds, achieves a reputation as a poet, and sets it aside; he writes plays — the greatest products of the human intellect, but knows it not; he sells them shrewdly in the market, pockets the money, and leaves them as the property of the stock company, without even his name attached; and before the age of fifty-five retires to Stratford and dwells in London no more. What manner of man have we here? An Englishman who loves

the woods and fields, and has no conception of a home except in the country. We have a man in whom the poetic impulse is so strong that he enjoys contact with nature more than he craves the reputation of a poet. He is a man given to meditation, fonder of his own thoughts than of writing them down. He is of so keen insight into human nature, of so broad and penetrating vision, that he is awed and kept off from action by the very greatness of his knowledge, and so drops to a simple and incommensurate plan of life, — that of the ordinary Englishman, drowned in the sea of his own greatness.

The retirement to Stratford settles with considerable certainty a much-debated point, namely, his domestic relations. The evidence as to happiness is contradictory. Certain expressions in the plays seem to point to a bad condition of things. His marriage will bear two interpretations, but upon the whole the balance inclines towards a fairly comfortable domestic life. Sir Henry Taylor, in his essay on "Choice in Marriage," quotes from Webster's play in answer to the question "What do you think of marriage?" —

"I take it as those that deny purgatory;
It locally contains or heaven or hell;
There is no third place in it."

Sir Henry thinks the answer correct; but both he and the poet may be doubted. Between those who were evidently mated in heaven, and those whose match was evidently made in hell and tipped with its sulphur, there is a class of marriages that belongs to neither. Love's dream is not wholly fulfilled, nor is it wholly shattered. "It might have been" rises to the lips in some sentimental mood, but stern common-sense takes up the line and turns it into prose, — "it might have been — worse," and concludes to make the best of a wife who is not quite an angel, or of a husband who is not what he ought to be. It is an imperfect world, and the largest relation in it is not free from its imperfection.

It is fair to say that Shakespeare treat-

ed marriage ideally in his plays and practically in his life. The return to Stratford after an absence rendered necessary in the fulfillment of a cherished purpose is a fairly good sign that there was not a bad state of things domestically in his household. Shakespeare nowhere carries his idealization so far, and with such exquisite delicacy and truth, as in his treatment of woman, especially in the relations of love and marriage; but it does not follow that, because his wife did not reach the standard of Cordelia and Hermione, he failed in love and duty to her. Great poets do not insist on ideals in their wives. Sir Walter Scott, walking in the fields with his wife, said, "Are not these lambs beautiful?" "Yes, boiled," she replied; but he loved her nevertheless. Besides, Shakespeare was not the man to insist on ideals, for the simple reason that his own life was not in them.

It is usually thought that through the medium of Prospero in *The Tempest* he gives the closest symbol of the twofold part he had played, and will play in life hereafter, — a life of seeming, a revel, a banishment, a dukedom won, after which he betakes himself to reality — home, family, the citizen, rank.

"Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air."

So he leaves behind him the creatures of his imagination and goes back to his good, honest wife and plain, wholesome-hearted daughters, Susanna and Judith, quite content with them, for they are the parts and the means of his dream of life as a country gentleman.

We cannot with any certainty detect in him what is usually called the note of religion, unless it may be found in

"The prophetic soul
Of the wide world dreaming on things to
come."

The times were not favorable to clear convictions on this subject; there was too much controversy. As he says in *Lear*,

"'Ay' and 'no' too was no good divinity."

At court, and in the circles in which he moved, men were politically Protestants, but Romanists in doctrine. Probably he did his own thinking on such questions, said little, but conformed strictly to the existing order. As a playwright he made much of the Catholic Church, but politically he stands by the historic position of the nation, — as when King John says,

"Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of
England

Add thus much more, that no Italian priest
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions."

He treats the local clergy, as the local magistrates, slightly. Puritanism was coming on, and already it had begun to infect the clergy, inducing conceit in doctrinal teaching and severity in life, both of which must have been odious to him. And so between the hypocrisy in London and the fanaticism in Stratford, he readily consented to do his own thinking in matters of religion. Doubtless he was a conformist, not from conviction, but as standing by the state. He had not suffered the history of England to pass heated through his brain without learning the lesson of loyalty.

Still we question if he was a good church-goer. The town and church of Stratford had a decided bent toward Presbyterianism, and there is reason to think that he did not get on well with it in this respect. Himself the wisest of preachers, he does not seem to have been fond of preaching. That which sounds most like it — and very wise it is — comes from Polonius, whom he calls "a prating old fool." We fear that when he walked to church with his wife he went no further than the porch, but strolled along the Avon, where he was found by Susanna and Judith on "a grassy bank," in close converse with "daisies pied and violets blue," and "herb-grace," as became Sunday. And in winter he was not sorry "when coughing drowned the parson's saw." The preacher and the poet have never got on well together, and will not until they learn that they are identically the same person, as Cardinal Newman

says; and that they must not divide and antagonize what God hath joined together.

Of the few memorials of Shakespeare none will compare in interest with the rude bust perched high upon the wall of the chancel above his grave. It is poor as a work of art, is of plaster, and has been painted and whitewashed and otherwise restored, but there is good reason to believe that it conveys a correct impression of the man. The head full at every point, high, broad, rounded as if to hold all things in true proportion. The face is sphinx-like, expressing nothing and yet everything, — perfect repose, no trace of passion or struggle, no conflict with himself or with the world, no fear, no desire or longing; only a mind beholding all things, yet as the mirror which reflects the landscape, — the shifting cloud, the falling water, the wind-tossed foliage, — but shows in itself no change with the changing objects. It is difficult to think of Shakespeare's feeling as commensurate with his thoughts; otherwise his heart would have worn itself out in the multitude of its sympathies and agonies. The secret of his method is found in Hamlet's phrase: "To hold, as 't were, the mirror up to nature," — a maxim for the actor, but logically a rule for the author. He suffered all things, whether of man or nature, to pass before him; but when we ask for his own opinion of them, we seldom get a sure answer. There is, however, a range of topics which he seems to treat with personal feeling, — such as questions of a political nature. Whenever he speaks of England — perhaps because of his strenuous study in the historical plays — he flames, and never is his thought more profound than here. It is safe to say that the state was his chief interest; so one may read between the lines in *Lear* and *Othello* and *Macbeth*, as well as in the historical plays, which Carlyle declares to be the best history of England. He will not let Othello die in remorse without a revelation of his patriotism and reverence for the state: —

Soft you; a word or two before you go.
I have done the state some service, and they
know it.

If we can overlook the many difficulties that surround the sonnets, and regard them as expressions of personal feeling, then we know he was a man who loved with all of love's passion, who felt sin and hated evil, who was "aweary of the sun," tired of a world he understood too well,—that beneath the current of a busy life, the details of which he hated, lay solemn depths of feeling and conviction.

From our point of view Shakespeare is the most pathetic of men; for what is more pathetic than unconscious possession of great powers. It seems to be a self-defrauding, a miscarriage of nature. Milton felt every inch of his greatness, and five pounds for *Paradise Lost* lowered the world, not himself. But Shakespeare sold his plays — shrewdly bargained for — and measured his success and greatness by the moderate splendors of New Place. And yet he must have been a mystery to himself. He knew there was no true correlation between himself and the men and women about him. He was solitary "not only by the vastness of his sympathies," but still more by the vastness of his knowledge. This threw him out of gear with the world and made him a perplexity to himself, and so he compromises on the simple country-life and associations of Stratford, turning his back upon himself as a dramatist, and dropping to a life he does understand, — houses, lands, gardens, horses, crops, and the like. The world is to him a mystery, an unreality, a drama like his own, and he will share its fate —

Dissolve,

And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind;

and so he goes back to the dreams of his youth as better than any he has known in London. But though life may be a dream, it is also undeniably something else, and so we find him farming, malting, adding field to field, suing his dishonest neighbors in the same courts which he

had ridiculed with merciless wit, and laying the foundations of a family in true English fashion. Death overtakes him at fifty-two, and — strangest "scene of all, that ends this strange eventful history" — he is buried in the chancel of the parish church, not as a poet and dramatist, but as a holder of the greater tithes. An evil fate seems to pursue his memory, which is now and then assailed as if it were a guilty criminal in suffering itself to be connected with plays that ought to be bound up with the *Novum Organum*.

As we found Shakespeare in Warwickshire, so we leave him there; indeed, he is never far away from the field of his keenest delight and deepest impressions. His retirement to Stratford, when regarded in its various lights, is the most revealing phase of his life. Indifferent as he was to his plays in one way, he laid clear emphasis upon them in others. He rounded his work as a playwright with personal significance. *The Tempest* is not only a farewell to the stage, — filled with the very spirit of it, airy, unreal, fascinating, — it is charged with his weightiest convictions and also with his anticipations and purposes. The play breathes throughout forgiveness toward his enemies in a lofty and yearning temper, struck through with the mercy and pity of a father. Over and over again is the same gracious quality seen in his plays, but in *The Tempest* it wears the pathos of farewell. It sheds a flood of light upon his ethical convictions. Even a dull reader may note that he often forgets the best interests of the play as to effectiveness, and indulges in meditation over the right and wrong of what is involved, the playwright forgetting himself in the moralist.

In the most quoted of all his words: "We are such stuff as dreams are made on," we are not to understand that he gives a definition of human life, nor even an intimation of its destiny, for Shakespeare never seriously transcended the bounds of this world. Prospero is still in the field of this life, and would only say that so

long as he has duties in this world of dream-like phantasy he will meet them "though his brain is troubled." And Shakespeare has another field in mind. When in Stratford, though life may be short, it is real, and its duties will be met as realities. We find in him still the freedom and exhilaration of his period, intensified by the full tides of joy and vitality that flowed through his own veins; but along with them and deeper than any, were ethical convictions whose solidity and depth outweighed all else within him. Of his conduct little is known, but of his nature much may be inferred. It was bedded in the ethics of human life, and especially of conduct in the fundamental relations of men to one another. Three things he invariably demanded and set on high, — justice, mercy, and love as the soul of each. All these are set forth in Prospero as consciously his own. When he abjures his magic, breaks his staff, and drowns his book, and so frees himself from the unreality of the stage, and betakes himself to house and home, he carries with him these high qualities of law and conduct, else the picture of himself which he has so long foreshadowed is out of keeping with the truthfulness with which he had mirrored all human conduct. In the development of society nearly all the great men of the past are now accorded larger measures of goodness than heretofore. The humor, the insight and breadth of vision, the imagination, the charm of Shakespeare will remain as ever, but his ethical sense is more patent and rises to meet the new standards of the unfolding world. There can be no better text-book in our universities for the study of high and spiritual ethics than the plays of Shakespeare, — under the one condition that the teacher shall be adequate in perception and temper of mind and soul to unfold the interwoven lessons.

After all, there is more of nature in Shakespeare than can be found in Warwickshire or in England; more of humanity than can be seen in any one generation.

He is as ancient as Job, as modern as Emerson. He did more than fill a place made ready by the political and religious enfranchisement of the English people; more than mount and ride the topmost wave of the nation's genius. Place and age and opportunity worked in accord for his production, but they did not produce him. We must relegate the problem of his universality, his transcendence, his prophetic outlook, his fathomless insight — all as easy and natural as breathing — to that region and power where all problems must at last be left, namely, creative endowment, the only explanation of great men. The truest measure of him is his unconsciousness of himself; he was too vast to be comprehended by his own thought; he so far surpassed all known standards that he had none for estimating himself; and so, apparently, he made no estimate beyond what might be set down in pounds sterling. He seems in his unconscious greatness almost to lose the qualities of a man, and to be simply a voice of universal nature.

And yet he speaks of no world but this, and touches only everyday humanity. He speaks of man as he is here and now. He deals with the master passions, — love, ambition, jealousy, avarice, pride, and lust. He moralizes on the chief mistakes of men, — the parting with heaven-imposed responsibility as in *Lear*; indiscriminate and unregulated generosity, as in *Timon of Athens*; over-thoughtfulness and brooding in a world of action, as in *Hamlet*; the insidious growth of evil, as in *Macbeth*. He is a quarry out of which philosophers dig their most unimpeachable truths; a judgment-seat for whoever brings a cause, outweighing all precedents and decisions; a divine to divines, a fixed star by which all poets measure their flights; yet all this is not more wonderful than a certain protean adaptation to all classes, grades, ages, and generations of men. The Shakespeare of two centuries ago was not the Shakespeare of the last century, and we have to-day a Shakespeare whom even Dr. Johnson did not

know. Yet each was real. Equally does he accommodate himself to the varied periods of life. He is a story-teller in childhood; in youthhood he is the reflection of our passion and purpose; in manhood the measure of our strength and action; and in age the philosopher who interprets and confirms our observations of life. And so he delights the rude throng with trenchant wit and hoarse laughter, yet sings to the finest ear in measures unapproachably faultless.

His greatest service, perhaps, is to be found in the fact that he gave the world an inexhaustible body of essential and practical truth in the best form; by which I mean truth stated beautifully, nobly, and engagingly. What a wealth of it, and how accurate, — answering to life as the courses of the stars answer to mathematics! But the truth of Shakespeare is more than exact, more than the mirror held up to nature and humanity; it is truth with its heavenly radiance and native glory. Montaigne tells us the truth in plain and homely ways, and Plutarch prattles it like a child; but Shakespeare penetrated into the temple of truth, and brought it forth in its shining robes and made it speak in its divine accents. It is one thing to see truth as the reality of things; it is another to behold the glory and majesty and strength and beauty of truth. This is the high achievement of Shakespeare: that the eternal secret, the spiritual essence, the absolute nature of any truth he touches, is revealed in his statement of it.

Such a work as this is to be put by the side of Magna Charta and Habeas Corpus and Trial by Jury, and the Declaration of Independence — as a real contribution to humanity and civilization. What does man more need; what richer heritage can he have than the truth pertaining to himself, put in exact and noble form? This, we conceive, is the crowning glory of Shakespeare; this is what puts him above the homely Socrates, the dreaming Plato, the plodding Aristotle, and the whole race of philosophers, — that he has revealed humanity to itself, and made it feel its own greatness and glory.

There are heights he does not reach, though hardly depths he does not sound; but he is no evangel, and the tone-note of eternity is seldom struck. He falters when he looks beyond "the flaming ramparts of the world," and sinks back, saying, —

"We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep;"

or at best only says, —

"There are more things in Heaven and earth,
Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

But we must not ask of one mortal man to be the revealer of two worlds. He has shown us one; he uttered no syllable that forbids us to believe in another. Nay, he has made this world so great and beautiful that of itself it calls out for eternity.

THE HELPMATE¹

BY MAY SINCLAIR

V

THE bell of St. Saviour's had ceased. Over the market-place the air throbbed with a thousand pulses from the dying heart of sound. The great gray body of the church was still; tower and couchant nave watched in their monstrous, motionless dominion, till the music stirred in them like a triumphant soul.

As they hurried over the open market-place, Anne realized with some annoyance that she was late again for the Wednesday evening service. She dearly loved punctuality and order, and disliked to be either checked or hastened in her superb movements. She disliked to be late for anything. Above all she disliked standing on a mat outside the closed church-door, in the middle of the General Confession, trying to surrender her spirit to the spirit of prayer, while Walter lingered, murmuring profane urbanities that claimed her as his own.

He had perceived what he called her innocent design, her transparent effort to lead him to her heavenly heights. He had lent himself to it, tenderly, gravely, as he would have lent himself to a child's heart-rending play. He could not profess to follow the workings of his wife's mind, but he did understand her point of view. She had been "let in" for something she had not expected, and he was bound to make it up to her.

There had been a week of concessions, culminating in church.

But that was on a Sunday. This was Wednesday, and he drew the line at Wednesdays.

Oh yes, he saw her drift. He knew that what she expected of him was incessant penitence. But, after all, it was difficult to feel much abasement for a

fault committed quite a number of years ago and sufficiently repented of at the time. He had settled his account, and it was hard that he should be made to pay twice over. To-night his mood was strangely out of harmony with Lent.

Anne slackened her pace to intimate as much to him. Whereupon he lapsed into strange and disturbing legends of his childhood. He told her he had early weaned himself from the love of Lenten services, observing their effect upon the unfortunate lady, his aunt, who had brought him up. Punctually at twelve o'clock on Palm Sunday, he said, the poor soul, exhausted with her endeavors after the Christian life, would fly into a passion, and punctually would rise from it at the same hour on Easter Day. For quite a long time he had believed that that was why they called it Passion Week.

She moaned "Oh, Walter — don't!" as if he had hurt her, while she laid the ghost of a little creeping, curling, mundane smile.

If he would only leave her! But, as they crossed to the curbstone, he changed over, preserving his proper place. He leaned to her with the indestructible attention of a lover. His whole manner was inimitably chivalrous, protective, and polite.

Anne hardened her heart against him. At the church-gate she turned and faced him coldly.

"If you're not going in," said she, "you need n't come any further."

He glanced at the belated group of worshippers gathered before the church-door, and became more than ever polite and chivalrous and protective.

"I must see you safely in," he said, and took up his stand beside her on the mat.

Her eyes rested on him for a second in

reproach, then dropped behind the veil of their lids. In another moment he would have to go. He had already surrendered her prayer-book, tucking it gently under her arm.

"You'll be all right when you get in, won't you?" he said encouragingly.

"Please go," she whispered.

"Do I jar, dear?" he asked sweetly.

"You do, very much."

"I'm so sorry. I won't do it again."

But his whispered vows and promises belied him, battling with her consecrated mood. She felt that his innermost spirit remained unilluminated by her rebuke.

Once more she set her face, and hardened her heart against him, and removed herself in the silence and isolation of her prayer.

Through the closed door there came the rich, confused murmur of the Confession. He saw her lips curl, flower-like, with emotion, as her breath rose and fell in unison with the heaving chant. He watched her with a certain reverence, incomprehensibly chastened, till the door opened, and she went from him, moving down the lighted aisle with her remote, renouncing air.

The door was shut in Majendie's face, and he turned away, intending to kill, to murder the next hour at his club.

Anne was self-trained in the habit of detachment. She had only to kneel, to close her eyes and cover her face, and her soul slid of its own accord into the place of peace. Her very breathing and the beating of her heart were stayed. Her mind, emptied in a moment, was in a moment filled, brimming over with the thought of God. To her veiled vision that thought was like a sheet of blank light let down behind her dropped eyelids, and centring in a luminous whorl. It fascinated her. Her prayer shot straight to the heart of it, a communion too automatically swift to trouble or divide the blessed light.

In that instant, her husband, the image and the thought of him, were cast out into the secular darkness.

She remembered how difficult it had once been thus to renounce him. Her trouble, in the days of her engagement, had been that, thrust him from her as she would, the idea of his goodness—the goodness that justified her through its own appeal—would call up his presence, emerging radiant from the outermost abyss. Inferior emotions had mingled indistinguishably with her holiest ardors. Spiritually ambitious, she had had her young eye on a hard-won crown of glory, and she had found that happiness made the spiritual life almost contemptibly easy. It was no effort in those days to realize divine mysteries, when the miracle of the Incarnation was, as it were, worked for her in her own soul when she heard in her own heart the beating of the heart of God; when his hand touched her with a tenderness that warmed her in her place of peace. She had hardly known this flamed and lyric creature for herself. It was as if her soul, resting after long flight, had contemplated for the first time the silver and fine gold of her wings.

It was the facility of the revelation that had first caused her to suspect it. And she had thrown ashes on the flame, and set a watch upon her soul, lest she should mistake an earthly for a heavenly content. She could not bear to think that she was cheated, that her pulses counted in her sense of exaltation and beatitude. She desired the utmost purity in that divine communion, so as to be sure that it was divine.

Now, having suffered, she was completely sure. It was easy enough now for her to achieve detachment, oblivion of Walter Majendie, to pour out her whole soul in the prayer for light:—

"Lighten our darkness, we beseech Thee, O Lord, and by Thy great mercy defend us from all perils and dangers of this night."

Her hands, as she prayed, were folded close over her eyes. Having completely forgotten Walter, she was astonished to find that he was there, that he had

been there for some time, in the pew beside her.

He was seated in what he took to be an attitude of extreme reverence, his head bowed and resting on his left arm, which was supported by the back of the pew in front of him. His right arm embraced, unconsciously, Anne's muff. Anne was vividly, painfully aware of him. Over the crook of his elbow one eye looked up at her, bright, smiling with inextinguishable affection. His lips gave out a sound that was not a prayer, but something between a murmur and a moan, distinctly audible.

The sermon gave him boundless opportunity. He turned in his seat; his eyes watched her under half-closed lids, two slits shining through the thick dark curtain of the lashes. He kept on pulling at his mustache, as if to hide the dumb but expressive adorations of his mouth. Anne, justly offended, removed herself by a pew's length, till the hymn brought them together, linked by the book she could not withhold.

"Christian, dost thou see them,
On the holy ground,
How the troops of Midian
Prowl and prowl around?"

sang Anne, in a dulcet pianissimo, obedient to the choir.

Profound abstraction veiled him, a treacherous, unspiritual calm. Majendie was a man with a baritone voice, which at times possessed him like a furious devil. It was sleeping in him now, biding its time, ready, she knew, to be roused by the first touch of a *crescendo*. The *crescendo* came.

"Christian! Up and fight them!"

The voice waked; it leaped from him; and to Anne's terrified nerves it seemed to scatter the voices of the choir before it. It dropped on the Amen and died; but in dying it remained triumphant, like the trump of an archangel retreating to the uttermost ends of heaven.

Anne's heart pained her with a profane tenderness, and a poignant repudiation. Her soul being adjusted to the di-

vine, it was intolerable to think that this preposterous human voice should have power to shake it so.

She sank to her knees and bowed her head to the benediction.

"Did you like it?" he asked, as they emerged together into the open air.

He spoke as if to the child she seemed to him now to be. They had been playing together, pretending they were two pilgrims bound for the Heavenly City, and he wanted to know if she had had a nice game. He nursed the exquisite illusion that this time he had pleased her by playing too.

"Of course I liked it."

"So did I," he answered joyously. "I quite enjoyed it. We'll do it again some other night."

"What made you come, like that?" said she.

"I could n't help it. You looked so pretty, dear, and so forlorn. It seemed brutal, somehow, to abandon you on the weary road to heaven."

She sighed. That was his chivalry again. He would escort her politely to the very door of heaven, but would he ever enter in?

Still, it was something that he should have gone with her so far. It gave her confidence, and an idea of what her power might come to be. Not that she relied upon herself alone. Her plan for Majendie's salvation was liberal and large; it admitted of other methods, other influences. There was no narrowness, any more than there was jealousy, in Anne.

"Walter," said she, "I want you to know Mrs. Elliott."

"But I do know her, don't I?"

He called up a vision of the lady whose house had been Anne's home in Scale. He was grateful to Mrs. Elliott. But for her slender acquaintance with his sister, he would never have known Anne. This made him feel that he knew Mrs. Elliott.

"But I want you to know her as I know her."

He laughed. "Is that possible? Does a man ever know a woman as another woman knows her?"

Anne felt that she was not only being diverted from her purpose, but led by a side track to an unexplored profundity. On the further side of it she discerned, dimly, the undesirable. It was a murky region, haunted by still murkier presences, by Lady Cayley and her kind. She persisted with a magnificent irrelevance.

"You must know her. You would like her."

He did n't in the least want to know Mrs. Elliott; he did n't think that he would like her. But he was soothed, flattered, insanely pleased with Anne's assumption that he would. It was as if in her thoughts she were drawing him towards her. He felt that she was softening, yielding. His approaches were a delicious wooing of an unfamiliar, unwedded Anne.

"I would like her, because you like her, is that it?"

"It would n't follow."

"Oh, how you spoil it!"

"Spoil what?"

"My inference. It pleased me. But, as you say, the logic was n't sound."

Silence being the only dignified course under mystification, Anne was silent. Some men had that irritating way with women; Walter's smile suggested that he might have it. She was not going to minister to his male delight. Unfortunately her silence seemed to please him too.

"Never mind, dear, I do like her; because she likes you."

"You will like her for herself when you know her."

"Will she like me for myself when she knows me? It's extremely doubtful. You see, hitherto she has made no ardent sign."

"My dear, she says you've never been near her. You never come to one of her Thursdays."

"Oh, her Thursdays — no, I have n't."

"Well, how can you expect — but you will go sometimes, now, to please me?"

"Won't Wednesdays do?"

"Wednesdays?"

"Yes. It was n't half bad to-night. I'll go to every blessed Wednesday, as long as they last, if you'll only let me off Thursdays."

"Please don't talk about being 'let off.' I thought you might like to know my friends, that's all."

"So I would. I'd like it awfully. By the way that reminds me. I met Hannay at the club to-night, and he asked if his wife might call on you. Would you mind very much?"

"Why should I mind, if she's a friend of yours and Edith's."

"Oh well, you see, she is n't exactly —"

"Is n't exactly what?"

"A friend of Edith's."

VI

There is a polite and ancient rivalry between Prior Street and Thurston Square, a rivalry that dates from the middle of the eighteenth century, when Prior Street and Thurston Square were young. Each claims to be the aristocratic centre of the town. Each acknowledges the other as its solitary peer. If Prior Street were not Prior Street, it would be Thurston Square. There are a few old families left in Scale. They inhabit either Thurston Square or Prior Street. There is nowhere else that they could live with any dignity or comfort. In either place they are secure from the contamination of low persons engaged in business, and from the wide invading foot of the newly rich. These build themselves mansions after their kind in the Park, or in the broad flat highways leading into the suburbs. They have no sense for the dim undecorated charm of Prior Street and Thurston Square.

Nothing could be more distinguished than Prior Street, with its sombre symmetry, its air of delicate, early Georgian

reticence. But its atmosphere is a shade too professional; it opens too precipitately on the unlovely and unsacred street.

Thurston Square is approached only by unfrequented ancient ways paved with cobblestones. It is a place of garden greenness, of seclusion, and of leisure. It breathes a provincial quietness, a measured hallowed breath, as of a cathedral close. Its inhabitants pride themselves on this immemorial calm. The older families rely on it for the sustenance of their patrician state. They sit by their firesides in dignified attitudes, impressively, luxuriously inert. Their whole being is a religious protest against the spirit of business.

But the restlessness of the times has seized upon the other families, the Poolseys, the Gardners, the Eliotts, younger by a century at least. They utilize the perfect peace for the cultivation of their intellects.

Every Thursday, towards half-past three, a wave of agreeable expectation, punctual, periodic, mounts on the stillness and stirs it. Thursday is Mrs. Eliott's day.

The Eliotts belong to the old high merchant families, the aristocracy of trade, whose wealth is mellowed and beautified by time. Three centuries met in Mrs. Eliott's drawing-room, harmonized by the gentle spirit of the place. Her frail modern figure moved (with elegance a little disheveled by abstraction) on an early Georgian background, among mid-Victorian furniture, surrounded by a multitude of decorative objects. There were great jars and idols from China and Japan; inlaid tables; screens and cabinets and chairs in Bombay black wood, curiously carved; a splendid profusion of painted and embroidered cloths; the spoils of seventy years of Eastern trade. And on the top of it all, twenty years or so of recent culture. The culture was represented by a well-filled bookcase, a few diminished copies of antique sculpture, some modern sketches made in Rome and Venice (for the Eliotts had

traveled), and an illuminated triptych with its saints in glory.

Mrs. Eliott herself, with her restless irregular distinction, her crude and tortured draperies, lent the last touch to these incongruous glories.

It was five o'clock on one of her Thursdays, and Mrs. Eliott had been conversing with great sweetness and power ever since half-past three. That was the way she and Mrs. Pooley kept it up, and they could have kept it up much longer but for the arrival of Miss Proctor.

That lady was no sooner announced than Mrs. Pooley collapsed in her corner with the air of an indiscreet conspirator, and Mrs. Eliott ceased suddenly from fluency. They were afraid of Miss Proctor's unsympathetic eye, an eye hostile to enthusiasms, to ardors, and to flights. There was nothing, Miss Proctor said (if dear Fanny Eliott only knew it), so unmistakably provincial. As for aspirations (and Mrs. Pooley was full of them), what could be more contemptible than these efforts to be what you were not? There was something positively morbid in Fanny Eliott's preoccupation with her intellect, a thing, said Miss Proctor, nobody should be conscious of. She herself was of so rich a social presence that she could afford to be unconscious of everything except her entire superiority to the superior persons of Scale. Miss Proctor hated Scale; but, as Fate compelled her to live there, she was determined to triumph over Fate. "My nature," said Miss Proctor, "is metropolitan. I refuse to adopt provincial standards, to become provincial myself." And, since Miss Proctor refused to conform to Scale, Scale was obliged to conform to Miss Proctor. If Mrs. Eliott had not been there before her, Miss Proctor would have become the leader of society in Scale.

Miss Proctor stood large and lavish in the doorway, and announced that she was going to take Fanny down from her heights and humanize her by a little gossip. She ignored Mrs. Pooley, since

Mrs. Pooley apparently wished to be ignored.

"I want," said she, "the latest news of Anne."

"If you wait, you may get it from herself."

"My dear, do you suppose she 'd give it me?"

"It depends," said Mrs. Elliott, "on what you want to know."

"I want to know whether she's happy. I want to know whether, by this time, she *knows*."

"You can't ask her."

"Of course I can't. That's why I am asking you."

"I know nothing. I've hardly seen her."

Miss Proctor looked as if she were seeing her that moment without Fanny Elliott's help.

"Poor dear Anne."

Anne Fletcher had been simply dear Anne, Mrs. Walter Majendie was poor dear Anne.

Her friends were all sorry for her. They were inclined to be indignant with Edith Majendie, who, they declared, had been at the bottom of her marriage all along. She was the cause of Anne's original callings in Prior Street. If it had not been for Edith, Anne could never have penetrated that secret bachelor abode. The engagement had been an awkward, unsatisfactory, sinister affair. It was a pity that Mr. Majendie's domestic circumstances were such that poor dear Anne appeared as having made all the necessary approaches and advances. If Mr. Majendie had had a family, that family would have had to call on Anne. But Mr. Majendie had n't a family; he had only Edith, which was worse than having nobody at all. And then, besides, there was his history.

Mrs. Elliott looked distressed. Mr. Majendie's history could not be explained away as too ancient to be interesting. In Scale a seven-year-old event is still startlingly, unforgettably modern. Anne's marriage had saddled her friends

with a difficult responsibility,—the justification of Anne for that astounding step.

Acquaintances had been made to understand that Mrs. Elliott had had nothing to do with it. They went away baffled, but confirmed in their impression that she knew; which was, after all, what they wanted to know.

It was not so easy to satisfy the licensed curiosity of Anne's friends. They came to-day in quantities, attracted by the news of the Majendies' premature return from their honeymoon. Mrs. Elliott felt that Miss Proctor and the Gardners were sitting on in the hope of meeting them.

Mrs. Elliott had been obliged to accept Anne's husband, that she might retain Anne's affection. In this she did violence to her feelings, which were sore on the subject of the marriage. It was not only on account of the inglorious clouds he trailed. In any case she would have felt it as a slight that her friend should have married without her assistance, and so far outside the charmed circle of Thurston Square. She herself was for the moment disappointed with Anne. Anne had once taken them all so seriously. It was her solemn joy in Mrs. Elliott and her circle that had enabled her young superiority to put up so long with the provincial hospitalities of Scale-on-Humber. They, the slender aristocracy of Thurston Square, were the best that Scale had to offer her, and they had given her of their best. Socially, the step from Thurston Square to Prior Street could not be defined as a going down; but, intellectually, it was a decline; and morally (to those who knew Fanny Elliott and to Fanny Elliott who *knew*) it was, by comparison, a plunge into the abyss. Fanny Elliott was the fine flower of Thurston Square. She had satisfied even the fastidiousness of Anne.

She owned that Mr. Majendie had satisfied it too. It was not that quality in Anne that made her choice so — well, so incomprehensible.

It was Dr. Gardner's word. Dr. Gard-

ner was the president of the Scale Literary and Philosophic Society, and in any discussion of the incomprehensible his word had weight. Vagueness was his foible, the relaxation of an intellect uncomfortably keen. The spirit that looked at you through his short-sighted eyes (magnified by enormous glasses) seemed to have just returned from a solitary excursion in a dream. In that mood the incomprehensible had for him a certain charm.

Mrs. Elliott had too much good taste to criticise Anne Majendie's. They had simply got to recognize that Prior Street had more to offer her than Thurston Square. That was the way she preferred to put it, effacing herself a little ostentatiously.

Miss Proctor maintained that Prior Street had nothing to offer a creature of Anne Fletcher's kind. It had everything to take, and it seemed bent on taking everything. It was bad enough in the beginning, when she had given herself up, body and soul, to the spinal lady; but to go and marry the brother, without first disposing of the spinal lady in a comfortable home for spines, — why, what must the man be like who could let her do it?

"My dear," said Mrs. Elliott, "he's a saint, if you're to believe Anne."

Even Dr. Gardner smiled. "I can't say that's exactly what I should call him."

"Need we," said Mr. Elliott, "call him anything? So long as she thinks him a saint —"

Mr. Elliott — Mr. Johnson Elliott — hovered on the border land of culture, with a spirit purified from commerce by a Platonic passion for the exact sciences. He was, therefore, received in Thurston Square on his own as well as his wife's merits. He, too, had his little weaknesses. Almost savagely determined in matters of business, at home he loved to sit in a chair and fondle the illusion of indifference. There was no part of Mr. Elliott's mental furniture that was not a fixture,

yet he scorned the imputation of conviction. A hunted thing in his wife's drawing-room, Mr. Elliott had developed in a quite remarkable degree the protective coloring of stupidity. For Miss Proctor Mr. Elliott was simply the soul of the chair he sat in.

"How can she?" said Miss Proctor. "She's a saint herself, and she ought to know the difference."

"Perhaps," said Dr. Gardner, "that's why she does n't."

"I'm sure," said Mrs. Elliott, "it was the original attraction. There could be no other for Anne."

"The attraction was the opportunity for self-sacrifice. Whatever she makes of Mr. Majendie, she's bent on making a martyr of herself." Miss Proctor met the vague eyes of the circle with a glance that was defiance to all mystery. "It's quite simple. This marriage is a short cut to canonization, that's all."

Then it was that little Mrs. Gardner spoke. She had been married for a year, and her face still wore its bridal look of possession that was peace, the look that it would wear when Mrs. Gardner was seventy. Her voice had a certain lucid and profound precision.

"Anne was always certain of herself. And since she cares for Mr. Majendie enough to accept him and to accept his sister, and the rather *triste* life which is all he has to offer her, does n't it look as if, probably, she knew her own business best?"

"I think," said Mr. Elliott, "we may take it that she does."

Miss Proctor was startled into attention. She could not be sure whether she had heard the articulate soul of the arm-chair, or the authentic voice of Mr. Elliott. She was only sure that it was time for her to go. As she rose she seemed to unfold and shake out her sumptuous personality; to atone for removing it, by the prodigality, the magnificence of her manner in departure.

Mrs. Pooley sat up in her corner and revived the conversation interrupted by

Miss Proctor. She implored dear Mrs. Elliott to tell her whether she really approved of realism in art. Mrs. Pooley was a small woman with a brown face and sparkling nervous eyes. She had felt that to talk about Mrs. Majendie was to waste Mrs. Elliott. Mrs. Majendie apart, Mrs. Pooley had much in common with her friend; but, whereas Mrs. Elliott preferred to spend superbly on one idea at a time, Mrs. Pooley's intellect entertained promiscuously and beyond its means. It was apt to be hospitable to ideas that had not even a bowing acquaintance outside it. Their habit of quarreling for precedence, too, was fatal to further intimacy, by detaining them on the genial staircase.

"Of course," said Mrs. Pooley, "there's nature; we must have truth to nature."

Dr. Gardner thought it rather depended on the nature of the truth. Mrs. Elliott wondered whether there could be truth to nature if nature was n't true. And Mrs. Pooley, distracted by the mounting throng of her ideas, appealed to the remote spirit of the chair.

"Dear Mr. Elliott, will you not decide this question for us?"

"No, no, no, I'm a stupid fellow. Don't ask me to decide anything."

"I know he's got an opinion. Has n't he, Fanny? Only he keeps it to himself."

The more Mr. Elliott willfully obscured himself, the more Mrs. Pooley radiated certainty. Her eyes proclaimed their conviction that if Mr. Elliott could once be induced to let his opinion go, a new joy would be born into the world.

"No, I have n't any opinions of my own. They're too expensive. I borrow other people's when I want them. But it is very seldom," said Mr. Elliott, "that I do want an opinion. If you have any facts to give me — well and good."

Whereupon Mrs. Pooley's adventurous intelligence retreated behind a cloud. Mrs. Elliott pursued it there.

"I suppose," said she, "there's such a thing as realizing your ideals."

Her eyes gleamed and wandered and

rested upon Mrs. Gardner. Mrs. Gardner had a singularly beautiful intellect which she was known to be shy of displaying. People said that Dr. Gardner had fallen in love with it years ago, and had only waited for it to mature before he married it. Mrs. Gardner had a habit of sitting remote from the argument and untroubled by it, tolerant in her own excess of bliss. There were times when Mrs. Gardner's silence lent distinction to Mrs. Elliott's Thursdays, times when it was destructive to the spirit of them, times, like the present, when Mrs. Elliott felt it as a call and rose to it. She rose now.

"I wonder" (Mrs. Elliott was always wondering) "what becomes of our ideals when we've realized them."

The doctor answered. "My dear lady, they cease to be ideals, and we have to get some more."

Mrs. Elliott, in her turn, was received into the cloud.

"Of course," said Mrs. Pooley, emerging from it joyously, "we must have them."

"Of course," said Mrs. Elliott vaguely, as her spirit struggled with the cloud.

"Of course," said Dr. Gardner. He was careful to array himself for tea-parties in all his innocent metaphysical vanities, to scatter profundities like epigrams, to flatter the pure intellects of ladies, while the solemn vagueness of his manner concealed from them the innermost frivolity of his thought. He did n't care whether they understood him or not. He knew his wife did. Her wedded spirit moved in secret and unsuspected harmony with his.

He had a certain liking for Mrs. Elliott. She seemed to him an apparition mainly pathetic. With her attenuated distinction, her hectic ardor, her brilliant and pursuing eye, she had the air of some doomed and dedicated votress of the pure intellect, haggard, disturbing, and disturbed. His social self was amused with her enthusiasms, but the real Dr. Gardner accounted for them compassionately. It was no wonder, he considered, that

poor Mrs. Elliott wondered. She had so little else to do. Her nursery upstairs was empty, it always had been, always would be, empty. Did she wonder at that too, at the transcendental carelessness that had left her thus frustrated, thus incomplete? Mrs. Elliott would have been scandalized if she had known the real Dr. Gardner's opinion of her.

"I wonder," said she, "what will become of Anne's ideal?"

"It's safe," said the doctor. "She has n't realized it."

"I wonder, then, what will become of Anne."

Mrs. Pooley retreated altogether before this gross application of transcendent truth. She had not come to Mrs. Elliott's to talk about Mrs. Majendie.

Dr. Gardner smiled. "Oh, come," he said, "you *are* personal."

"I'm not," said Mrs. Elliott, conscious of her lapse and ashamed of it. "But, after all, Anne's my friend. I know people blamed me because I never told her. How could I tell her?"

"No," said Mrs. Gardner soothingly, "how could you?"

"Anne," continued Mrs. Elliott, "was so reticent. The thing was all settled before anybody could say a word."

"Well," said Dr. Gardner, "there's no good worrying about it now."

"Is n't it possible," said the little year-old bride, "that Mr. Majendie may have told her himself?"

For Dr. Gardner had told her everything the day before he married her, confessing to the light loves of his youth, the young lady in the Free Library and all. She looked round with eyes widened by their angelic candor. Even more beautiful than Mrs. Gardner's intellect were Mrs. Gardner's eyes, and the love of them that brought the doctor's home from their wanderings in philosophic dreams. Nobody but Dr. Gardner knew that Mrs. Gardner's intellect had cause to be jealous of her eyes.

"There's one thing," said Mrs. Elliott, suddenly enlightened. "Our not having

said anything at the time makes it easier for us to receive him now."

"Are n't we all talking," said Mrs. Gardner, "rather as if Anne had married a monster? After all, have we ever heard anything against him — except Lady Cayley?"

"Oh no, never a word, have we, Johnson dear?"

"Never. He's not half a bad fellow Majendie."

Dr. Gardner rose to go.

"Oh please, — don't go before they come."

Mrs. Gardner hesitated, but the doctor, vague in his approaches, displayed a certain energy in departure.

They passed Mrs. Walter Majendie on the stairs.

She had come alone. That, Mrs. Elliott felt, was a bad beginning. She could see that it struck even Johnson's obtuseness as unfavorable, for he presently effaced himself.

"Fanny," said Anne, holding her friend's evasive eye with the determination of her query, "tell me, who are the Ransomes?"

"The Ransomes? Have they called?"

"Yes, but I was out. I did n't see them."

"Oh, my dear," said Mrs. Elliott, in a tone which implied that when Anne *did* see them —

"Are they very dreadful?"

"Well — they're not your sort."

Anne meditated. "Not my sort. And the Lawson Hannays, what sort are they?"

"Well, we don't know them. But there are a great many people in Scale one does n't know."

"Are they socially impossible, or what?"

"Oh — socially, they would be considered — in Scale — all right. But he is, or was, mixed up with some very queer people."

Anne's cold face intimated that the adjective suggested nothing to her. Mrs. Elliott was compelled to be explicit. The

word queer was applied in Scale to persons of dubious honesty in business; whereas it was not so much in business as in pleasure that Mr. Lawson Hannay had been queer.

"Mr. Hannay may be very steady now, but I believe he belonged to a very fast set before he married her."

"And she? Is she nice?"

"She may be very nice for all I know."

"I think," said Anne, "she would n't call if she was n't nice, you know."

She meant that if Mrs. Lawson Hannay had not been nice, Walter would never have sanctioned her calling.

"Oh, as for that," said her friend, "you know what Scale is. The less nice they are the more they keep on calling. But I should think" — She had suddenly perceived where Anne's argument was tending — "she is probably all right."

"Do you know anything of Mr. Charlie Gorst?"

"No, but Johnson does. At least I'm sure he's met him."

Mrs. Elliott saw it all. Poor Anne was being besieged, bombarded by her husband's set.

"Then he is n't impossible?"

"Oh no, the Gorsts are a very old Lincolnshire family. Quite grand. What a number of people you're going to know, my dear. But your husband is n't to take you away from *all* your old friends."

"He is n't taking me anywhere. I shall stay," said Anne proudly, "exactly where I was before."

She was determined that her old friends should never know to what a sorrowful place she *had* been taken.

"You dear," said Mrs. Elliott, holding out a suddenly caressing hand.

Anne trembled a little under the caress. "Fanny," said she, "I want you to know him."

"I mean to," said Mrs. Elliott hurriedly.

"And I want him, even more, to know you."

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"Then," Mrs. Elliott argued to herself, "she knows nothing; or she never could suppose we would be kindred spirits."

But she carried it off triumphantly. "Well," said she, "I hope you're free for the fifteenth?"

"The fifteenth?"

"Yes, or any other evening. We want to give a little dinner, dear, to you and to your husband, — for him to meet all your friends."

Anne tried not to look too grateful.

The upward way, then, was being prepared for him. Beneficent intelligences were at work, influences were in the air, helping her to raise him.

In her gladness she had failed to see that, considering the very obvious nature of the civility, Fanny Elliott was making the least shade too much of it.

VII

Anne presented herself that evening in her husband's study with a sheaf of visiting-cards in her hand. She thought it possible that she might obtain further illumination by confronting him with them.

"Walter," said she, "all these people have called on us. What do you think I'd better do?"

"I think you'll have to call on them some day."

"All of them?"

He took the cards from her and glanced at them.

"Let me see. Charlie Gorst, — we must be nice to him."

"Is *he* nice?"

"I think so. Edie's very fond of him."

"And Mrs. Lawson Hannay?"

"Oh, you must call on her."

"Shall I like her?"

"Possibly. You need n't see much of her if you don't."

"Is it easy to drop people?"

"Perfectly."

"And what about Mrs. Ransome?"

He frowned. "Has *she* called?"

"Yes."

"I'll find out when she's not at home and let you know. You can call then."

A fourth card he tore up and threw into the fire.

"Some people have confounded impudence."

Anne went away confirmed in her impression that Walter had a large acquaintance to whom he was by no means anxious to introduce his wife. He might, she reflected, have incurred the connection through the misfortune of his business. The life of a ship-owner in Scale was fruitful in these embarrassments.

But if these disagreeable people indeed belonged to the period she mentally referred to as his "past," she was not going to tolerate them for an instant. He must give them up.

She judged that he was prepared for so much renunciation. She hoped that he would, in time, adopt her friends in place of them. He was inclined, after all, to respond amicably to Mrs. Elliott's overtures.

Anne wondered how he would comport himself at the dinner on the fifteenth. She owned to a little uneasiness at the prospect. Would he, indeed, yield to the sobering influence of Thurston Square? Or would he try to impose his alien, his startling personality on it? She had begun to realize how alien he was, how startling he could be. Would he sit silent, uninspiring and uninspired? Or would unholy and untimely inspirations seize him? Would he scatter to the winds all conventional conventions, and riot in his own unintelligible frivolity? What would he say to Mrs. Elliott, that priestess of the pure intellect? Was there anything in him that could be touched by her uncolored, immaterial charm? Would he see that Mr. Elliott's density was only a mask? Would the Gardners bore him? And would he like Miss Proctor? And if he did n't, would he show it, and how? His mere manners, would, she knew, be irreproachable, but she had no security for his spiritual behavior. He im-

pressed her as a creature uncaught, undriven; graceful, but immeasurably capricious.

The event surprised her.

For the first five minutes or so, it seemed that Mrs. Elliott and her dinner were doomed to failure, so terrible a cloud had fallen on her, and on her husband, and on every guest. Never had the poor priestess appeared so abstract an essence, so dream-driven and so forlorn. Never had Mr. Elliott worn his mask to so extinguishing a purpose. Never had Miss Proctor been so obtrusively superior, Mrs. Gardner so silent, Dr. Gardner so vague. They were all, she could see, possessed, crushed down by their consciousness of Majendie and his monstrous past.

Into this circle, thus stupefied by his presence, Majendie himself burst with the courage of unconsciousness.

Mr. Elliott had started a topic, the conduct of Sir Rigley Barker, the ex-member for Scale. A heavy ball of conversation began to roll slowly up and down the table, between Mr. Elliott and Dr. Gardner. Majendie snatched at it deftly as it passed him, caught it, turned it in his hands till it grew golden under his touch. He breathed on the ex-member like a god, and played with him like a juggler; he tossed him into the air and kept him there, a radiant, insubstantial thing. The ex-member disported himself before Mrs. Elliott's dinner-party as he had never disported himself in parliament. Majendie had given him a career, endowed him with glorious attributes. The ex-member, as a topic, developed capacities unsuspected in him before. The others followed his flight, breathless, afraid to touch him lest he should break and disappear under their hands.

By the time Majendie had done with him, the ex-member had entered on a joyous immortality in Scale.

And in the middle of it all Anne laughed.

Miss Proctor was the first to recover from the surprise of it. She leaned across

the table with her liberal and vivid smile, opulent in appreciation.

"Well, Mr. Majendie, Sir Rigley ought to be grateful to you. If ever there was a dull subject, dead and buried, it was he, poor man. And now the difficulty will be to forget him."

"I don't think," said Majendie gravely, "I shall forget him myself in a hurry."

Oh, no, he never would forget Sir Rigley. He did n't want to forget him. He would be grateful to him as long as he lived. He had made Anne laugh, — a girl's laugh, young and deliciously uncontrollable, springing from the immortal heart of joy.

It was the first time he had heard her laugh so. He did n't know she could do it. The hope of hearing her do it again would give him something to live for. He would win her yet if he could make her laugh.

Anne was more surprised than anybody, at him and at herself. It was a revelation to her, his cleverness, his brilliant social gift. She was only intimate with one kind of cleverness, the kind that feeds itself on lectures and on books. She had not thought of Walter as clever. She had only thought of him as good. That one quality of goodness had swallowed up the rest.

Miss Proctor took possession of her where she sat in the drawing-room, as it were amid the scattered fragments of the ex-member. (He still, among the ladies, emitted a feeble radiance.) Miss Proctor had always approved of Anne. If Anne had no metropolitan distinction to speak of, she was not in the least provincial. She was something by herself, superior and rare. A little inclined to take herself too seriously, perhaps; but her husband's admirable levity would, no doubt, improve her.

"My dear," said Miss Proctor, "I congratulate you. He's brilliant, he's charming, he's unique. Why did n't we know of him before? Where has he been hiding his talents all this time?"

(A talent that had not bloomed in

Thurston Square was a talent pitifully wasted.)

Anne smiled a blanched, perfunctory smile. Ah, where had he been hiding himself, indeed?

Miss Proctor stood central, radiating the rich after-glow of her appreciation. Her gaze was a little critical of her friends' faces, as if she were measuring the effect, on a provincial audience, of Majendie's conversational technique. She swept down to a seat beside her hostess.

"My dear Fanny," she said, "why did n't you tell me?"

"Tell you —?"

"That he was that sort. I did n't know that there was such a delightful man in Scale. What have you all been dreaming of?"

Mrs. Elliott tried to look both amiable and intelligent. In the presence of Mr. Majendie's robust reality it was indeed as if they had all been dreaming. Her instinct told her that the spirit of pure comedy was destruction to the dreams she dreamed. She tried to be genial to her guest's accomplishment; but she felt that if Mr. Majendie's talents were let loose in her drawing-room, it would cease to be the place of intellectual culture. On the other hand, she perceived that Miss Proctor's idea was to empty that drawing-room by securing Mr. Majendie for her own. Mrs. Elliott remained uncomfortably seated on her dilemma.

Sounds of laughter reached her from below. The men were unusually late in returning to the drawing-room. They appeared a little flushed by the hilarious festival, as if Majendie had had on them an effect of mild intoxication. She could see that even Dr. Gardner was demoralized. He wore, under his vagueness, the unmistakable air of surrender to an unfamiliar excess. Mr. Elliott too had the happy look of a man who has fed loftily after a long fast.

"Anne, dear," said Majendie, as they walked back the few yards between Thurston Square and Prior Street, "we

shan't have to do that very often, shall we?"

"Why not? You can't say we did n't have a delightful evening."

"Yes, but it was very exhausting, dear, for me."

"You? You did n't show much signs of exhaustion. I never heard you talk so well."

"Did I talk well?"

"Yes. Almost too well."

"Too much, you mean. Well, I had to talk, when nobody else did. Besides, I did it for a purpose."

But what his purpose was he did not say.

Anne had been human enough to enjoy a performance so far beyond the range of her anticipations. She was glad, above all, that Walter had made himself acceptable in Thurston Square. But when she came to think of what was, what must be known of him in Scale, she was appalled by his incomprehensible ease of attitude. She reflected that this must have been the first time he had dined at Thurston Square since the scandal. Was it possible that he did not realize the insufferable nature of that incident, the efforts it must have cost to tolerate him, the points that had been stretched to take him in? She felt that it was impossible to exaggerate the essential solemnity of that evening. They had met together, as it were, to celebrate Walter's return to the sanctities and proprieties he had offended. He had been formally forgiven and received by the society which (however Fanny Elliott might explain away its action) had most unmistakably cast him out. She had not expected him to part with his indomitable self-possession under the ordeal, but she could have wished that he had borne himself with a little more modesty. He had failed to perceive the redemptive character of the feast; he had turned it into an occasion for profane personal display.

Mrs. Elliott's dinner-party had not saved him; on the contrary, he had saved the dinner-party.

VIII

Anne was right. Though Majendie was, as he expressed it, "up to her designs upon his unhappy soul," he remained unconscious of the part to be played by Mrs. Elliott and her circle in the scheme of his salvation. From his observation of the aristocracy of Thurston Square, it would never have occurred to him that they were people who could count, whatever way you might look at them.

Meanwhile he was a little disturbed by his own appearance as a heavenward pilgrim. He was not sure that he had not gone a little too far that way, and he felt that it was a shame to allow Anne to take him seriously.

He confided his scruples to Edith.

"Poor dear," he said, "it's quite pathetic. You know, she thinks she's saving me."

"And do you mind being saved?"

"Well, no, I don't mind a little of it. But the question is, how long I can keep it up."

"You mean, how long she'll keep it up?"

He laughed. "Oh, she'll keep it up forever. No possible doubt about that. She'll never tire. I wonder if I ought to tell her."

"Tell her what?"

"That it won't work. That she can't do it that way. She's wasting my time and her own."

"Oh, what's a little time, dear, when you've all eternity in view."

"But I have n't. I've nothing in view. My view, at present, is entirely obscured by Anne."

"Poor Anne! To think she actually stands between you and your Maker."

"Yes, you know — in her very anxiety to introduce us."

They looked at each other. Her saint-hood was so accomplished, her union with heaven so complete, that she could afford herself these profaner sympathies. She was secretly indignant with Anne's

view of Walter as unpresentable in the circles of the spiritual élite.

"It never struck her that you might n't need an introduction after all; that you were in it as much as she. That's the sort of mistake one might expect from — from a spiritual parvenu, but not from Anne."

"Oh, come, I don't consider myself her equal by a long chalk."

"Well, say she does belong to the peerage, you're a gentleman, and what more can she require?"

"She can't see that I am. (If I am. You say so.) She considers me a spiritual bounder of the worst sort."

"That's her mistake. Though, I must say, you sometimes lend yourself to it, with your horrible profanity."

"I can't help it, Edie. She's so funny with it. She *makes* me profane."

"Dear boy, if you can think Anne funny" —

"I do. I think she's furiously funny, and horribly pathetic. All the time, you know, she thinks she's leading me upward. Profanity's my only refuge from hypocrisy."

"Oh no, not your only refuge. You say she thinks she's leading you. Don't let her think it. Make her think you're leading her."

"Do you think," said Majendie, "she'd enjoy that quite so much?"

"She'd enjoy it more. If you took her the right way, — the way I mean."

"What's that?"

"You must find out," said she. "I'm not going to tell you everything."

Majendie became thoughtful. "My only fear was that I could n't keep it up. But you really don't think, then, that I should score much if I did?"

"No, my dear, I don't. And as for keeping it up, you never could. And if you did she'd never understand what you were doing it for. That's not the way to show her you're in love with her."

"But that's just what I don't want her to see. That's what she hates so much

in me. I've always understood that in these matters it's discreeter not to show your hand too plainly. You see, it's just as if we'd never been married, for all she cares. That's the trouble."

"There's something in that. If she's not in love with you" —

"Look here, Edie, you're a woman, and you know all about them. Do you really, honestly think Anne ever was in love with me?"

"Oh, don't ask me. How should I know, when I've never been in love myself."

"Does that matter? Have you got to be, in order to tell? Is that how women know?"

"I don't know how other women know. And yet, I ought to be able to tell, too. I suppose I've always been in love with you."

"Well, then," said Majendie, accepting the monstrous admission, less on its own account than because of its bearing on his problem, "what should you say? What do you think?"

"I think she *was* in love."

"But not with me, though?"

"No, no, not with you."

"With whom, then?"

"Darling idiot, there was n't any who. If there was, do you think I'd give her away like that? If you'd asked me *what* she was in love with" —

"Well, what then?"

"Your goodness. She was head over ears in love with that."

"I see. With something that I was n't."

"No, with something that you were, that you are, only she does n't know it."

"Then," said Majendie, "you can't get out of it, she's in love with *me*."

"Oh no, no, you dear goose, not with you. To be in love with you, she'd have to be in love with everything you're not, as well as everything you are; with everything you have been, with everything you never were, with everything you will be, everything you might be, could be, should be."

"That's a large order, Edie."

"There might be a larger one than that. She might sweep all that away, see it go by whole pieces (the best pieces) at a time, and still be in love with the dear, incomprehensible, indescribable, indestructible you. That," said Edie, triumphant in her wisdom, "is what being in love is."

"And you think she is n't in it?"

"No. Not anywhere near it. But — it's a big but —"

"I don't care how big it is. Don't torment me with it."

"Torment you? Why, it's a beautiful but. As I said; she is n't in love with you; but she may be any minute. It's just touch and go with her. It depends on yourself."

"Heavens, what am I to do? I've done everything."

"Yes, you have, but she has n't. She's done nothing. She does n't know how to. You've got to show her."

He shook his head hopelessly. "You're beyond me. I don't understand. There is n't anything for me to do. How am I to show her?"

"I mean, show her what there is in it. What it means. What it's going to be for her as well as you. Just go at it hard, harder than you did before you married her."

"I see, I've got to make love to her all over again."

"Exactly. All over again from the very beginning."

"I say!" He took it in, her idea, in all the width and splendor of its simplicity.

"And do it differently?"

"Oh, very differently."

"I don't quite see where the difference is to come in. What did I do before, that was so wrong?"

"Nothing. That's just the worst of it. It was all too right; ever so much too right. Don't you see? It's what we've been talking about. You made her in love with your goodness. And she was in love with it, not because it was *your* goodness, but because it was like her own. That's why she wanted to marry it. She

could n't be in love with it for any other reason, because she's an egoist."

"No, there you're quite wrong. That's what she is n't."

"Oh, you *are* in love with her. Of course she's an egoist. All the nicest women are. I'm an egoist myself. Do you love me less for it?"

"I don't love you less for anything."

"Well — unless you can make Anne jealous of me — and you can't — you've got to love me less, now, dear boy. That's where I come in — to be kept out of it."

She had led him breathless on the giddy round; she plunged him back into bewilderment. He had no notion where she was taking him, where they would come out; but there was a desperate delight in the impetuous journey, the wind of his sudden flight lifted him and carried him on. He had always trusted the marvelous inspirations of her heart. She had failed him once; but now he could not deny that she had given him lights, and he looked for a stupendous illumination at the end of the way.

"You to be kept out of it!" he exclaimed. "Why, where should I have been without you? You were the beginning of it."

"I was indeed. You've got to take care I'm not the end of it, that's all."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"I mean what I say. You don't want Anne to be in love with you for *my* sake, do you?"

"N-no. I don't know that I do, exactly. At least I should prefer that she was in love with me for my own."

"Well, you must make her, then. That's why you've got to leave me out of it. I've been too much in it all along. It was through me she conceived that unfortunate idea of your goodness. I'm its father and its mother and its nurse; I ministered to it every hour. I fed it, I brought it up, I brought it *out*, I provided all the opportunity for its display. Nothing else had a show beside your goodness, Wallie dear. It was something monstrous. It took Anne's love from you

and concentrated it all on itself. She worshiped it, she clung to it, she saw nothing else but it, and when it went everything went. *You* went first of all. Well, you must just see that that does n't happen again."

"You mean that I must lead a life of iniquity?"

"You must n't lead a life of anything."

"Do you mean I must n't be good any more?"

Majendie's imagination played hilariously with this fantastic, this preposterous notion of his goodness.

"Oh yes, be good," said Edith, "but not too good. Above all, not too good to me. Concentrate on her, stupid."

"I have concentrated," he moaned, mystified beyond endurance. "Besides, you said I could n't make her jealous."

"No. I wish you could. I mean, don't let her fall in love with your devotion to me again. It was your devotion, dear, that did it. Don't hold her by that one rope. Hold her by all your ropes; then, if one goes it does n't so much matter."

"I see. You don't trust my goodness."

"Oh, I trust it; so will she again. But don't *you* trust it. That precious goodness of yours is your rival. A bad, dangerous rival. You've got to beat it out of the field. A little judicious jealousy won't hurt. I don't believe you've ever yet made love to Anne properly. That's what it all comes to."

Edith's eyes were still and profound with wisdom.

"Oh, I say," said he, "what do you know about it?"

"You said I knew, better than you did."

"Yes, about her. Not about me. How do you know how I make love?"

"I'm only judging," said Edith, "by the results."

"Oh, that is n't fair."

"Perhaps it is n't," she owned, her wisdom growing by what it fed on.

"You see, she would n't let me do it properly."

Edith pondered. "Yes, but how long

ago is it? And you've been married since."

"What difference does that make?"

"I should say it would make all the difference. Anne was a girl, then. She did n't understand. She's a woman now. She does understand. She can be appealed to."

He hid his face in his hands.

"I never thought of that," he murmured thickly.

"Of course you did n't."

"Edie," he said, and his face was still hidden, "however did you think of it?"

"Oh, I don't know. I see some things, and then other things come round to me. But you must n't forget that *you* have got to begin all over again from the very beginning. You'll have to be very careful with her, every bit as careful as if she were a strange lady you've just met at a dance. Don't forget that she is strange, that she's another woman, in fact."

"I see. If there are to be many of these remarkable transformations of Anne, I shall have all the excitement of polygamy without its drawbacks."

"You will. And it's the same for her, remember. You're a strange man. You've just been introduced, you know, — by me, — and you're begging for the pleasure of the first waltz, and Anne pretends that her programme is full, and you look over her shoulder and see that it is n't, and that she puts you down for all the nice ones. And you sit out all the rest, and you flirt on the stairs, and take her in to supper, and, finally, you know, you pull yourself together and you do it — in the conservatory. Oh, it'll be so amusing, and so funny to watch. You'll begin by being most awfully polite to each other."

"I suppose I may yet be permitted to call this strange young lady Anne?"

"Yes. That's because you remember that you *have* known her once before, a very long time ago, when you were children. You are children, both of you. Oh, Walter, I believe you're looking for-

ward to it. I believe you're glad you've got to do it all over again."

"Yes, Edie, I positively believe I am."

He rose, laughing, prepared to begin that minute his new wooing of Anne.

"Good-by," said Edith, — "it *is* good-by, you know, — and good luck to you."

This time she knew that she had been wise for him.

Anne would have been horrified if she had known that the situation, so terrible for her, was developing for her husband certain possibilities of charm. His irrepressible boyishness refused to accept it in all its moral gloom. There were, he perceived, advantages in these strained relations. They had removed Anne into the mysterious realm her maidenhood had inhabited, before marriage had had time to touch her magic. She had become once more the unapproachable and unattained. Their first courtship, pursued under intolerable restrictions of time and place, had been a rather un-inspired affair, and its end a foregone conclusion. He had been afraid of himself, afraid sometimes of her. For he had not brought her the spontaneous, unalarmed, unspoiled spirit of his youth. He had come to her with a stain on his imagination and a wound in his memory. And she was holy to him. He had held himself in, lest a touch, a word, a gesture should recall some insufferable association.

Marriage had delivered him from the tyranny of reminiscence. No reminiscence could stand before the force of passion in possession. It purified; it destroyed; it built up in three days its own inviolable memory.

And Anne, with the best will in the world, had had no power to undo its work in him.

In herself, too, below her kindling spiritual consciousness, in the unexplored depths and darkness of her, its work remained.

Majendie was unaware how far he had become another man and she another woman. He was merely alive to the un-

usual and agreeable excitement of wooing his own wife. There was a piquancy in the experiment that appealed to him. Her new coldness called to him like a challenge. Her new remoteness waked the adventurous youth in him. His imagination was touched as it had not been touched before. He could see that Anne had not yet got over her discovery. The shock of it was in her nerves. He felt that she shrank from him, and his chivalry still spared her.

He ceased to be her husband and became her very courteous, very distant lover. He made no claims and took nothing for granted. He simply began all over again from the very beginning. His conscience was vaguely appeased by the illusion of the new leaf, the rejuvenated innocence of the blank page. They had never been married (so the illusion suggested). There had been no revelations. They met as strangers in their own house, at their own table. In support of this pleasing fiction he set about his courtship with infinite precautions. He found himself exaggerating Anne's distance and the lapse of intimacy. He made his way slowly, through all the recognized degrees, from mere acquaintance, through friendship, to permissible fervor.

And from time to time, with incomparable discretion, he would withhold himself that he might make himself more precious. He was hardly aware of his own restraint, his refinements of instinct and of mood. It was as if he drew, in his desperate necessity, upon unrealized, untried resources. There was something in Anne that checked the primitive impulse of swift chase, and called forth the curious, half-feminine cunning of the sophisticated pursuer. She froze at his ardor, but his coldness almost kindled her; so that he approached by withdrawals and advanced by flights.

He displayed, first of all, a heavenly ignorance, an inspired curiosity regarding her. He consulted her tastes, as if he had never known them; he started

the time-honored lover's topics; he talked about books — which she preferred and the reasons for her preference.

He did not advance very far that way. Anne was simply annoyed at the lapses in his memory.

He then began to buy books on the chance of her liking them, which answered better.

He promoted himself by degrees to personalities. He talked to her about himself, handling her with religious reticence as a thing of holy and incomprehensible mystery.

"I suppose," he said one day, "if I were good enough, I should understand you. Why do you sigh like that? Is it because I'm not good enough? Or because I don't understand?"

"I think," said she, "it is because I don't understand you."

"My dear" (he allowed himself at this point the more formal endearment), "I thought I was disgracefully transparent — I'm limpidity, simplicity itself. I've only one idea and one subject of conversation. Ask Edith. She understands me."

"Ah, Edith" — said Anne, as if Edith were a very different affair.

The intonation was hopeful, it suggested some slender and refined jealousy. (If only he could make her jealous!)

On the strength of it he advanced to the punctual daily offering of flowers, — flowers for her drawing-room, flowers for her bedroom, flowers for her to wear. After that he took to writing her letters from the office with increasing frequency and fervor. Anne, too, was courteous and distant. She accepted all he had to offer as a becoming tribute to her feminine superiority, and evaded dexterously the deeper issue.

Now and then he reported his progress to Edith.

"I rather think," he said, "she's coming round. I'm regarded as a distinctly eligible person."

They laughed at his complete adoption of the part and his innocent joy in it.

That had always been his way. When

he had begun a game there was no stopping him. He played it through to the end.

Edith would look up smiling, and say, "Well, how goes the affair?" (They always called it the affair.) Or, "How did you get on to-day?"

And it would be "Pretty well," "Better to-day than yesterday," "No luck to-day."

One Sunday he came to her radiant.

"She really does," said he, "seem interested in what I say."

"What did you talk about?"

"The influence of Christianity on woman. Was that good?"

"Very good."

"I did n't know very much about it, but I got her to tell me things."

"That," said Edith, "is still better."

"But she still sticks to it that she does n't understand me. That's bad."

"No," said Edith, "that's best of all. It shows she's thinking of you. She wants to understand. Believe me, the affair marches."

He pondered over that.

That night he withdrew to his study. It was not long before Anne came to him of her own accord. She asked if she might read aloud to him.

"I should be honored," he replied stiffly.

She chose Emerson, "On Compensation." And Majendie did not care for Emerson.

But Anne had a charming voice; a voice with tones that penetrated like pain, that thrilled like a touch, that clung delicately like a shy caress; tones that were as a funeral bell for sadness; tones that rose to passion without ever touching it; clear, cool tones that were like water to passion's flame. Majendie closed his eyes and let her voice play over him.

"Did you like it?" she asked gravely.

"Like it? I love it."

"So do I. I *hoped* you would."

"My dear, I did n't understand one word of it."

"You can't make me believe you loved it then."

He looked at her.

"I loved the sound of your voice, dear."

"Oh," said she, coldly, "is that all?"

"Yes," he said. "Is n't it enough?"

"I'd rather—" she began and hesitated.

"You'd rather I understood Emerson?"

Her blood flushed in the honey-whiteness of her face. She rose, put the book in its place, and left the room.

"Edith," he said, relating the incident afterwards, "I thought she was coming round when she wanted to read to me. Why did she get up and go like that?"

"She went, dear goose, because she was afraid to stay."

"Why afraid?"

"Because she's fighting you, Wallie. It's all right if she's got to fight."

"Yes, but suppose she wins?"

"She can't win fighting—she's a woman. Her only chance is to run away."

That night Anne knelt by her bedside and hid her face and prayed for Walter; that he might be purified, so that she might love him without sin; that he and she might travel together on the divine way, and together be received into the heavenly places.

She had felt that night the stirring of natural affection. It had come back to her, a feeble, bruised, humiliated thing. She could not harbor it without spiritual justification.

She kept herself awake by saying:

"I can't love him, I can't love him—unless God makes him fit for me to love."

Sleeping, she dreamed that she was in his arms.

(To be continued.)

EVANGELINE AND THE REAL ACADIANS

BY ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN

I

MAN is a lover and maker of myths. From prejudice, from chivalry, from patriotism, from mental sloth, from sheer inability to know the thing which is, and tell a plain tale, neither adding nor abating aught,—from what is best and from what is worst in his nature,—he cherishes legend, fable, romance, anything but the simple fact. There is one hard way of hitting the white, and there are ten thousand easy ways of roving from it. The clearest demonstration of sober, lazy-pacing history can never oust a pleasing fiction from the popular belief. Perhaps this is a necessary part of the sorry scheme of things. Perhaps the very

reason for the existence of the actual is to furnish a foundation for our gorgeous dream palaces, wherein we spend our lives charmed by a splendor which is only painted air.

Fact and fiction are almost impossible to disentangle in the popular conception of that most pathetic incident, the forcible deportation of the French settlers from Nova Scotia by the English government in 1755. They were removed, not exterminated,—as was the Huguenot colony in Florida by the Spaniards. They were a mere handful compared with the three hundred thousand French citizens dragooned out of France upon the revocation of the great Henry's edict. Theirs was not so hard a fate as that of the thirty

thousand Tories driven into vagabond exile at the close of the Revolutionary War. Nobody pities the Huguenots or the Loyalists; but the sufferings of the Acadians are blown in every ear. All the world knows their sad story; for they have not lacked their sacred poet. When the Reverend Mr. Conolly told the story of the two parted Acadian lovers, and Hawthorne turned the material over to Longfellow, none of them could foresee the consequences of their action.

The immediate outcome was *Evangeline*, published in 1847. It became at once popular; now, after sixty years, its popularity is greater than ever. Within twelve years, the American tourist noted engravings of Faed's *Evangeline* in the print-shops of Halifax. The poem had crossed the ocean, furnished inspiration to the artist, the picture of the heroine — a thoroughly English type — was engraved, and the prints were familiar on this side of the Atlantic within a very short time. *Evangeline* is the best known poem *de longue haleine* ever written in America. Year after year thousands of Canadian and American schoolchildren con the tale of the desolation of Grand Pré. The annotated editions for their use promise to extend into an infinite series. In the Canadian province farthest from the scene of the Expulsion, *Evangeline* has been removed from the school curriculum, lest it should mislead the youthful subjects of the British Crown. *Evangeline* has had the rare honor of being translated into French by a French Canadian: in 1865, Pamphile Le May published his version of it among his *Essais Poétiques*. It has inspired historical studies like Casgrain's *Pèlerinage au Pays d'Evangeline*, wherein Longfellow's fanciful descriptions of Grand Pré are solemnly taken for matter of fact. The Expulsion is the life of the provincial historical society, and has been the theme of fierce polemic for many years. French and Catholics take one side, English and Protestants the other. *Evangeline* feeds the flame of controversy. *Evangeline*

has even become a factor in business; it figures in countless advertisements. Astute managers of steamer and railway lines find their account in a poem that draws the tourist traffic. Every summer thousands of pilgrims from the United States crowd to Nova Scotia, and visit Grand Pré because it is the scene of Longfellow's touching idyl. Truly these are not slight results from telling a story to a literary man, more than half a century ago.

The love of one's own country is a strange and beautiful thing. It cannot really concern us what was done or suffered by our fellow-countrymen a century and a half ago; but French and English still take sides and wage paper wars over this question of the Acadians, their character, their relations with the British government, and the justice or injustice of their banishment. The expelled Acadians, the men who planned the Expulsion, the men who carried it out, the men who profited by their removal, are all in their graves.

"There let their discord with them die."

Let us proclaim the truce of God to the combatants in this wordy warfare, and try to look at the whole matter with clear eyes, unblinded by the mists of prejudice and passion.

Acadie is the name of the old French province, with ill-defined boundaries, corresponding roughly to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick at the present day. The settlers were Acadians, and a hundred thousand of their descendants are proud to bear that distinctive name. They are a people apart, and differ widely in character from the French of Quebec. The serious "plantation" of the country began in 1670, after the treaty of Breda; and the period of French ownership and colonization lasted exactly forty years, until the capture of Port Royal by Colonel Francis Nicholson and a force of New Englanders in 1710. The Acadians held their lands from seigneurs to whom they paid "rents" in kind, and other feudal

dues like *lods et ventes*, and fines of alienation, as in old France.

The story of French rule in Acadie is not a pleasant one, as told with masterly clearness in the pages of Parkman. It is a tale of incompetence, corruption, and pettiness. The officials were at odds with the priests over the liquor traffic with the Indians. As the most exposed and vulnerable portion of the French possessions, it was raided time and again by expeditions from New England to avenge the *petite guerre* of privateers and Indian forays from Canada. It was only under English rule, in the long peace that followed the treaty of Utrecht, that the Acadians increased and multiplied, pressed upon the means of subsistence, and swarmed out into new settlements. The small English garrison at Annapolis Royal was powerless to affect their development, for good or evil; and this alien people in a corner of the American wilderness owed their happiness to the policy of Walpole.

The Acadians enter the world of letters first in the pages of Raynal. That unfrocked Jesuit had never been in America. His *History of Settlements and Trade in the East and West Indies* is largely the work of other hands. Diderot is said to have written as much as one third of it; and Diderot had a definite aim and intention in writing. He wished to criticise the existing state of things in France by the implicit contrast of a more ideal state of things elsewhere. The same motive has been attributed to Tacitus in writing his *Germania*. As a rebuke to a corrupt civilization, both historians paint the picture of a primitive society, unspoiled by conventions and endowed with the rough and simple virtues. Man in a state of nature was a favorite subject of the *philosophes*. Distance lent enchantment. The virile Germans dwelt far from Rome, in the forests of Northern Europe, and the simple Acadians (read Arcadians), children of nature, beyond the Atlantic, among the few arpents of snow. Raynal was not actually the first

begetter of this legend of a "lambish peple, voyded of alle vyce;" he had something to go on, the account of a visiting priest, which he improved and embroidered. His version is so important, and so seldom seen that it may be worth while to reproduce a few significant parts of it:—

"Not more than five or six English families went over to Acadia, which still remained inhabited by the first colonists, who were only persuaded to stay upon a promise made them of never being compelled to bear arms against their ancient country. Such was the attachment which the French then had for the honour of their country. Cherished by the government, respected by foreign nations, and attached to their king by a series of prosperities, which rendered their name illustrious and aggrandized their power, they possessed that patriotic spirit which is the effect of success. They esteemed it an honour to bear the name of Frenchmen, and could not think of foregoing the title. The Acadians therefore, in submitting to a new yoke, had sworn never to bear arms against their former standards."¹

"The neutral French had no other articles to dispose of among their neighbours, and made still fewer exchanges among themselves, because each separate family was able and had been used to provide for its wants. They therefore knew nothing of paper currency, which was so common throughout the rest of North America. Even the small quantity of specie which had stolen into the colony did not promote circulation, which is the greatest advantage that can be derived from it.

"Their manners were of course extremely simple. There was never a cause, either civil or criminal, of importance enough to be carried before the court of judicature at Annapolis. Whatever little differences arose from time to time among

¹ RAYNAL, *History of Settlements and Trade in the East and West Indies*, vol. v, p. 347. 2nd ed. London, 1798.

them were amicably adjusted by their elders. All their public acts were drawn by their pastors, who had likewise the keeping of their wills, for which, and for their religious services, the inhabitants gave them a twenty-seventh of their harvests.

"These were sufficient to supply more than a sufficiency to fulfil every act of liberality. Real misery was entirely unknown, and benevolence prevented the demands of poverty. Every misfortune was relieved, as it were, before it could be felt; and good was universally dispensed, without ostentation on the part of the giver, and without humiliating the person who received. The people were, in a word, a society of brethren, every individual of which was equally ready to give and receive what he thought the common right of mankind.

"So perfect a harmony naturally prevented all those connections of gallantry which are so often fatal to the peace of families. There never was an instance in this society of an unlawful commerce between the two sexes. This evil was prevented by early marriages; for no one passed his youth in a state of celibacy. As soon as a young man came to the proper age, the community built him a house, broke up the lands about it, and supplied him with the necessaries of life for a twelvemonth. Here he received the partner he had chosen, and who brought him her portion in flocks. This new family grew and prospered like the others. They altogether amounted to eighteen thousand souls."¹

"There were twelve or thirteen hundred Acadians settled in the capital; the rest were dispersed in the neighbouring country. No magistrate was ever appointed to rule over them; and they were never made acquainted with the laws of England. No rents or taxes of any kind were ever exacted from them. Their new sovereign seemed to have forgotten them; and they were equally strangers to him."

¹ RAYNAL, vol. v, pp. 348 f.

This is about as veracious as Barrère's account of the sinking of the *Vengeur*; but it serves its end; the state of the Acadian *habitants* was almost the exact opposite of the state of the French peasants. Raynal's literary influence works in a straight line, easily traced from end to end. In 1829 Judge Haliburton published in two volumes his history of Nova Scotia. The author was destined to become famous as the creator of "Sam Slick." That a history of this size and plan should have been written and published so early in the development of so small a community as Nova Scotia is a token of the strong local patriotism which has long characterized that seaboard province. When Haliburton wrote, the modern school of history was unborn. Macaulay had not written a line of the work that was to displace the novels on all the ladies' dressing-tables in England. Freeman, Stubbs, and Gardiner were yet to unfold the true doctrine of historical accuracy, research, and criticism of sources. In Haliburton's time, Hume was still the model historian, and Hume wrote history lying on a sofa. *The History of Nova Scotia* is largely a compilation; the second volume is taken over bodily from Bromley; and Akins helped to put it together. The continuous narrative ceases with 1763; what follows are mere notes, as dry as the entries of a mediæval annalist in his chronicle. At the time of writing the author represented a constituency largely Acadian, and was their champion in the local legislature. He therefore can hardly be blamed for copying freely from this passage of Raynal's already quoted:—

"Out of olde bookes in good feith
Cometh al this new science that men lere."

Now Longfellow used Haliburton in his studies for *Evangeline*; but he was not the first American to avail himself of this material for the purposes of fiction. In 1841 Mrs. Catherine Williams published at Providence a novel called *The Neutral French, or the Exiles of Nova Scotia*. This tale is an interesting illus-

tration of the old robust detestation of everything British that flourished in the United States well on to the end of the century. The preface states expressly that the book is based on Haliburton, and further assures the reader that "the manner in which he became possessed of most of the facts proves most incontestably that it was the design of the British Colonial Government at least that all memory of this nefarious and dark transaction should be forgotten."

The first part of *The Neutral French* deals with the Expulsion, which is avenged in the second part by the overthrow of British power at the Revolution. Chapters have mottoes from *The Deserted Village*; and the few rough wood-cut illustrations have been taken from some early edition of that famous poem. The life of the simple peasants is given an Arcadian coloring, anticipating Longfellow's idyl. The connection is hardly accidental. It has been confidently stated that Longfellow used this novel in the composition of *Evangeline*.¹ If so, "sweet Auburn" must be regarded as the prototype of Grand Pré, also the "loveliest village of the plain." Thus *Evangeline* reaches out one hand to *The Deserted Village* and the other to *Hermann und Dorothea*. The chain of literary causation from Raynal to Longfellow is complete. It would even seem that Haliburton influenced Longfellow, not only directly, but also indirectly through the forgotten tale of Mrs. Williams.

II

The great difficulty under which all writers on the Acadian question have hitherto labored is imperfect acquaintance with the original sources of information. Though Nova Scotia has a good collection of materials for a provincial history, comprising nearly six hundred volumes of manuscript, carefully arranged, catalogued, and indexed, it has

not been easy of access. An excellent selection from these was edited by Akins in 1869, and extensively used by Parkman in his *Montcalm and Wolfe*. The French controversialists accuse Akins of partiality, and write still under the influence of Raynal, Haliburton, and Longfellow. This is not the way to arrive at the truth.

It has been my good fortune during a long residence in Nova Scotia to have special opportunities for studying the primary authorities; I have edited one volume of provincial archives, and I have a second in the press. Both throw light on the Acadian question. The first is a calendar of the governor's letter-books, and a commission-book kept at Annapolis Royal; the second is a verbatim reprint of the minutes of the Council. Together they cover the period between 1713 and 1741. A study of these documents enables me to correct many errors which are confidently repeated in book after book.

It is a thousand pities that neither Longfellow nor Parkman ever saw the country they described, particularly the sites of the old Acadian parishes. Some of their best passages would have gained in vigor and color. Nova Scotia, "that ill-thriven, hard-visaged and ill-favoured brat," as Burke called her, is, in fact, largely composed of beauty-spots; and the loveliest part is the long fertile valley of the Annapolis lying between the North and South Mountains, "New England idealized" a Yale professor called it, with the scenery of the Connecticut in mind. And of all the valley, — the Happy Valley, with its thrifty orchards and fruit farms, — the most beautiful part is the old town of Annapolis Royal and its "banlieue."

Grand Pré is classic ground; the great, wind-swept reaches of meadow and marsh-land beside the blue waters of Minas Basin, the desolation of the old French willows about the village well, are haunted with the sense of tears; but Annapolis town with its long, bowery street, its gardens and hedges, is a jewel for

¹ COZZENS: *Acadia, or a Month with the Bluenoses*.

beauty, and a hundredfold richer in historical associations. I shall never forget my first impression of the "garrison," as the old fort is still called. The river was full from brim to brim with the red Fundy tide. The farther shore, "the Granville side," showed dim and shadowy and rich. Down the long street came a singing, tambourine-playing detachment of the Salvation Army. It was from that ground that Nicholson's New Englanders advanced in triumph on the fort; there Redknap planted his batteries, and Du Vivier's Indians and Acadians attempted in vain to dislodge old Mascarene from his crumbling ramparts.

On the bridge across the ditch from the main gate, a boy and girl were talking and laughing as the sun set, making love I suppose. Here gallant Subercase and his tiny force, after sustaining two sieges, marched out with the honors of war, drums beating and colors flying, between the lines of British grenadiers, when the white flag with the golden lilies came down for the last time on the 16th of October, 1710. In the twilight, a single ghostly sail glided up to the old, ruinous Queen's wharf. This very defile saw Champlain's sails, Morpain's pirates, the quaint, high-sterned, dumpy craft of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, little French and English armadas of Sedgewick and Phips, La Tour and Charnisay. There at that very landing, the annual supply-ship from England discharged each autumn her nine months' scant allowance for the hungry garrison.

The fort itself is a Vauban plan, with a couple of ravelins added after the British occupation. The French engineers knew how to pick a site. This sandy hill looks over the Annapolis Basin, which defends it on one side, as the marsh and the little Lequille guard the other. The little town crouches in the lee of its defenses; but it was sometimes taken in reverse. Within these walls, for forty years, one British governor after another labored to hold the province for England, planned, diplomatised, held courts of justice, sustained

sieges, gathered the king's rents, and strove to rule Acadie as an English province. Here Governor Armstrong, old and moody, "subject to fits of melancholy," was found dead in his bed with five wounds in his breast from his own sword, so resolute was he to have done with this unprofitable life. The hero of the whole occupation is Paul Mascarene, from the old Huguenot city of Castres. Wise, firm, capable, he has every one's good word. In 1710 he mounted the first guard in the captured fort. Thirty-nine years later, "old and crazy," as the brisk new governor called him, he marched the veterans of Philipps's regiment a hundred miles through the forest, to lay down his powers in the new capital of the province, which was building on the western shore of Chebucto Bay.

This pretty town, with memories of nearly three centuries, marked the headwaters of the stream of Acadian colonization. The original settlers came from lands about Rochelle, and here they found broad flats beside tidal waters, which they tilled as in old France. Between 1670 and 1755, one long lifetime, they increased from some three hundred souls to more than three times as many thousands. Within the shelter of Walpole's long peace, they multiplied rapidly and spread up the river, beside Minas Basin, across the Bay of Fundy.

Their civil organization was mediæval. They were liegemen of their seigneurs, to whom, as well as to the king, they paid annual dues. Acadie was "a feudal colony in America," as Rameau names it. Captured in 1710, Port Royal was only formally ceded to England with the rest of Acadie, by the treaty of Utrecht. Louis the Fourteenth was loath to part with it, for reasons easily understood. Acadie with Cape Breton was the extreme right, as Louisiana was the extreme left, of French power in America. It was nearest to France, the base of supplies, and nearest to the hated *Bostonnais*.¹ Acadie and

¹ So the Acadians still call the *Bostonnais*, or Americans.

Cape Breton were the outworks of Quebec, the citadel of New France; and from them it was easiest to strike New England. Ceded, however, the territory was by the twelfth article of this same treaty, which made it impossible that the Acadians could ever have been "neutral French," as they have been called. By international law, then as now, the people go with the territory.

The British governors spent much time in trying to persuade them to take an oath of allegiance, and at last they succeeded; but no oath was necessary. How Louis the Fourteenth would have laughed, after the cession of Alsace and Lorraine in 1681, to be told that the population were now "neutral Germans." When the same provinces were handed back to Germany in 1871, what diplomat would have called their inhabitants "neutral French," or pretended that they were exempt from the necessity of bearing arms against France? Oath, or no oath, the Acadians in 1713 became British subjects, and if French emissaries, military, political, and ecclesiastical, had let them alone, there would have been no Expulsion and no *Evangeline*.

The British administration of the province was a curious experiment. A handful of army officers tried to give an alien population civil government. Their efforts, though unsuccessful, illustrate the ingrained British respect for law and for legal forms. All power was vested in the governor and his council. For the greatest part of this period, the governor, Philipps, a peppery old Welshman, who lived to be over ninety, dwelt in England, leaving the province in charge of a lieutenant-governor, who was always an officer in his regiment stationed in the fort. The council's functions were chiefly advisory. The French inhabitants, being Catholics, could not, according to the law of England, vote or enjoy representative institutions.

They did, however, at the command of the governor, elect deputies, six or eight to the district. In order that each

in turn might share the honor and burden of office, new deputies were chosen annually, on the eleventh of October, when the crops were all in. These representatives of the people were to be men of property, the "ancientest" men, "honest, discreet and understanding." On election, the new-made deputies were to come to the seat of government, with two of the outgoing members, to receive the governor's approbation and orders. They acted as intermediaries between the government and the *habitants*, and were responsible for the order and good behavior of their several districts. They were required to carry out the decisions of the General Court, and enforce the proclamations of the governor. These were read out on Sunday after mass and affixed to the "mass-house" door. Sometimes the deputies had to act as arbitrators and examine disputed lands; or inspect roads and dikes; or assist the surveyor in determining boundaries. They had no powers save those conferred by the government, but they were a fairly effective lever wherewith to move the mass of the population. British authority was never powerful. At first, it did not extend, in the picturesque phrase of the time, "beyond a cannon-shot from the walls of the fort." As time went on, it became supreme about Annapolis Royal, but it diminished in direct ratio to the distance from the centre. It was weak at Minas, weaker at Cobequid. At Chignecto it had reached the vanishing point.

It is often stated that there was no taxation of the Acadians by the British government; but such is not the case. By 1730, the seigneurial rights of the various proprietors had been bought up by the Crown, and a determined effort was made to collect, for the benefit of His Britannic Majesty, all quit-rents, homages, and services of whatever kind, formerly paid to their respective seigneurs by the French of Minas and other places on the Bay of Fundy. The legal tender was "Boston money," which the Acadians

would not take, preferring the French currency brought in by their clandestine trade with Cape Breton, which was hoarded and sent to Boston to be exchanged. These feudal dues were payable in the old days at the seigneur's mansion, "in kind,"—wheat and capons and partridges.

"Rent-gatherers" were appointed for the different districts. Alexandre Bourg de Bellehumeur, a former seigneur, was "Procureur du Roy" at Minas. He was to render an account twice a year, to keep a rent-roll, to give proper receipts, and to pay over only to duly legalized authorities. He was to pay himself by retaining three shillings out of every pound. All the "contracts" were to be brought in to the governor, so that he might satisfy himself what was legally due in each case. There were naturally refusals, excuses, and delays, but rents were collected. After seven years, Bourg was replaced by Mangeant, who had fled from Quebec after killing his man in a duel. Three years later, Mangeant left the country, and Bourg was reinstated by Mascarene. Other "rent-gatherers" were Prudent Robichau for Annapolis Royal and the "banlieue," John Duon for Chignecto, James O'Neal, surgeon, from Cork, who had studied medicine at the college of Lombard at Paris and married an Acadian girl.

All these "rent-gatherers" were also notaries public. Besides their rent-rolls, they were to keep proper books of account, to take particular notice of all sales and exchanges, by whom and to whom alienated and transferred, to prevent frauds by clandestine deeds of exchange, to notify the Provincial Secretary of all sales, conveyances, mortgages, and agreements of exchange, that they might be properly registered, to report the presence of strangers, and to take cognizance of births, deaths, and wills, that intentions of testators might be duly carried out. This is civil administration in outline. Underlying all is a simple desire to es-

tablish law and order and to do justice between man and man.

Another erroneous statement frequently made is that the Acadians had few disputes, and those they brought to their parish priests for settlement. The fact is that these French peasants came to the British power for justice almost as soon as it was established in the land. The beginning of civil, as distinguished from martial, law under British rule is due to the humanity and good sense of a forgotten lieutenant-governor, Thomas Caulfeild. He was apparently a cadet of the noble house of Charlemont, an old soldier who had seen service under Peterborough in Spain. He writes that he is "buried alive" in Nova Scotia, and he dies there in debt incurred in the maintenance of the government. In a dispatch to the Lords of Trade he states that there are no courts of judicature here. Evidently in the opinion of his superior officer, the hot-tempered and over-bearing Nicholson, he had exceeded his powers, for Caulfeild writes further that he has tried to suit both parties, but that Nicholson asked to see the commission that authorized him to do justice in civil affairs; "to w^{ch} I answered that as I had y^e Honour to Command in y^e absence of y^e Governor I Should allways endeavour to Cultivate as good an Understanding amongst y^e People as possible believinge the same essential for his maj^{ties} Service, and tho' I had no Comnd for that Effect yett I held myself blamable to Suffer Injustice to be done before me without taking Notice thereof, haveing Never Interposed farther than by y^e Consent of both Parties." And he asks for instructions "on that head."

Caulfeild died soon after this, but apparently his suggestion did not fall to the ground. The fifth article of the next governor's commission empowered him "to adjudge and settle all claims and disputes in regard to land in the province." In the Broad Seal commission extending his powers, he is to "settle all questions

of inheritance." Accordingly, Philipps writes to the Secretary of State that the governor and council have constituted themselves into a court on the model of the General Court of Virginia, to meet four times a year; for the idea that military government alone prevails, keeps settlers out of the country. Three members of the council were commissioned justices of the peace and empowered "to Examine and Enquire into all Pleas, Debates and Differences that are or may be amongst the inhabitants of Said Province." Ten years later, the governor writes to the notary of Minas regarding the people of that district and other distant parts of the province "coming in daily," with complaints against their neighbors, and failing to warn the "adverse partys" of their intentions. The determination to follow the forms of law and to act fairly is unmistakable even without the express declaration at the end: "I and the gentlemen of the Council have no other Intention than to do Justice Impartially to you all." Next year he repeats his instructions to Bourg. If the defendants refuse to appear, the plaintiffs are to have certificates from the notary to that effect. The reason given is surely adequate: "The great Charge that persons praying for justice are put to By their Expensive Journeys from Such Remote parts of the Province as Yours."

The preamble to a general proclamation dated January 13, 1737-38, throws further light on the matter. It recites how it has been "customary" hitherto for the inhabitants to come to the governor and council for justice at all times, and, from "Ignorance or Design," fail to summon the defendants. This practice "hath been Exclaimed against by Several of the Inhabitants themselves not only as hurtfull & prejudicial to their private & Domestick affairs to be thus Hurried & Impeded by their Impatient, Cruel & Letigious Neighbour, but even also very Troublesome, fatigueing and Inconvenient to the Governor & Council to be meeting daily and almost constantly

to the Prejudice many times of their own Private Affairs to hear and examine their many frivolous and undigested complaints."

The proclamation accordingly fixes four days in the year for the hearing of causes, the first Tuesday in March and May and the last Tuesday in July and November. This is simply varying the dates fixed by Philipps in 1721. The chief point in the proclamation is an order that plaintiffs must lodge their complaints at the office of the Provincial Secretary and apply to him for the necessary summons to be sent to the defendants, in order that the latter might have at least three weeks' notice of proceedings against them. Again the aim is plainly to make procedure regular and to keep down the number of "frivolous and undigested complaints." That these were a real annoyance is clear from the irritable tone of the wording.

Not only was this administration of justice burdensome and forced upon the council by the nature of the Acadians, but it was carried on for years without fee or reward. In 1738 Armstrong and his council sent an important memorial to Philipps, in which they state that they have to the utmost of their capacity and power endeavored to discharge their duty by an equal and impartial administration of justice, "Having never had any advantage or Salary for Our Acting as Members of his Majesty's Council for this Province."

These documents, which he never saw, more than justify Parkman in his general statement, "They were vexed with incessant quarrels among themselves arising from the unsettled boundaries of their lands." Richard, in quoting this passage, asks, "Could it be otherwise when the population was four times as large as it had been in 1713, when these lands had been divided and subdivided so as to leave nothing but morsels, and when the lands had never been surveyed by government?" Here he is misled by Haliburton, who writes, "They had long

since been refused adjudication upon their disputes in the local Courts; their boundaries and the titles to their said lands were consequently in great confusion." Both have erred through ignorance of the sources. The truth is the very opposite. The courts did "adjudicate" and their lands were surveyed.

As early as 1728, David Dunbar, Esq., surveyor-general of His Majesty's woods in North America, is made surveyor of His Majesty's woods in Nova Scotia,—a very different place, apparently. His special duty was to set apart lands most fit to produce masts and timber for the royal navy. Dunbar appointed George Mitchell, "gentleman," his deputy. In 1732, Mitchell reported to Governor Armstrong the surveys he had made in the province between the Kennebec and St. Croix rivers. Six townships had been laid out.

An order of Armstrong's dated July 20, 1733, directs Mitchell to survey the land on both sides of the Annapolis River, "from the Gutt upwards, Duely Distinguishing the Uninhabited lands from those belonging to the property of any particular person, whose Estates you are also to Survey, and to mark out the uncultivated lands of Each Estate from those that are Improven or inclosed." His discoveries in regard to wood and soil are to be transmitted to the Lords of Trade. Dunbar's instructions to Mitchell to proceed to Annapolis Royal, dated at Boston three years previous, direct him to report to the governor and show his commission and papers. His primary duty as king's surveyor is to select areas of large timber, particularly white pine, for masting, but if the situation of crown lands will interfere with settlements, he is to consult with the governor and report all such cases, duly attested, to Dunbar. He is to keep regular plans carefully in a special book, to make a plan and survey for each grantee, and also a detailed copy of each in the book aforesaid. The survey was intended to be careful and thorough.

Mitchell had a guard of soldiers given him against the Indians, as many as could be spared, and set to work. With the suspicion of peasants, the Acadians opposed the survey, and a special order had to be issued to them, to mark out their boundaries. By April, 1734, Mitchell had completed his task, and was ordered by Armstrong to continue his work throughout the French settlements, as specified, all round the Bay of Fundy. Mitchell was employed apparently until 1735, after which Lieutenant Amhurst acted as deputy surveyor. In 1739 Shirreff, the secretary, received strict orders from Armstrong to make out no patent except on the survey of Colonel Dunbar or of one of his deputies. The preamble shows that the greatest care was taken with the grants and surveys.

The failure to assist in the work of the survey by planting stakes in their boundaries shows the character of the Acadians. They were French peasants of the eighteenth century, with no little admixture of Indian blood. They were simple, pious and frugal; but they had the faults of their kind; they were ignorant and uneducated; few could even sign their names. They were led by their priests, who were naturally and inevitably political agents for France. In mental make, they must have been much the same as the peasants described by Arthur Young, except that they were not taxed to death to support a worthless king and court. They had the peasant's hunger for land, the peasant's petty cunning, the peasant's greed, all perfectly comprehensible in view of their hard, narrow life of toil. Their disputes over land were endless. Besides, the government had to take action against the use of fraudulent half-bushel measures, against cheating in the length of cordwood, against "clandestine deeds" and unlawful transfers of land. Proclamations were issued against neglect of fences, and failure to repair dikes. It was necessary to repeat orders frequently, for the obstinacy of the Acadian is proverbial. One ordinance forbade wild young fel-

lows catching the horses loose in the fields and riding them about, to their great injury. Even Acadian boys would be boys. It must have been the dash of Indian blood that drove them to this prank, as it drove others to join Du Vivier against Mascarene, or to capture the vessel that was carrying them away from Acadie, or to live by privateering along the Gulf shore after the Expulsion. The Acadians were not the Arcadians of Raynal and Longfellow. They were human.

III

The character of the people, however, was hardly a factor in the political problem. Left to themselves, there would have been no problem. Such as it was, the mild, just English rule was solving it. The difficulties arose from the fact that the Acadians were French and Catholic in a province actually British and Protestant. That there should have been constant clashing between the government and the priests should surprise no one. Grant them human, with opposing national ends to advance, and the struggle follows as a matter of course.

Reverse the situation. Imagine Massachusetts conquered by France, ceded to her, and Boston held by a weak French garrison, powerless for good or evil, but maintaining a form of government. Imagine the Puritans guaranteed the exercise of their religion, but their ministers subject to the approval of a Vaudreuil or a Bigot. If the French historians, Rameau, Casgrain, Richard, had approached the subject after forming this mental picture, they would have taken a more charitable view of the English treatment of Acadie. One thing is unimaginable — that the men of Massachusetts would not meet and organize and fight.

The difficulty lay deeper still. The Acadians were moved helplessly hither and thither by hands far away in Quebec, in Versailles, in "the high chess game, whereof the pawns are men." They were mere tools of French policy, to be used,

broken, and thrown aside in the secular struggle with England for the supremacy of the New World. But who will dare to re-tell the story that Parkman has told once for all?

Thanks to *Evangeline*, the Expulsion will never be understood. That poem is responsible for the theory that the measure was a brutal, wanton, motiveless, irrational act of a tyrannical power upon an innocent people; and that power was Great Britain. Ultimately it was the action of the home government, for no colonial governor would have incurred the expense, — for it cost money even in the eighteenth century to transport nine thousand people hundreds of miles, — to say nothing of the responsibility, without express orders.

But the plain truth is that New England must share that responsibility. The idea of the "removal" originated with Shirley, a New England man, and was urged repeatedly by him. The actual work of collecting the Acadians at Grand Pré was done by Winslow, a New England man. The firm that chartered the ships to carry them off was the well-known Boston firm of Apthorpe and Hancock. The Expulsion was not a local measure; it was for the defense of New England and all the other British colonies in America, as well as for Nova Scotia. The actual work of removing the unfortunate people was not harshly done. They were protected from the soldiers. As far as possible, families and villages were kept together on the transports.

The Expulsion can be understood only in relation to the larger events of which it was a part. In 1755 England and France were preparing for the Seven Years War, the climax of their century of conflict for America. It was a tremendous struggle, though its importance is obscured by the Revolutionary and Napoleonic wars. It gave England America and India; it drove France from two continents. On this side of the Atlantic, the war had actually begun, for Boscawen had cap-

tured the Alcide and the Lys, and Brad-dock had been routed on the Monongahela. The war had begun, and begun with a great defeat for England; no one could tell how it would end.

In Nova Scotia, one corner of the world-wide battlefield, the British situation was anything but safe or reassuring. The French population outnumbered the English more than two to one. The great French fortress of Louisbourg was a city of ten thousand inhabitants. Twenty years of labor and millions of *livres* had been spent on its fortifications, which even in their ruins look formidable. It was the best defended city in America except Quebec; and it was within easy striking distance of Halifax, the newly founded seat of British power. "The Dunkirk of America," it was stronger than ever, and was receiving supplies constantly from the Acadians.

French emissaries were busy among these unfortunate people, as they had been for forty years, teaching them that they had never ceased to be subjects of the King of France, that the return of the Pretender would restore Acadie to the French Crown, that remaining under

British authority would mean loss of their priests, loss of their sacraments, loss of salvation. The infamous Le Loutre had forced many to retire to French territory, and they were in arms just across the border.

Acadians had joined invading French forces more than once. In view of the inevitable war, the presence of such a population, ten thousand French, at the gates of Halifax, with their Indian allies murdering and scalping just outside the pickets, was a danger of the first magnitude. To disregard it was to court defeat, for the garrison at Halifax was thrust far up into the power of France, a nut in the jaws of a nut-cracker. There was no force to bridle the Acadians. Fair words and fair measures had been exhausted. Nothing remained but to remove them out of the province.

Their deportation was a military necessity. It was cruel, as all war is cruel; the innocent suffered as they do in all war. The measure was precautionary, like cutting down trees and leveling houses outside a fort that expects a siege, to afford the coming foe no shelter, and to give the garrison a clear field of fire.

THE VOYAGE OF THE BRIG DECEMBER

BY GEORGE S. WASSON

FACING due south towards the harbor, turning its broad moss-grown back squarely upon the humming trolley-cars and the much-admired new hall of the Knights of Pythias, together with all other modern innovations at Killick Cove, the long neglected old Dunbar house still stands as a monument to the good taste and honesty of its builder, and a suggestive contrast to all its recent neighbors. Few in the place remember when the ancient house was last painted; and saving a silvery whitening of the delicate

cornice beneath its sheltering eaves, and the pale greens of the mosses on its shaded northern side, the spacious old mansion everywhere shows the sombre gray of weather-beaten native pine.

On three sides cheap modern dwellings have sprung up thickly on the once extensive grounds of the Captain Dunbar house, and squalid out-buildings in their littered back-yards now crowd closely upon its white-shuttered windows.

Between these rudely encroaching sheds and hen-houses narrow strips of

the old garden flank a broad walk of uneven flagstones, sloping gently away among great trees to a gateway by the shore. Among their few old-fashioned flowers, or in a sunny corner of the garden now devoted to beans and potatoes, with faces nearly hidden from view by huge calico sunbonnets, Miss Lucy and Miss Cynthia Dunbar, sole owners and occupants of the great house, may often be seen working with the moderation of elderly and now somewhat heavy spinners.

Late in the fall of the year, often after the first "flirt" of snow has whitened the ground, on some opportune high course of tides old Skipper Job Gaskett brings in his dory to the very garden gate a heaping load of fragrant rock-weed and kelp torn from ledges outside by the first autumnal storms. With a pitchfork Skipper Job then deposits his cargo of dressing in a heap just within the fence, and each succeeding spring ploughs it into the little garden patch, which, as he remarks, the sisters carefully keep "wed out clean as a hound's tooth." This work Skipper Gaskett always does gratuitously, out of genuine regard for the "Dunbar girls," and in remembrance of their father, with whom he first went offshore.

But beyond such neighborly kindness the Misses Dunbar are noticeably sensitive in accepting services which may in the remotest degree savor of charity. Upon occasions, it is true that they are obliged to call for protection against the ravages of summer boarders, who not merely select and calmly appropriate to themselves flowers from the old garden, but constantly importune admission to the house, and with an assurance of which, so far as known, "rusticators" alone are capable, actually attempt at times to dig with their jack-knives the curious old hand-made nails from such of the narrow clapboards as are within reach from the ground.

In spite of all neglect and indignities, however, like its owners the old mansion

still preserves an unmistakable air of dignity. A spirit-level would detect no sagging of its lofty corner-posts, and the massive chimney at either end rises firm and true against the sky, while masons continually patch and re-top the spindling affairs on neighboring houses scarcely a dozen years standing.

Long ago, when Captain Daniel Dunbar built his great house at Killick Cove, the firm of D. Dunbar and Son was counted most prosperous, and the Captain himself had several years previous given up going to sea as a regular vocation, though still making occasional voyages to the Spanish Main in one of his numerous vessels, by way of keeping his hand in.

But after a long period of prosperity, abruptly the tide seemed to turn strongly against the firm of Dunbar and Son. Sudden deaths ensued in the family, one after another the vessels of the firm were lost, and relentless ill-luck attended each business venture, till much of the remaining property passed into strange hands. The younger daughters, Cynthia and Lucy, succeeded in retaining the homestead and its extensive grounds, together with certain distant shore property then deemed of the slightest value. As the village grew in their direction, repeated sales for building purposes of land immediately about the old house enabled the sisters to occupy it in tolerable comfort. Very recently, however, it was known that outsiders, presumably "rusticators," had made cautious inquiries concerning their once worthless real estate on the shore a mile or so out of town; and round about Killick Cove the opinion became general that better days were doubtless in store for the two "Dunbar girls."

The ill-fortune of the family had long since ceased to be commonly talked of at the Cove, but these recent rumors of a coming change for the better in their affairs awoke fresh interest in the once popular subject, and set many tongues wagging busily. Yet only a few of the

older residents remembered the Dunbars in the days of their prosperity, much less the circumstances to which Captain Daniel Dunbar himself on his death-bed ascribed solely the evil days that followed. From having as a boy accompanied Captain Dunbar upon the last memorable voyage which led to his undoing, Skipper Job Gaskett's account of it is now listened to with especial attention. The old man is not given to telling the story, but when once induced to enter upon it, overlooks no essential particulars.

In my boyhood days [he will begin], you want to always recollect there was a big amount of shipping owned right here to this Cove. Nobody would n't think it at this day o' the world, when things has all run out and dreened away with us chock down to low-water mark, till I think's likely if ever a square-rigger should heave in sight off here, folks would come streaking of it down from clean back here amongst the junipers to have a look at her, same's if she was some brand new git-up of a flying machine. But once was the time round here when all the likely young bucks in town wa'n't obliged to pack up their kits and strike off somewhere else for a living, same's now'days. There was room and to spare for 'em all aboard our own vessels right to home here going fishing or a-coasting, ary one; or if they'd liever go off-shore foreign, they could 'most always take their pick of Cap'ns that was their own townneys, and go any place on God's whole footstool where salt water flowed.

Cap'n Dan'l Dunbar he come by consid'ble of a West Injy business from his old sir, — that was old Cap'n Tristram Dunbar; but Cap'n Dan'l he took holt and struck out for himself like a good one too, and the time he turned to and built him his big new house here to this Cove, he owned a controllin' interest in jest an even dozen of them little old wall-sided, apple-bowed West Injy molasses brigs; one of 'em named for every

blessed month of the year, they was. Nary one of the lot wa'n't of any great bigness, nor they wa'n't so very beauty-some to look at, maybe, and consid'ble dull, too, the heft of them little brigs was, so's an eight-knot stick was about the best a man could get out of 'em; but they was master burdensome little creaturs, and 't was seldom ever but what their owners shared-up big in them days.

This 'ere December was the last one ever Cap'n Dan'l sot up here to home, and she was built right atop of his long sou'west w'arf that stood pretty nigh abreast of his house, there. Take it any real good low dreene of tides now'days, and the remains of the w'arf come out of water their whole bigness, clean to the aidge of the channel. It's all filled in there at this day o' the world so's even a plaguey little smoke-boat won't have a beatin'-channel up there till anear half-tide; but them days we'd count on twelve foot draft chock at low-water slack, without it was an extry low dreene.

I was sixteen year old the winter they put up the December, and had been going then steady sence there was the bigness of a thole-pin to me. I'd been cook two trips to the Cape Shore aboard of old Skip' Theron Marston in the pinkey Waterloo, and I'd been to the Bay quite a few salt trips along of his brother; and besides that I'd had me a good try at going a-coasting aboard of old Uncle Billy Goodsoe in his plaguey old tops'l schooner Radiant, till she went to work and opened-up on us scand'lous one time to the east'ard of Monhegan and like to drowned her whole crowd.

Thinks I to myself then, thinks I, Guess by fire! I'd full better take the hint, and quit going in them old sleds for good; so come to have 'em set up the brig that fall right square a-front of mother's, I took great notion to go off-shore a spell aboard of Cap'n Dan'l. Now seems's though Cap'n Dan'l's son Abner had turned to and coaxed the old sir

someways into letting him cut a model for his new brig, and a master mess he made of it too, as it turned out. This 'ere Abner Dunbar was always one of them kind of cur'us genii from a boy up. He never went much of any, being as he 'most always was porely; I can't say myself as ever I seen him so much as set foot in a skift, but still he might. Maybe you would n't called him a reg'lar-built invaleed; but seems's though he was always kind of sickly and ailing like. Someways Abner was smart as a whip, though; and everybody allowed he had a complete head on him for business, so he stopped to home in the office mostly, and done up all the writin's and headwork.

If only he'd stuck to his desk, and left alone of things he knowed no more about than the child unborn, I think's likely matters might worked altogether different, but Cap'n Dan'l always sot great store by Abner's say-so on 'most every namable thing there was going; so nothing would do this time but that Abner Dunbar should turn to and whittle out his idee of a packet that would go like a scalt hog, and same time beat all creation for luggin'. Many's the time I've heard tell since how there was a plenty round here them days that shook their heads and allowed that model did n't have no more run to her than a plaguey hoss-trough, and wa'n't a mite of good anyways. Seems's though folks laughed more'n a little to see the way Abner Dunbar would set there on his high stool in the counting-room at the head of the w'arf, and lay it down to the old sir jest how vessels had ought to be built! Some of 'em would take and cod Abner about his new git-up of a model, too, till they'd have him real het up over it. I know they said one time old Cap'n Richard Furber he dropped into the counting-room right after Abner Dunbar had hung up his model for folks to look at.

"Gracious ever, you!" says old Cap'n Dick, the minute he come to clap eye on

the thing, "tell us where's the other one gone to?"

"Other one?" Abner says right away. "What other one?"

"Why you," says the old sir, jes' sober as could be, "the one you went to work and sawed that one offn!"

Well, anyways, Cap'n Dan'l give me a good winter's job of it in the shipyard there, a-turning trunnels and choring round one way and another; and in the springtime I shipped aboard of him for a West Injy trip in his brand new brig. He'd been stopping ashore quite a few years then, you understand; but he allowed the fever was on him again bad as ever, and he'd got to sniff salt water afloat once more, if it took a leg. The old Cap'n always was counted a master hand to carry on till everything was blue; and especially take it when he was some younger, they all said he'd lug sail till the sticks went out of his vessel, but he'd have every inch of go there was in her. They said he never once knowed what fear was since he first went, and from all ever I seen of him myself, I guess likely it's the truth he never! He had an extry good learning, according to all tell, and soon's ever it come down to navigation, he was always right to home. Maybe the old sir was a little grain stubborn in regards to carrying on, but stubborn or not, seems's though he'd always held the best of luck, and it's dead sure nobody out of this Cove commenced to make the quick passages he did, take 'em by and large.

Then again, Cap'n Dan'l was such a nice, clever soul to go along of; as square as a brick in all his dealin's hisself; awful loath to believe no hurt of anybody else, and the quickest to turn to and help ary pore devil in trouble that ever I seen yet. If they raised up more like what he was, round hereabouts at this day o' the world, I cal'late we would n't be where we be now.

But mother, she acted queer about it, that time. She never wanted I should have nothing at all to do with the brig,

nor for that matter, with Cap'n Dan'l neither. Mother she was always and forever jes' so kind of old-fashioned and sot in her ways like, same's the heft of them old seed-folks was, you know; and in particular she always sot a master store by signs and forerunners, and all such-like works. It wa'n't that mother held the least mite of a grutch against Cap'n Dan'l Dunbar, you understand, without it was that he took a sight too big chances of late by never paying no heed to forerunners in any shape, nor yet to the talk of two or three old ancient women-folks that lived here them days, and that I will say myself, prob'ly knowed their business a sight better than what Cap'n Dan'l ever give credit for. I've seen that plain enough since, if I could n't just to the time.

Cap'n Dan'l Dunbar, you see, was all the one of the cap'n's to this Cove them days that ever dasst quit going up and buying his luck offn old Aunt Polly Belknap afore ever he'd fill away with his vessel on ary v'yage; that much I'm knowing to for a fact.

"They're nothing in God's world only a parcel of set-fired old fly-by-nights, anyways!" he says the time the December was fitting out; and he allowed right and left that in room of hearkening to no such old women's gossup-talk, anybody had full better give 'em the go-by complete, and have no truck along of 'em at all. There was three or four of us young squirts here then that, boy-like, cal'lated we knowed it all, and it seemed real kind of smart and cute to us the way Cap'n Dan'l turned to and snapped his fingers at them old women-folks and all their works. "T was same's if he up and says to 'em that time, "Take holt and do your dingdest; I'm done with ye this time, clip and clean!"

There was two more from here besides me that signed articles aboard of Cap'n Dan'l to go off-shore along of him in the new brig, though mother she stuck it out to the last that the vessel was bound to be an unlucky creatur', spite o' fate. For

one thing, she claimed there'd been nails drove aboard of her Sundays, to her own knowing; the keel too was stretched of a Friday; and then come to take it the very day of the launch, there was three big crows flew straight across the vessel's bow not half an hour's time afore the dog-shore was knocked away! And come to have her turn to, and stick on the ways over a whole tide the way she done, and there was plenty of folks that would n't stowed their dunnage aboard for love nor money.

However, them that knows nothing, fears nothing, as the old feller says; and there was the three of us that shipped aboard of Cap'n Dan'l. The brig was loaded for Santy Cruz and a market; dry fish in the hold; green hemlock scantling on deck, and a ter'ble big jag of it too. Then atop of all that, Abner Dunbar goes to work, and puts aboard his ventur' of geese and turkeys and chickens; jes' though we wa'n't all cluttered up enough on deck already, in all conscience sakes. But Cap'n Dan'l allowed he did n't know as ever he should go again hisself after this v'yage, and the cal'lation was to make this one a payer. The December was the biggest one of the lot so fur, by rising of fifty ton; and this much I'll have to say for her, that she was as burdensome for her bigness as anything that swum the water. Then she was only jest fresh offn the ways, you see too, and had n't water-soaken the least dite, so's it appeared as if them ox-teams could n't cart truck enough down that w'arft to fetch that vessel's wales anywheres a-near the water's aidge.

Finally though, they got her piled up as high as ever they dasst to on deck; high enough anyways so's the man to the hellum could n't see forrard no more'n you can stand chock in under the eaves of my woodshed here, and sight clean over the ritch-pole! We took one of them howling four or five days' nor'westers same's we'll get in the spring o' the year, and give it to her out through South Channel for all she was worth. Everything aboard

was all brand new and strong, you know, and Cap'n Dan'l never showed her no mercy, now I tell you what! She was stiff as a church, and you could bear down on her hard as ever you wanted; she'd never seem to bung-up to it, nor complain the first mite; but there, you! she steered same's a plaguey hen-coop! Good land! it was hard up and hard down the hellum the heft of the time, and take it even then, to try and follow in that brig's wake a-running offn the wind, would broke the back of any eel, double quick step!

Cap'n Dan'l he never said any great, though no doubt he done some consid'ble tall thinking, for inside of the first few hours' time, the rest-part of us aboard see plain enough what works there was liable to be if ever we was drove to scudding very long in such a contrairy, wild-steering old box as she was. But it looked as though Cap'n Dan'l come to realize pretty well what kind of a thing he'd got underneath of him, after all, for the old sir was as smart a sailor-man as ever trod a ratline, and knowed how to take care of his vessel with the best of 'em, even if he never had no great of an eye for a model. Quick's ever we'd made out clear of Nantucket Shoals in good shape, he hauled to in under the land a grain, so's to smoothen our water, and help out the steering; and then we run the beach down along fur as the Capes of Virginny, still holding our fresh breeze with a good rap full, and logging off nigh a seven-knot clip day and night.

Come to fetch down a piece past Hatteras though, and the wind commenced to let go, and finally backened in around to about sou'-sou'west, right plumb dead ahead, or next thing to it, you see. Well sir, if that blamed brig was scand'lous dull even with a good smart leading breeze o' wind to force her, I only wisht you might seen the actions of her soon's ever it come to trying of her on a bowline, a-bucking into a head-beat sea! You could n't coax her to lay up inside of seven p'int's or so of the compass, noways you could rig it,

and take at that, after the sea growed the least dite hubbly, she would n't make much better than a nach'al drift of it; seems's though she'd got to have her three butts at every identical sea, and then go 'round it! Come to try to go in stays with her, and she would n't make no fist of it not once in a dozen times' trying; much as ever she'd look at it nigh enough to spill the wind from any sail, so's it was nothing only wear ship and wear ship the whole time.

Some days it would breezen on consid'ble fresh, and then 't would leave go and hold moderate and thick-a-fog or rain for days to a lick. Then there'd be spells when we'd get a noonday scale, maybe; when the sun would burn out through hot enough to horn ye up same's a burnt boot, and set every namable thing steaming the worst way. Then there'd be great long drags of stark calm, but with this 'ere old fog-sea heaving in all the while, till the tormented slatting and chafing of the gear like to drove the whole of us crazy. Bimeby, seeing as we could n't so much as hold steerge-way the bulk of the time, in room of letting all them brand, spanging new sails slat a year's wear out of 'em that way, Cap'n allowed he'd full better take and furl the most of 'em till there come breeze enough from somewheres to stop the old creatur' from wallowing so like the mischief; so that's what we done; but in room of clearing, the weather growed muggier than ever it was, and by fire! the first thing ever we knowed, that brand-new suit of sails was all stuck with mildew fit to turn a man's poke to look at the sight! I never was shipmates along of a suit of sails that got tetched same's they was in that plaguey long-winded fog-mull. Of course them that blamed brig was scand'lous dull caught the worst, but quite a few hundreds was jerked right out of the owners' pockets in the scrape, and nach'ally Cap'n felt kind of put out about it, for he'd went to work and made a big loss at the first commencement.

Well, the amount of the story was, we

pitch-poled and humbugged about in them latitudes till the Cap'n and all the rest-part aboard was sick and tired of the whole business in good shape. For a matter of weeks and weeks the weather done every namable thing it could to aggravate and hender us from working to the s'uth'ard; but give us the least mite of a favor'ble slant, seems's if it would n't no-how. As a general rule Cap'n Dan'l was rather moderate-spoken like in his way of talking; but take it along towards the last of this 'ere master long spell of doldrums, and the old sir commenced to chafe and say-over consid'ble little, till finally, prob'ly a dozen times a day he'd up and swear that only once let him get the wind astern again, or quartering, or a-beam, or anyways else under the livin' canopy so's he could get way on the plague-gone old ark, and he'd come under oath to make her bones ache the worst way afore ever he'd take one solitary inch of muslin offn her!

"Set-fire!" he'd say and stomp the deck. "Let me jest only get her nose p'inted again the way we want to go, and no matter if it should blow all hell out by the roots, I'll keep her travelin'! If she won't wear her canvas," he'd say, "then all is she can strip it offn her soon's ever she gets good and ready, for there won't be so much as a reef-p'int tetched of aboard!" Kind of desp'rate like he was, you see, and not to blame neither for feeling that way.

Well, sir, bimeby we did make out to get our slant, sure enough. First there come a little air o' wind from the north-east one evening a short spell after sundown; and you can bate money there wa'n't much time lost aboard of us in squaring away before it. Seems's though Cap'n Dan'l could n't take a secont's peace of his life till every namable stitch of canvas was drawring its best, and the vessel had commenced to make up a grain for lost time. 'T wa'n't so very long neither afore she was carrying consid'ble of a bone in her teeth, for quick's ever the wind really once took holt to the east-

'ard, it breezened up quite fast, and kept pricking on all night steady, and all next day long, till come sundown again it took three men at the hellum to gurge her along, and the sweat dreened offn the chins of them three a-near one perfect stream! To come right down to the truth of the matter, there wa'n't ary three men aboard that could lay back on that old jade's hellum hard enough or quick enough to make her steer half decent.

The weather though held fine as a fiddle, till late the next afternoon we see a devil of a lee-set commencing to make up dead ahead, and quick's ever the sun sot, the whole sky commenced to herm over thick and nasty-looking like, all to once. It blowed like a man, too, by that time; but still the old sir kept right on poking of it to her the worst way, and would n't hearken a minute to the mate, nor nobody else, about snugging things down a grain afore ever it was pitch dark. It was no good talking shorten sail to him, not a mite.

"Set-fire!" he'd always say them times. "Everything is all new and strong as money can buy, and if the vessel won't claw to wind'ard no faster'n a toad in a bucket of tar, why she's got to be drove good and hard while we have a favor'ble slant o' wind! That's all the way I know to get anywheres in her!" 's he.

Well now, there's no manner of doubt but what he drove her hard that night, not a mite! I never want to be aboard of nothing that's drove no harder, — now that's the honest truth I don't! There was a little piece of a moon that helped out some the first part of the night; but after she sot, it shut down thick-a-rain, and dark as ary dungeon. A ter'ble wecked old sea had made up then, you understand; as rough as a grater it was, and the vessel yawed so scand'lous bad that trying to run a compass course did n't amount to but precious little. About all ever a man could do was to watch her sharp, and try to ketch her with the hellum on every sea; but quick's ever it growed

so pitch-dark, steering the plaguey box was a sight worse'n ever, and more'n once she come a-near broaching to on us. That was the very thing the most of us had been scairt of her doing for hours; and finally the old man did conclude he'd best take some of the after sail offn her, in hopes to help out on the steering a grain, though he seemed to begrutch every inch we took in.

For a short spell after that she done some better; but by midnight the sea had growed so much peekeder that she was acting bad as ever again; and I guess likely Cap'n Dan'l seen plain enough by that time that he'd ought to hove her to while he had daylight for it. 'T was blowing then right out endways, a livin' gale o' wind and nothing else, and the old sir allowed then that quick's ever it come anyways light again, we'd try heaving of her to.

But come daylight, and things looked to be worse'n ever. The sea was something jest fairly scand'lous, and to take sail offn her and heave to after things had come to such a pass, was no fool of a job, now I can tell you what! We could see the fore to'gallant-mast in particular buckling same's an Injin's bow, and to send men aloft on it was jest only a clear temptation of Providence. Besides that though, the vessel threatened to broach to on us at every hand's turn, spite of everything; and when she made out to do that trick, every soul knowed well it meant good-by to any God's quantity of gear aloft, if nothing worse.

Cap'n Dan'l he allowed right off he didn't have the heart to order hands aloft in such a chance as that, especially seeing that only for him the sails would been taken offn the vessel hours before. The old sir had drove her too long, and all the thing we could do now was to try our dingdest to keep her going, and stand from under till something carried away, without she got pooped by a sea first, and that seemed like enough to happen any minute. We never had very long to wait though, to see what way the cat was go-

ing to jump. All of a sudden the head-strong old jade fetched a rank sheer right a-top of a master great comber of a sea, and come to on us, with four of the best men aboard jamming the hellum nigh square acrost her stern, trying to keep her off!

Well sir, I guess likely then you'd thought there was hell to pay, and no pitch hot, as the old feller says, sure enough! Crackety-crack! Snappety-snap! Bang, whango! Down on deck come the very worst old snarl of spars and sails and rigging ever you seen since Adam was an oakum-boy, and almost the very same secont there was a big over-growed green sea come cockling aboard of us nigh ten-foot deep a-top of the deck-load on the larboard side, forrard, and by the time that sea got good and through with its work, the brig never bothered with no deck-load nor nothing else to speak of forrard of the main-chains, for every blame' coop in Abner Dunbar's choice ventur' of geese and turkeys was sailing clean away to loo'ard, hell-bent for the Spanish Main on its own hook!

'T was nothing in the world only a meracle that some of us wa'n't swep' offn her at the same time; but as luck would have it, someways or another every soul made out to keep a hand-holt, though a number of 'em had dretful narrow squeaks of it that time.

But after all, though, broaching-to that way was some consid'ble benefits to us in one sense, even if it did knock the profits of the trip all galley-west. By losing the heft of that deck-load, the brig come out of water a good two foot forrard, and after that 'ere, seems's though steering of her was another story. We made out to keep her off again afore any great sight more damage was done, and run quite comfortable to what she had for the last twelve hours' time. The breeze o' wind commenced to mortify down a grain pretty quick afterwards, anyways, and in a few days' time more the sea smoothened down too, so's we got a chance to turn to and repair-up what

little we could with the extrys spars aboard. The vessel held tight as a cup, and never made no water at all, for wood and iron could n't be put together no stouter than what she was. We run clear of a plaguey pumping job anyways, and that was a mercy; but the thing of it was, that without we had half a gale o' wind plumb in the stern, the vessel was so tormented dull that it took a month of Sundays to get any place with her, and still, come to take the wind fair, 't would puzzle the old boy hisself to steer her.

But there, to cut a blame' long story short, we did finally make out to shove her nose into Santy Cruz, and nobody wa'n't the leastways sorry to let go anchor under foot. The place was always chock-a-block with shipping them days, and Cap'n Dan'l he was busy as the devil in a gale o' wind squinting right and left through his old spy-glass, a-picking out this vessel and that one from in amongst the fleet, for seems's though he was terrible well acquainted along of 'most everybody that went. Pretty quick he gets eye on the old brig Layfayette, that belonged them days right acrost here to Kunkett Harbor. The master of her was one of them Kunkett Corner McIntires; old Alexander McIntire he was, and no better'n what he ought to been neither, according to all tell.

The most of us aboard had heard tell many a time of old Cap'n Sandy McIntire, and his smuggling scrapes up round home there, and how the cutter's folks was laying their plans to nab him one of these fine days. We all took notice that the pumps was going consid'ble lively aboard of him this time, but never give it a second thought for the reason the vessel was twice old enough to vote, and had the name of leaking like a basket. Pretty quick we see a boat put away from her with quite few in her, and Cap'n Sandy come over aboard of us, along with two or three others of them Kunkettters in his crew.

Cap'n Sandy he allowed right off he was in a peck of trouble, and no mistake.

Lord Harry, you! His face was drawn out nigh the length of the old green ambriel he'd always have by him them days, fair or foul. Seems's though his vessel was all loaded, and he'd made a start for home only the day afore, but miss-stayed in turning to wind'ard going out, and went ashore a short ways outside the p'int. There was no end of help handy-by, though; and so they made out to kaidge her clear again afore night; but she leaked scand'lous bad, he says, and he cal'lated the whole fore-foot was gone from offn her. Some of us youngsters aboard the December nigh laughed in the old reynuck's face to hear him turn to and take on, and whine same's a dog over his big leak, when we knowed it for a fact it was seldom ever he dasst leave go of his pump-brakes for over a watch or two at the furthest!

But seems's though this 'ere master leak of hisn wa'n't the whole of his troubles, neither. Only that last night one of his crew, some kind of a Cape Verde nigger or other outlandishman, he says, went to work and died aboard of him.

Cap'n McIntire said the man had been feeling consid'ble streaked like for quite a spell, so's they give him salts four or five days running, never once mistrusting but what he'd doctor-up fine as silk again, till all of a sudden he took this 'ere kind of a bilious attack, and slipped his wind afore ever they knowed it. They cal'lated to give him his funeral that afternoon, and Cap'n Sandy wanted the old sir should loan him a set of colors to heave over the body in room of a pall, being as his own colors was old and covered with patches the whole bigness. Cap'n Dan'l passed him over an extrys set he had aboard, and bimeby off he went.

Well, the old sir turned to and got shut of his dry fish and what little pod of lumber there was left, quick's ever he could, and then was all carried away with casting about on shore to scare up a return cargo that was liable to pay the best money, and help offset the big loss he'd made on the trip out. Jest about then all

hands of us took notice that old rat of a McIntire was following Cap'n Dan'l up dretful sharp these days. Time and again them two would stop below for hours with their heads together, and pretty quick young Joey Furber, the cabin-boy (him that keeps store up street a piece now-days) he let on to us fellows forrard in regards to a long confab he could n't help overhearing below there one time when them two cal'lated they was all soul alone. Seems's though Joey was chock in aft there to work somewheres unbeknownst to 'em, and after they'd once commenced their talk he dassent speak out noways, but figured he'd full better lay low till they went on deck again.

According to the tell of the boy, Cap'n McIntire was trying his prettiest to coax the old sir into smuggling home a big lot of rum; that was the gist of the whole matter. There was any God's quantity of such works carried on them days, you know, and old Sandy McIntire always had the name of dipping into 'em pretty steep, so I guess likely you could n't learn him no great in regards to the business. This time he went on to tell about the ungodly profits so and so had made by this 'ere running in liquors, and how such and such a cap'n had paid for his vessel clip and clean in no time at all, and so forth and so on, — a dretful earful of it he give Cap'n Dan'l that time.

But seems's though at first the old sir kicked same's a steer, and growed real het-up over it, too. Joey allowed he fetched the table a lingin' old thump with his fist, and vowed he never once had gone into no such works so fur, and cal'lated he was 'most too old to commence now. Of course he must have knowed well that the heft of 'em in the West Injy trade them days always forelaid to smuggle home more or less goods, and wa'n't thought none the less of for it neither, by no manner of means; but all that never counted for nothing with Cap'n Dan'l. He'd always acted kind of odd like, and set in regards to them kind of things, and give 'em a wide berth.

Well, seems's though old McIntire up and took a fresh holt, and commenced to tell what a grand good chance Cap'n Dan'l had at his place to home there for landing goods by night-times; 't was seldom ever you'd run acrost such another fitting chance on the whole coast, says he. 'T wa'n't as though the stuff had got to be all boated ashore from the vessel laying clean off to anchor in the stream, same's they done in lots of places, and then like's not have to hip every kag of it up the beach amongst the kelps by main strength and stupidity, over big high laidges o' rock chock into the junipers maybe, afore ever they'd have it hid away in good shape! Cap'n Dan'l's shore, he went on, was consid'ble bold-to, with good water clean to his w'arft at all times of tide; nary neighbor handy-by, and a warehouse all waiting for ye right at the head o' the dock; take and haul the vessel in alongside, put on the help, and jerk the whole business out of her in a single night, easy as rolling offn a log! No trouble at all, he says, for ary man same's Cap'n Dunbar to fix it all right along of the revenue chaps, and there he was with his money doubled or thribbled! Oh, McIntire he was a tonguey old reynuck them days, and he talked it to Cap'n Dan'l for all he was worth; but seems's though the old sir never appeared to weaken none, not that time.

Finally though, in a few days' time afterwards, we heard say that a survey had been called on the American brig Layfayette, and the upshot of the matter was, they condemned her then and there. Right a-top of that old McIntire showed up aboard of us again, whining and taking on ter'ble bad, and all feather-white for another confab below along of Cap'n Dan'l. In a half hour's time, the two of 'em come on deck again; and be jiggered if the old sir did n't up and tell the mate that by way of helping neighbor McIntire out of a hard plight, he'd agreed to ship his cargo of molasses, and lug it home for him!

So all is, we took and dropped down

alongside the Layfayette the first chance; but come to get to work discharging of her, seems's though in room of all molasses, there was enough puncheons of Santy Cruz rum in her hold to float ary ten ton mack'rel jigger! Two or three of her crew took passage home aboard of us, and the rest-part shipped aboard of other vessels; but old Cap'n Sandy he stopped down there a spell to look after his affairs one way or another, and no doubt at all but what he worked his little scheme for the last dollar there was in it; that was right plumb in his line, and the Layfayette wa'n't the first old basket he'd got insured on chock to the handle, and sold the very same way.

The rest-part of the yarn is soon told now, and same time it's the queerest part, by all odds. Nothing much out of the common run happened going home, but the brig was so dull it was a good deal same's making sail on a big raft o' logs, and we had a horrid long drag of it to the north'ard again. Cap'n Dan'l never had the first mite of trouble about landing his ventur' there to home, and for that matter, few of 'em had, them days, if they went to work right, and wa'n't known to be into such works up to their necks the heft of the time. But it always appeared jes' though old Cap'n acted kind of shamefaced like, about the whole business; and I know there was folks that chuckled more 'n a little to see how the old sir hisself had finally come round to trying his hand at smuggling.

But the way it worked, he never see no benefits of it, now let me tell ye. The brig wa'n't but barely discharged afore she took fire someways or other, and burnt chock to the water's aidge, together with the warehouse and the biggest part of the w'arft. Amongst a mess of other stuff they hove out of her cabin that night, was the colors that old McIntire borried offn us the time of the funeral aboard of him. They was all tied up in a roll, same's when Cap'n McIntire fetched 'em back. Cap'n Dan'l he took 'em off up home with him next day,

cal'lating to put 'em aboard of another vessel right away; but seems's though his daughter Myry undone the bundle, and come to find the colors tore quite bad, she set right down and repaired 'em up in good shape again. Myry was the oldest gal of the lot, you know, and always a little grain sickly like; that is, maybe not so very sickly, but a good deal same's her brother Abner; noways rugged. Well, sir, Myry Dunbar she turned to and repaired-up them colors neat as a pin, and before noontime next day she took sick with *yellow fever*, and in two days' time she was dead. The day she died, Abner Dunbar he come down with the fever solid, and next day but one after *he* was dead. There was quite a few others of 'em ketched it, but them two was all the ones round here to die of it that time.

Pore old Cap'n Dan'l was nothing only a complete wrack after it was all over, and no mistake. Seems's though he never could do no manner of business afterwards, and everything appeared to go to the dogs with him all to once. It wa'n't but about a year's time afore he had to give up, and take to his bed, and after it come to that, he got through consid'able quick. I used to run in to see him about once in every so often that winter he was by the heels to bed, and if he told me it once, he told me it a dozen times, that every mite of his troubles come on him by way of judgment for his weekedness the last time, ever he went. Take warning, boy, take good warning, he kep' saying.

There was numbers of 'em here that done their best then, trying to talk it into him that what he done that trip wa'n't noways so weeked as what he claimed; but the old sir never once give in, but that he knowed full better than anybody else jest why the Lord A'mighty turned to and laid hand on him so master heavy like.

But same time, though, some of the cleverest and best learnt folks ever we had round here them days, always al-

lowed there never was no call for Cap'n Dan'l Dunbar to up and buck dead against Aunt Polly Belknap and the rest-part of her click the way he done that time.

Fur's ever I'm concerned myself [Skipper Job Gaskett says in conclusion], I won't pretend to give reason for no such cur'ous works. I don't know but what Cap'n Dan'l had the rights of it, and still I don't know *as* he done so. What I do

know plaguey well is that them two youngest daughters of hisn has always had consid'ble of a hard row to hoe all their lives long; and now take it at this day o' the world, if rusticators has come to the resicue same's we hear tell, and cal'late to swap good money for a track of rocks and junipers forty mile from nowheres, why then, all is, glory be! So much the better for them Dunbar gals!

THE PROBLEM OF THE SOUTHERN COTTON MILL

BY MARY APPLEWHITE BACON

IN the remarkable economic development of the Southern States during the last thirty years, the textile industry easily leads the rest both in the amount of capital invested — fully twenty per cent of the whole — and in the importance of its sociological consequences as well. To understand these consequences with any degree of correctness, it is necessary to know something of the previous history of the particular social class from which the labor supply for these mills has been drawn. The "factory people," as they are called in the South, are not of foreign birth, — but one per cent of the population are foreigners, and they are not in the mills; nor are they negroes, — the Negro is averse to the long hours and the steady labor, most of all perhaps to the unsocial labor which the mill demands; but they come principally from what is known as the "poor whites," a class, as has been truly said by Mr. Edgar Gardner Murphy, whose poverty is not "the essential poverty of inward resources, but rather the incidental and temporary poverty of unfortunate conditions."

For so long a term of years the South was regarded as purely an agricultural region, that one learns with some surprise that her earliest industrial development

was in the direction, not of agriculture, but of manufactures. Among her first settlers were very many of the same origin as the settlers of Pennsylvania, — English, Irish, Scotch, Scotch-Irish, and German, — with mechanical tastes and training; and these, especially in the Piedmont region, built and operated blast furnaces, roller mills, machine shops, and factories of various kinds. In 1810 the manufactured products of Virginia, the two Carolinas, and Georgia exceeded those of all New England and New York combined. But from that time the production of cotton by slave labor increased in importance, and manufactures declined. The negro slave and not the free white laborer was looked to to build up the wealth of the country. There ensued a great exodus of these white mechanics (Abraham Lincoln, then a baby, was in the movement) to the free Northwest. Those who remained sank lower and lower in the social scale; many of their descendants are in the cotton mills to-day, finding good use for whatever of mechanical aptitudes have come down to them as an inheritance from three generations back, and evincing, in many cases, the same good traits of character that belonged to their ancestors.

During the existence of slavery the landless man in the agricultural sections of the South, or the man with but little land and no slaves, was held to an existence having in it nothing of progress or even of opportunity. In the hard years that lingered so long after the Civil War, his condition became far worse. In addition to this luckless class of the farming belt, most of them industrious and honest, were the mountain people, remote from railroads, without books, schools, or newspapers, without contact of any sort with the great onward currents of human life, as primitive in their tastes and habits, and often almost as innocent, as the wild creatures of the woods and hills around them. The white population of the South has always been small and scattered over large territorial areas. Even now eighty per cent is rural, living, not in small farming villages, but in the veritable country, sometimes in districts which number fewer than fifteen persons of both races to the square mile. It has been impossible for such a people to create the educational and financial opportunities which are in the reach of more thickly settled communities. At the close of the Civil War, to the white illiteracy, itself more than twenty-five per cent, was added the black illiteracy of nearly five million slaves suddenly invested with the rights of citizenship. With what seems an amazing blindness, no national aid was asked or given to assist the South, with a burden absolutely impossible for her to bear in her impoverished and thinly settled condition. She assumed it with heroic, if mistaken, courage, and has diminished her illiteracy, white and black, with every decade. But, even so, there are in her borders to-day 3,500,000 persons above fourteen years of age who cannot read and write. It is not surprising that for a generation thousands of her little white children, of fine native stock and fine native capacity, have had no other teacher than the insensate machinery of the cotton mill. The waste of such human resources has not yet pierced to the

national conscience; to turn its edge upon the mill owner is manifestly absurd.

For some of the evils of mill life the mill owner may be responsible, but not by any means for all, or even for the largest share. The growth of the industry, indeed, has been too rapid for it to escape corresponding perils. In 1870, from Virginia to Texas there were \$3,000,000 invested in textile mills; by 1880 this amount had become \$21,000,000; today it is more than \$175,000,000. Taking the case of a single state, Georgia, we find a mill as early as 1825; from then until the Civil War six or eight others were built, the largest in Augusta; but the number of operatives in all combined barely reached, if indeed it did reach, 2000. At present all the old mills have enlarged their plants, more than a hundred new ones have been built, and the number of operatives is more than 25,000, with a mill population more than twice as great. Alabama has made similar gains, the two Carolinas even greater, and the industry is growing in the adjoining states. The transfer of so large a labor supply from rural life, usually of great poverty and isolation, to the crowded environment of the mill yard, and the long hours of labor amidst the ceaseless crash of machinery, could not but result in a measure of both physical and moral injury. This evil the mill owners have labored to diminish; but the most enlightened management and an unthinkable capital would have been necessary to provide against it altogether.

When an ardent opponent of the Child Labor bill declares before the Georgia legislature that the cotton mill is "the greatest missionary agency in the South, one that is doing more for the moral, intellectual, and financial elevation of her poorer classes than all the churches and all the philanthropies combined," one acquainted with the facts may give a qualified assent to his claim. To many of its employees the mill has been the one possible escape from pinching poverty or actual want; to many more, uneducated,

and untrained to any form of profitable employment, it has been the instrument which has brought them in contact with civilizing agencies already in existence, or which it has been the policy of the mill to provide. But it must not be forgotten that these advantages have been purchased in part by the labor—one feels almost like saying the life—of little children. Mill owners have used their profits to a commendable extent in improving the condition of their employees; but so long as it is on record that most of them have opposed all legislation looking to the adequate protection of women and little children, society may wisely decline to resign the whole matter to their discretion as it has been again and again requested to do. With twenty-five per cent of the factory operatives under sixteen years of age, with more than half of these under fourteen, and not a few under twelve, and subject in some states to night work as well, the South may well consider, for her own sake as well as for that of the children, whether a temporary prosperity may not be purchased at too dear a cost.

It should be added, however, at this point, that the relation of the Southern mill operative to his employer is almost unique. Almost invariably it is one of mutual confidence, and often of active good-will. While waiting in a manager's office one may sometimes be treated to the sight of an old man, unkempt and grizzled, leaning comfortably in at the open window, and giving with cheerful confidence suggestions as to points of management, and may note that such a one is listened to not with impatience or condescension, but with a delightful cordiality of which his own native wit keeps him from taking undue advantage. And in times of trouble the women go to the officials for counsel or financial aid, with a confidence which is never misplaced. Much as suitable legislation should be insisted upon, to secure it at the cost of this mutual good-will would be to sacrifice something which the best of legal restrictions could not wholly replace. One

likes to believe that the coexistence of both is not an impossibility.

Mill people are segregated to an unfortunate degree from the rest of society; but they are not for that reason closely bound to one another. Differences of education, and still more of moral standards, exist among them and create social separations as distinct as elsewhere. The best of these people rank as high as any others in good sense and the essential qualities of worthy character; the worst are the lowest to be found in the white population of the South. Between the extremes is a class, larger than either, as yet but little more developed in some regards than children, and responding readily to the good or the evil of their environment.

That environment itself differs. The prosperous mills, such as those at Pelzer in South Carolina, the Massachusetts Mills at Lindale, Georgia, and one or two of the Columbus mills, especially when at a distance from other towns or villages, provide for their operatives comfortable dwellings, large grounds with excellent sanitation, schools, churches, sometimes libraries, lecture courses, and other advantages; but in many of the older or less successful mills there is distressingly little to counteract the peculiar hardships and perils incident to factory life. The churches, women's clubs, and benevolent associations antedated and still supplement the philanthropic work of the mill owners. Atlanta women maintain seven free kindergartens and a social settlement in their mill districts; Athens has a night school with a most remarkable record; Augusta, in addition to a superior mill school, has a parish house which is doing a work out of all proportion to its financial resources, and only explicable by the quality of its workers; and at Columbus is an industrial school which in its essentials might well be duplicated in numberless places in the South, to the lasting benefit, not only of white children, but of the black ones as well. Adjoining states show similar agencies at work. Multiplied

ten-fold they would not meet the extraordinary demands of the situation. The need for external aid must always rise above the normal in a working community whose hours of labor run regularly as high as sixty-six a week, with night work not infrequent, particularly when a large proportion of the workers are women and little children. The amount of sickness will also be unusual, especially as the use of tobacco and snuff is almost universal, even with children. And the necessity for outside influences to quicken the sluggish intellectual and social currents must long exist where illiteracy is so concentrated.

Better, however, than further generalization upon the characteristics and the surroundings of these people will be an account of a series of visits paid to representative mills.

The first of these was made to a mill community on the outskirts of a large city. Founded nearly thirty years ago, when any expansion of the industry was regarded as an extremely doubtful financial experiment, the houses of the operatives were poor to begin with, and have not been bettered by the wear and tear of time. One of the mills is old also, and saturated with odors which perhaps only fire itself could destroy. The new one standing by its side is, except for the floors, clean, well ventilated, and provided with the best of machinery. The president gives me permission to spend all the time I like in the mills, and the amiable superintendent is my patient guide. He invites full investigation, and when I begin to talk with the workers, with a fine courtesy he busies himself out of earshot and leaves me absolutely free.

But I am otherwise trammelled. What right have I to ask intimate, personal questions of these toilers, more than of other strangers, more than of the men and women of my acquaintance? Yet there is neither resentment nor suspicion in the faces they thrust close to mine, that they may hear above the din and thud of the machinery.

A woman with lustreless hair and eyes

and a skin like parchment smiles a little as she looks up from her loom. "No, ma'am, the work ain't to say hard," she says. "Hit's jes' tejus an' confin'in'. But a body can make mo' at it than they can in them shops run by furriners, an' be better protected. I like it very well."

"The managers is all mighty kind," another declares; "an' our super is a good man. He was raised in a mill himself, an' knows how a po' person feels." And when questioned about recreation, she answers as a dozen others have done, most of them young girls, "Why, our super he fixes for us to have all kinds o' good religious doin's. There's church, an' Sunday School, and Wednesday night prayer-meetin'" — She stops and tries to think. What other forms of recreation are there for any one to ask for?

I tarry longest in the large spinning-rooms. In the long narrow alleys, lined high with whirling spindles, are childish figures moving slowly up and down, stopping every moment or two to tie a broken thread. Little boys doff the wooden spindles with a celerity that is itself machine-like, and bring others in small wooden carts. A few of the children are rosy and healthy-looking; most are pale and dull-eyed. Their unkempt hair and little cheap calico gowns are covered with lint. The lips of some are almost bloodless, and there is a brown line along them which tells its own story.

"Why do you use snuff? It is very bad for you," I say to a girl of twelve, whose face is colorless except for the blue circles under her eyes and the dark stains on her white lips. She looks more fit for a hospital than for a spinning-room.

"I reckon hit's good for me," she replies; "it sorter seems to keep this lint fum gittin' in my throat, an' I've got a bad cough."

I ask the same question of another child, a tough, wiry-looking little creature, with alert movements and an indomitable spirit of fun in her black eyes.

"I know I ought n't to dip," she says, her eyes twinkling; "but I jes' caint he'p

it. Hit keeps me fum bein' so lonesome."

"How long have you been at this lonesome work?"

"Fo' year." (She is not yet fourteen.)

"Can you read and write?"

"No'm, I caint." Look and voice deprecate the fact, but turn it bravely into a joke. "There's a real good school here; free, too," she adds for the honor of her employers; "but I'm jes' one o' them that don't never git to go to it."

In another spinning-room I find a girl whose bony fingers suggest the claws of a bird, and whose bent shoulders and strange, unchildlike features might give her almost any age. In body she seems about fourteen.

"How long have you worked in the mill?"

"Seven year. Not in this mill."

"Did you ever work at night?"

"Yes'm, a long time. But that was befo' I come here."

"Where?"

She names a mill owned and operated by people from a New England state.

I grow weary of the whirl and roar of machinery, of the filthy floors covered with expectorations, of the odors that sicken me in spite of the open windows. I return to the city. Down the long avenue the yellow light fills the space between the rows of tall trees. There is to be some important social function, and handsomely dressed women are crossing the sidewalk to their carriages. But the narrow mill aisles, lined with whirling spindles, are still before me, their sickening odors are lodged in my nostrils. In the yellow twilight the long street seems only a picture; the beautiful women, figures in a dream. It is the toilers in the mill that are the reality.

Another visit was made to a mill in a section of country but recently opened up by the railroads, and with a force of workers which, except for the few who have followed the owners from another state, are absolutely fresh from the mountains. The mill village is two miles from the nearest town, is the sole property of

the corporation, and will, in a few years, furnish a complete example of what a mill can or cannot do with primitive human material. Its educational problem is a large one. Two thirds of its large working force are illiterate. But the president had employed teachers and opened a school several weeks before the mill was ready for work.

The equipment of the mill represents the latest improvements in machinery; the arrangements for heat, light, and ventilation are excellent. The workers are full of pride in their work, and not yet recovered from the exciting novelty of handling money of their own earning. The mill has been running five months; the worst-looking person in it is a boy who but three weeks before came down from the mountains.

I stop at one of the drawing-in frames and talk with a girl of refined and really beautiful features, her skin smooth and delicate, her yellow hair drawn smoothly away from her white forehead. "I got to go to school three or four years before we moved here," she says, "and I did love it. I wanted a good education worse than anything in the world."

"But you are earning money now. Why not save your wages and go to school again?"

She shakes her head. The present good has come between her and her fair dream.

I talk with another of the newcomers, a *spooler*. "Do you like this work?"

She throws back her head and smiles.

"Yes, ma'am, I do. I'd another sort ruther be here than a-workin' in the field, or he'pin' ma around the house. Besides, you don't get no pay for that sort o' work."

Before the whistle blows for half-past eleven I walk the few rods between the mill and the little village where the operatives live. More than a hundred small frame dwellings, staring and white, stand on a broad slope from which every tree has been carefully cut away. There are no blinds, no concealment of any sort. I

stop at the first house on the corner of one of the narrow streets. A woman with gentle brown eyes invites me into her parlor. There is a carpet on the floor, a cabinet organ, new chairs, and a small table. A plaster bust of Shakespeare is on the mantel, and the walls are covered with crayon portraits in wide gilt frames.

The woman has six children and a boarder, and her sister's family are here as visitors. There is not room for me to spend the night; but I may have dinner and supper. On the clean dinner-table there are turnips, potatoes, hash, two kinds of preserves, and sweet-potato custards, with plate after plate of hot biscuits, big and soft, arriving constantly from the tiny stove-room. The customs of the table violate some of the points of etiquette; essentially, they are as fine as could be found in kings' palaces. The young man sitting opposite me, with the fine open face and handsome blue eyes, cannot read, but he eats only after those about him are served, and then modestly and quietly.

"It's a pity them labor agitators ain't got a good job o' work to do," the man of the house says to me. "I've worked for the owners o' this yere mill seven year over in South Ca'lina, an' I'd trust 'em a sight sooner'n I'd trust ary one o' them labor fellers. An' as for that Child Labor bill you women air tryin' to pass, it's jes' plum foolishness. Look at my daughter there, — you think the mill's hurt her?"

The girl's cheek is like a damask rose; her black eyes smile at me shyly. "All mill girls do not look like her," I insist.

In the rainy afternoon, in company with the mill physician, I visit house after house. They are furnished chiefly with children, and the kind physician comes opportunely to each, for there is sickness everywhere. The small front room has always two beds in it, sometimes three, and is the general living-room for the family; the only place, also, into which a visitor can be taken. The stranger, however, is not received as an intruder into the privacies of family life, but as an hon-

ored guest; and the childlike freedom and kindness of the conversation which follows are as touching as they are charming. In more than one house there is no stove, sometimes only a single cooking utensil, a spider or oven, set out on the hearth, the chips on its lid filling the room with smoke which only the visitor seems to find disagreeable. "You will find things looking different in these houses a year from now," the doctor assures me.

Estimates of the new prosperity, however, are now and then qualified. "I like where we come from better," a woman says. "The children likes it down here because there's somebody for 'em to be with. I'd ruther be off ten miles fum anybody than to have folks as clost around me as they air here."

When I go elsewhere for the night and ask my friendly entertainers for my bill, the woman's gentle eyes deprecate my request. "I don't charge you nothin' for what you et," she says.

Her husband takes up the matter vigorously. "We're pore, but we ain't that pore," he declares. "Whoever comes to my house can eat what they want to without havin' to pay for it. You come to see us again."

Some one comes in with an advertising pamphlet, and the youngest child grasps it eagerly and bends over the fire trying to read its silly rhymes. I remember that in this house of fourteen persons I have not seen a single book, and think of a more delicate way to pay for my entertainment.

The village of Roswell, Georgia, is known elsewhere, if at all, as the place where our President's mother was born and reared. To visit the little town is to taste the flavor of the Middle Ages, for a single steep street there is an epitome of a chapter repeated often in those past centuries, — the evolution of a middle class between the noble and the serf.

The village was founded by a wealthy gentleman from the coast, who erected a stately home in the original forest and

gave large building lots to the friends who chose to follow him. The colonists brought their own minister, built a brick church and schoolhouse, and prepared to rear their families in simple elegance and solid comfort. In 1837 they built a cotton mill, and a social entity of an utterly diverse kind entered upon its career. The beautiful old mansions still stand in their spacious grounds; but only two are in possession of descendants of the original owners. Scattered around the mill are the little whitewashed cabins in which the old story of humble toil repeats itself. But the steep street has grown up between,—its simple cottages built there one at a time through the slow years by the more ambitious of the mill people, whose children now carry on the small traffic of the village or follow trades or professions in other parts of the state.

The mill stands by the small river. Its steep, dark steps, flight after flight, are worn into deep hollows by the tread of generations of feet. The mill seems little and old and shabby after the great brick buildings I have been visiting for days before. But the sunlight and warm air pour in at the open windows; one can look easily from end to end of the rooms and see each separate worker, and machinery no longer makes human beings appear like mere patented attachments to itself.

I stop beside an old woman with a face much wrinkled and yellow, but full of good-humor. "Been in the mill long?" I scream above the crash of the looms.

"Hain't never been nowhere else," she screams back cheerfully.

She nods across at another old woman in a straight calico gown and three-cornered shawl. "Her an' me's been a-workin' here for pretty nigh fifty year," she screams again.

Her face is so kindly and so humorous I venture another question. She shakes her head. "Had to work. Some learnt at the Sunday School the big folks had. I did n't. Folks did n't think nothin' about educatin' their childern in them days."

But what is merely picturesque in the quaint hill village becomes depressing in the city far to the south. Instead of the little whitewashed cabins and the open country around, are the dingy brick tenement houses, their grime and poverty in full view from the paved sidewalk; and for a hundred workers under a single roof there are a thousand. Some of the many mills are new; some are old and inexpressibly dismal. I pass through one immense room lighted only by electricity, and try to think what it would be to live through those long, long hours with never a beam of sunshine to fall upon my loom, never so much as the chance of looking up from my flying shuttle to the tranquil face of the sky.

The types of operatives already so familiar are here also,—quiet, self-respecting men going steadily about their work; others whom ignorance and poverty have brutalized in mind and body; women neatly dressed and contented-looking, and women whose personal appearance shows an inner life equally unregarded and wretched. And always as before, in the long, long alleys of the spinning-rooms, the little children. They look more pallid and listless, I think, than any I have seen; more stunted in body, perhaps because of the climate; though some of them, indeed, are less than twelve years of age. In a little open space I am cheered by a group of doffers using their off period for a game of marbles on the worn, uneven floor. I lean over and talk to them. Their sallow faces make quick response to my interest. "Get down an' play a game with us," one of them says enticingly.

"How old were you when you first went into the mill?" I ask of a toothless, wrinkled woman whose bent shoulders move my heart to pity.

"I never worked in no other mill but this one," she replies, "an' I don't know how old I was when I begun; but I recollek good an' well the first day I come in I had on a new dress that it tuck jes' three yards o' homespun to make."

"And you've been here ever since?"

"Off an' on for a heap over forty year."

She told me also that she could not read a word, and that she had been the mother of nine children. "Some of 'em 's dead, an' some's married an' gone," she added patiently. "I works now an' takes keer o' myself, an' I'm glad there's a mill to work in."

From one of the windows I look down at the wide canal, its waters diverted from the Savannah River. In this new channel of man's devising the dark current flows steadily on; too muddy to reflect azure sky, or swaying trees, or the

green rushes of the marshy levels through which it flows; drawn at length to the service of the mighty wheel, fulfilling its part in the complicated machinery, and falling away unseen in the underground darkness.

It is a type of the human life drawn day by day through the long years within these inclosing walls; becoming one with band and spindle and flying shuttle and turning wheel; passing steadily on toward the darkness, and as ceaselessly renewed, but reflecting all too seldom the firmament lights of the ideal, or those lowly flowers which ought to make gracious every human existence.

THE FLOWER OF YOUTH

BY MILDRED HOWELLS

I PLUCKED a leaf from sorrow,
I broke a thorn from pain,
And where I pulled the leaf and thorn
They straightway grew again.

But where I picked the blossom
Of youth, the branch shows bare,
Nor can I find a second flower,
Though I search everywhere.

ANGELO AND ANGELA

BY GRACE H. BAGLEY

THE story I have to tell is the biography of a house. This house is called, by the Italians who live in it, the Palazzo Rosso. The reason that I, an American, know every door-sill and rafter, every man, woman, baby, dog, and even chicken, under its roof, is because I have been its padrona for many years. Once or twice a week I go in and out, up stairs and down, collecting rents, examining broken locks and fallen plaster, arbitrating feuds, and gossiping with my tenants.

In the midst of a group of decayed cottages stands this rusty, weatherbeaten brick tenement, of the type known as a double-decker, where tiny two and four room homes open on either side of a corridor. It is four stories high, and covers a space of but fifty by a hundred feet; but here, in incredibly small quarters, dwell about two hundred Italian laborers and their families. All are unwashed, ragged, and scantily fed, — but happy.

Approaching the Palazzo one sees a chattering, bright-hued group of women gathered about a peddler's wagon; a wrinkled old woman wearing a magenta shoulder shawl tends her toddling grandchild; while sunning himself in the doorway is old Pasquale, whose cluster of gray curls is surmounted by a tasseled cap, hanging over his ear. I enter the Red House and sit in my office making out rent receipts; I listen to the notes of the mandolin in the next room, and the soft thrum of the guitar played by an old Neapolitan, who wears a velvet waistcoat and a scarlet neckerchief. Aromatic odors issue from the soup kettles simmering over many fires; outside in the corridor, some handsome women with bare throats and glossy braids, and each with her baby on her hip, are gossiping in a soft guttural; a tiny grandmother with

twinkling eyes strings peppers in a doorway, while in an upper room two lusty young Calabrians, in brown corduroys, are dancing the tarantella to the drone of a shepherd's bag-pipe.

Half a block distant, electric cars clang, and heavy wagons of trade jolt through a business thoroughfare crowded with human beings whose hurrying steps and careworn faces speak of money-getting and the strain of modern life; but here in the Red House is a people preserving the happy vital sensuousness of the race in its childhood, when men spent their days in loving, hating, dancing and marching, praying and fighting. The Italian of the tenement is a survival of mediævalism. To estimate him justly, one must recognize the point of development reached in the twelfth century, when emotion did not gnaw the inner man, but found swift relief in action. His laugh, trembling and bubbling, passes from the highest to the lowest notes of the musical scale. His expressions of grief are classic; tears course abundantly down his cheek, and his friends lament with him, uttering loud cries like the chorus of a Greek play.

"Shriek now in response to me."

"We do shriek" cry the friends.

"Beat yourselves as to your breast."

"We beat ourselves."

We should add, "Scratch your face," — a thing which every Italian is expected to do when his relatives die.

Not only does he fall in love, but he sighs, rolls his eyes, and sings love songs. He is jealous — not dumbly, unobtrusively wretched, like our own good youths, but superbly jealous, crouching in dark places, dagger in hand.

Perhaps life is everywhere so gay, so tragic, so always interesting, if one were

but to see it unveiled; but in the Red House my tenants lift the curtain, which in the world of conventional society conceals the human drama. And thus have the years sped by. It seems but yesterday since my stewardship began, yet some of those whom first I saw as pink and downy swaddlings are now street-boys selling papers, and sober little girls ministering to my newest tenants, the present swaddlings of the Red House.

I

"Signora," said a timid voice.

Before me, with the frightened eyes and panting breath of a hunted creature, stood a young girl.

"I am in great trouble, Signora. I have no father, no mother. The people of my country cannot help me. They say 'Go to the padrona at the Palazz'; she will tell you what to do.'"

It was near the end of August, and for weeks the heat had been extreme. Nerves were strained by the unbroken continuance of the high temperature. Even the nights were not cool, but only less hot; so that, when the unrefreshed eyes again looked upon the white glare of the cloudless sky, the torrid air seemed a fiendish personality determined to break down human endurance. The newspapers recorded, not only sunstrokes, but also suicides and murders, crimes for which the merciless heat alone should have been held responsible.

A crowded tenement, in the heart of a city, is not a place one would naturally seek on a scorching summer afternoon; yet, strange to say, I found the nearest approach to comfort in the Palazzo. My bare, clean office was shielded by green shades from the insistent sun; on the well scrubbed table stood a pitcher of fragrant basil, gathered from the window garden of one of my tenants. Old Stefano in the next room was running his fingers idly over his guitar, eliciting languorous arpeggios; women slumbered across their doorways, and for once, even

the babies and dogs were subdued. I, too, had prepared to lapse into drowsy enjoyment.

"Will the Signora hear me?" repeated the girl.

"Melodrama in this heat!" exclaimed I to myself. But there was no escape from the girl's eyes, which were searching mine for permission to tell her story.

"Your name?" I asked aloud, determined to learn the facts and have the affair over in the least time possible.

"Angela, Signora."

"You are a stranger here?"

"Yes, Signora. It is but one month since I left the ship to come to my sister and brother-in-law. Three days ago I went to the City Hall and was married to Angelo Taglia."

"A lover so soon! Yes, of course—she is beautiful," thought I, for the first time scrutinizing the earnest young face.

"Next week," continued the girl, "we were to have had the wedding in the church." (A civil marriage is in the eyes of the Italian peasant merely a preliminary to the religious ceremony by the priest.)

"And now," I assumed, "Angelo wants to take back his promise and not marry you at all?"

"No, no, Signora. It is I who wish to be free from him. Yesterday," she continued, "Angelo was arrested by a woman, who said she too was his wife. I followed him to the court. There I found a girl Angelo used to love,—a poor girl, Signora, young too, like me, and from my country. She carried a baby in her arms. It was his, Signora. We wept together, that poor girl and I. She tried to give me the little one. 'Here,' said she, 'you are the new wife; you must care for Angelo's boy.' 'But no,' I said, 'what do I want with another woman's baby?' I called Angelo. I said 'You are the father; she is the mother. You must go together to your house.' Signora, he would not go one step with her. He wants to make me his wife."

"How was it that you knew nothing of this before you went to the City Hall with Angelo?"

"How could I know? My people did not know his people. Angelo comes from Italy, yes; but he is from Naples, while my home is in Calabria."

"Then you should have waited until you were better acquainted. Why must you have been in such haste to marry? Why not have waited a year or two?"

"Ah, yes, Signora, that is what I should have liked. But you do not understand. Angelo is my brother-in-law's padrone — the man he works for. When I was still in my country, Enrico — he is my brother-in-law — made a bargain with Angelo. Angelo was to give him steady work all winter, and Enrico was to give me to him for his wife. My brother-in-law was glad for me to marry such a rich man, because I have no one to take care of me. The very night I came, this man was waiting in my sister's house. 'You are Angela!' he said, 'and I am Angelo. Angela and Angelo, the two belong to one another.' The next morning his mother brought me some fine presents. Soon after, we became engaged, and in a week we were married by the court; and now, Signora, my brother-in-law says he is too poor a man to keep me any longer. 'Go with Angelo to the priest and finish the marriage, or go into the street,' says he. I cannot go to look for work; I should be lost if I went two hundred yards away. And then, Signora, who would give me work? I cannot speak one word of English. May I not be servant to the Signora?"

She knelt and prayed to me, laying her forehead on the floor and kissing it.

"I do not want money, only a little corner to sleep in, and the food which the Signora would throw away. I can sew and knit and make a garden," she begged. Her low, fervid voice implored me, while her hands timidly touched my shoulder, and her anxious eyes sought mine. "If the Signora will but save me from Angelo!"

At this moment came the sound of a footstep in the corridor.

"Angelo!" Angela sprang and locked the door. "He has come to kill me and you."

For an instant the pale vision of those who had been killed in bloody encounters of the Palazzo arose before me. I saw daggers and stilettos. I saw Vito Antonelli stabbed for cheating at cards, and poor Luisa Canino shot by her husband for having lent the family axe to a man who did not return it. There stood Pietro, Alessandro, Alberto, and many others who were dead for some trifling offense. To sympathize with an insubordinate wife undergoing discipline was to do that for which, in the Red House Colony, a man must take vengeance or be called a coward.

A threatening knock at the door. I looked at the windows; they were twenty feet from the ground. It is a fact, however, that the suavity of the drawing-room fills the peasant, even the enraged peasant, with awe and confusion. I unlocked and opened the door.

Before me was a face ravaged by devilish anger, by suppressed revenge, which, wanting its victim, contorted the features of the man himself. His teeth were long and cruel, like those of a furious animal; and holding his lips away from them at the sides he showed fang-like canines. His pale face was spotted with purple. Strangely enough, as I saw his close-set eyes, scintillating with mania, his dilated nostrils, and his hands opening and shutting spasmodically, my first sensation was one, not of fear, but of pity. Did my eyes reveal my sympathy? Though ready to spring at me, he wavered.

I for my part lost no time in greeting him with slow, smooth cordiality. "Mr. Taglia, I believe? This young girl Angela has been speaking of you. To be frank, she quite puzzles me, and you are the very person to explain matters. But first pray be seated."

I uncovered for him the chair used by the Lodge which holds meetings in my

office: this was an imposing article, with a high back and carved arms.

"Permit me also to give you a glass of water. Pardon me, may I say that you look ill? It is very hot."

For a moment my unexpected kindness checked him. He hesitated; but unhappily his eye fell upon Angela, who had dropped the imperious attitude assumed by her at his entrance, and absorbed in our conversation was gazing from one to the other, her widely opened young eyes full of trouble, and her mouth almost infantile in its tender piteousness. She was, in spite of her powerful frame, the personification of the feminine. Half-emerged into womanhood, her childlike appearance but added to her charm; and as he looked at her, baffled love again sent the blood surging to his brain.

"You — you try to separate me from my wife," he stammered in his anger.

At this juncture an accident occurred. I upset the pitcher containing the basil, and the water overran the table, wetting my papers and belongings. In rescuing these I permitted the pitcher to fall and break.

"I can tell you one thing," he declared angrily; "Americans may know how to get divorces and break up families; but I am Italian and I know what to do to the people that come between me and my wife."

Up to this point I had been busily occupied in picking up the broken pieces of crockery. This finished, I looked up, all attention.

"I must ask your pardon, Mr. Taglia; will you be good enough to repeat what you said? I have been so disturbed by breaking this fine pitcher that I have not heard a word. You came, I believe, to ask my advice as to this lovers' quarrel you young people have had. You know, my good man, that I am here to collect rents, not to listen to anybody's love affairs. However," — I looked at my watch, — "I have a few moments and I will hear you."

"Excuse me, Signora."

My heart bounded with relief. I waved my hand in token of indulgent attention.

"You must not believe what Angela says; she is a bad girl."

"Ah! Then her story of a young woman who claims to be your wife is false?"

"My wife is there," declared Angelo, pointing to Angela. "I never married that other girl."

"Then why did she bring suit against you?"

"For the support of the child, but it is dead; it died the same day Angela saw it in the court, and the suit is dismissed."

"Still," I ventured, "Angela knows the story of the other woman. This must explain to you why she will not marry you."

"She is married to me already," he insisted.

"Probably you would not have cared to marry Angela," continued I, "if she had had a lover before you, even if she had not married him — if for example, she had merely lived with him as his wife."

"No, I should not. She's a woman, I'm a man. Find me, if you please, Signora, some man who lives like a girl. You think I am one of those poor field-hands, who don't know what pleasure is. No. I'm a gentleman, I am," he concluded with a frown.

"The fact that you are a gentleman and so handsome that half the Italian girls you know are breaking their hearts for you, is the very reason why you should not waste time on this clumsy peasant, who has not even enough discernment to desire to marry you."

A pleased smile began to play over his face and I began to feel safe.

"I have an idea," I cried. "I'll pay Angela's expenses, and we'll ship her back to Italy."

Angela started forward, her face radiant with hope. Angelo's good-humored smile faded.

"She's a poor creature," I continued. "She will not bring you a dollar; she's

nothing but a Calabrian anyway, and after she's once out of the way you will get a divorce" (Angela leapt forward) "and marry some ladylike and nicely behaved girl. There's Grazia, for example, or Pasqualina, a girl who is always gentle. You see for yourself that Angela is going to be one of these troublesome women who do not obey their husbands. Come, say the word and we'll send her about her business this moment." Angela's face beamed with ill-timed joy.

Angelo broke out in angry sarcasm. "You say, let her go back to Italy? How long before she would marry some other man? Signora," — he leaned forward and shook his finger in my face, — "I will tell you when she can have some other lover — when I am below the ground with six feet of earth over my eyes, that's when."

"But," I urged, "surely a marriage would be most disagreeable if the woman were forced to accept you."

To Angela's unusual beauty was added a subtle, psychic quality, — one which Angelo, connoisseur of women though he was, had not heretofore encountered; he recognized something in her which he could not master, and he liked the novel sensation.

"You are a woman, Signora," said he. "Let me tell you how a man feels when the woman who loves him tries to please him in everything. To-day, perhaps, she wears a blue ribbon. He says, 'You must not wear blue, wear green.' 'But green is not becoming,' says she. 'Wear green,' says he, and she wears green."

"She likes to walk and gossip with the women in front of the house. 'Stay in, cook, scrub, knit,' he orders. So she stays in with the door shut. She gives him the best piece from the dish. If he feels sleepy, she yawns too — always good, always quiet. Will you believe it, Signora, he hates that woman? He is angry at her for nothing. He even beats her. You think I will give up Angela be-

cause she says 'no' when I say 'yes'? Signora, for that reason I will not give her up."

"But," said I, "if she will not go with you, what then?"

"She will go. Women have to do as their husbands say. When I say the word, she will follow me to church."

I rose to leave. Angela, who had kept herself at the most distant corner of the room, now came forward, and for the first time their eyes met. His were sick with love. She flung at him glances of defiance and insult. Once more he felt utterly futile, and again he grew furiously angry; his face colored a dark red, and his hands nervously sought his pocket where the outline of a revolver was visible.

"The Signora will care to take home the basil?" interposed Angela, turning to me with a sweetness which contrasted most unfortunately with her insolence to Angelo.

The long corridor lay between us and the street, and no one of us was willing to risk a stab in the back by taking the lead. The air had grown closer and seemed charged with electricity. The lightning flashed, and a thunder storm was imminent. Further delay would be a mutual acknowledgment of fear. By common consent we marched three abreast through a hundred feet of dim passageway, and at length emerged into the outer air.

II

Each day fate pressed more heavily upon Angela. At first she had been full of the hope that because she was in America, and not in Italy, she would somehow find an escape from Angelo.

"This strange way of unmarried after one has married — the divorce — may I have one?" asked she.

"What are your grounds," inquired the lawyer.

"Angelo has led a bad life; there is another young girl, — he should marry her. She has a baby and he is the father," explained Angela.

"Has he done wrong since you married him?"

"No."

"But you thought that because he used to be bad you could get a divorce?"

"Yes — in America."

"America is a better place for women than Italy," said the lawyer. "But, my good child, if a man behaves properly after he is married, we cannot — even in America — punish him for the bad things he may have done before."

No escape! Sick at heart, half starved, allowed no other bed than the hard floor, even Angela's vigorous frame succumbed. In her tremulous transparent pallor, she became like an orchid. One morning, her sister Lucia being gone on an errand, Angela, left alone, fell into a heavy sleep, her head upon her arms. Something cold against her cheek aroused her. She shrieked, "Maria, Mother of God! What is that?"

Pressed against her cheek was the muzzle of Angelo's revolver; Angelo himself stood close beside her.

"Well?" said Angela, laying her head again upon her arms and closing her eyes. She did not fear him when, as now, he hated her. She was terrified only by his love.

"So I'm not worth waking up for, my fine lady?" He had been drinking heavily, and his tone was loud and angry. "I am not here to buy kisses; to kill you — that is what I came to do."

She lay motionless. Insultingly lifting her brows, she regarded him languidly through half open eyelids. Fierce at the insult, he seized her. Her stout hands caught both his wrists and held them for an instant; she grasped his revolver and placed it against her temple, then she released him.

"Now shoot," she said.

With curses he snatched the pistol and flung it from him.

"A pretty life I lead on your account," said Enrico, her brother-in-law, as he ate his dinner. "To-day Angelo sent

word to the yardmaster and I have been put to the meanest piece of work on the place. I know the next move he'll make. I'll get a lay-off. But what does Angela care if my poor wife and children go hungry?"

"Come child," urged Lucia, her sister, "in Heaven's name be a good girl. Get married by the priest, do! Only this morning," she continued, turning to Enrico, "he went to the store and bought her some clothes — a dress and a nice cape. There's the bundle, and the string still on it! You think she'd so much as take the paper off? No. She'd rather wear her old green and red dress."

She heard them in silence, but with no intention of yielding. She continued to maintain toward Angelo a hostile frigidity, which, in spite of the degree of claim given him by the ceremony in the City Hall, he was powerless to disregard.

But though Angelo could not conquer Angela, public opinion did. There came a day, when, as she walked down the street, she saw the women whispering and pointing their fingers at her from behind the shutters. Panting she reached home.

"Lucia, Lucia," she called, shaken with sobs from head to foot, "to-day no one speaks to me; at first I could not believe it, that they could treat me like a street woman! First I tried to speak to Rosaria in her doorway, but she turned her face away. I spoke to Pasqualina, and she walked into her house. I went where all the women were talking together, and some went this and some that way, and some went another way; no one was left but me alone."

An hour later Enrico called Angelo from the saloon: "Angela says you may marry her next Sunday."

On my next visit Lucia greeted me with triumph.

"We are busy getting ready for the wedding, Signora," said she.

I studied Angela's face, hoping that Angelo, with a lover's art, had won her;

but no, tears stood in her despairing eyes, her lips quivered.

"Then why do you marry him?" I asked.

Lucia interposed. "You see, Signora, he talks so mean about her, she must marry him. He has told everybody she is a bad girl. She could never get another husband, and then too, how else can she be rid of him? When she goes out on the street, there he is at her heels. At night he even sleeps here in front of our door. We could not, you see, be bothered any longer. She ought to be glad—a poor girl like her, with no father or mother. Why, Signora, he buys everything, shoes, dress, veil. We buy nothing. And his mother,—you should see her house. Everything in heaps ready for the wedding—macaroni, cabbage, peppers—so many, it looks like a store. She has fifty chickens to kill for the feast, and she is to pay eight dollars for a fine Italian cook. You must come and see, Signora."

"Shall I come to your wedding, Angela?"

"Please not, Signora."

"Good-bye."

"Good-bye, Signora."

III

An ill omen,—the wedding morning was black with clouds! The guests gazed into the glimmering darkness with sinking hearts. At ten o'clock the carriages waited along the curb, and the street was filled with people watching for the wedding party.

Meanwhile, behind the shutters of Enrico's cottage, the bridal party waited the completion of the bride's toilet. She was in white, except for two narrow purple streamers of sacrificial purple, which, with the folds of her veil, fell to her feet. Angelo felt warm and tender towards every one. As to Angela, she would soon be his to treat as harshly as he would, in payment for the torture inflicted by her abhorrence of him; but

hope of his revenge was thwarted by the madness of his love, which, until requited, would give him no peace. Cruelty would not win her heart; therefore, he meant to be kind. He chose such a gown as fine ladies wear, one of silk and of lace, the like of which no peasant often beholds. He himself was arranging her veil and wreath with delicate discriminating touches like those of a woman.

"You are beautiful enough to pay for the trouble I have had," said he smiling. He would have ventured a caress, had he dared.

On their way from the house to the carriage which was to take them to church, the bride and groom passed a sobbing figure crouched near the empty home. It was Angelo's mother bent low under the crashing thunder. "The storm follows them to the altar. God has covered his face from my son on his marriage day."

Angela's hopes of freedom fled when the doors of the sanctuary closed behind her. Kneeling at Angelo's side, she summoned all her faith, and prayed that the lightning would smite both herself and her lover. She waited. But the moments passed and still the priest chanted; the acolytes flitted hither and thither at their appointed offices; the organ knelled in solemn interludes; and, in spite of her despairing appeal to Heaven, the nuptial benediction was pronounced. Now only death could break the bonds which held her to the man she hated.

In gloom the wedding party assembled in the hall where the dance and feast were to be held. "A curse on Angelo's house," called out Maria Monti as the rain dashed against the window. "No son will come to Angelo. Girls,—perhaps, yes; but no man child will bear his name."

Meanwhile, Rosaria, Angelo's mother, with a labored semblance of good cheer, threw confetti and filled the wine glasses till they overflowed. The bride spread her handkerchief in her lap, as a signal to her guests, who now came forward

with their gifts. The women brought bed linen, a pair of sheets or a few pillow covers; the men tossed envelopes containing money to Angela and kissed Adgelo on either cheek. Angela, grave and speechless, was a statue in bridal robes; only her sister pressed her lips against the cold white cheek, while Enrico whispered, "Forgive me, Angela. If I have said any cross words, you must forget and forgive."

Vengeance burned in the girl's eyes. "The cross words, yes, those I do forgive; but because I must wear these,"—here she touched in turn her veil, her wreath of orange blossoms, and her ring,—"my heart is hard against you, Enrico Barelli."

Angelo's mother kept close watch upon her son's bride. "Come come," she said sharply, "you've got a husband of your own, keep your secrets for him."

The wine flowed freely, the feast was ample, and presently the good cheer of meat and drink brought back the warm currents of life to the guests. Jokes and laughter followed, and no sooner did the mandolins give the signal for the dance, than the men began capering and every one was ready to begin.

The Tarantella typifies the awakening and progress of love. Like most folk dances it is a factor in human events, exercising a power which mystifies by a delusive simplicity. The music forms an integral part of the whole; the best dancer in the village is powerless to the rhythm without this music, nor can it be successfully played by other than native hands. A trained musician, being foreign, cannot lay hold on the peculiar fall of the beat; yet a Calabrian peasant, with his shepherd's bagpipe, will with a range of four notes bewitch the clumsiest pair of heels. Its source being the unexplored realm of the emotional centres, the dance with its excitant quality penetrates again into these mysterious recesses. It begins with a slight balancing step; the interest grows, not from variety nor increase of speed; but its

effect is cumulative, caused by ceaseless reiteration and monotony of movement.

With the first notes of the mandolin a startling change took place in Angela. Her pallor and inertness disappeared; when, as a bride, she took her place in the centre of the room to open the dance, she became conscious of an impulse too vague to be called a purpose. Yet its power determined the events of the coming hours. The bride, after having given first a turn to each of Angelo's relatives, male and female, was free to accept any partner who presented himself. Enrico, who had been drinking heavily, forgetting Angela's refusal of pardon, now clamored for his turn. A bright color tinged the girl's cheeks. Borne upon the new current of impulse within her, she knew not, neither did she care, whither it might carry her. At the invitation of her brother-in-law she bent forward, whispering,—

"Yes, Enrico, you shall be my partner; you and I will show these Neapolitans how the Calabrians dance. At day-break, that is when we shall tire—you and I—"

Rosaria had again observed the secrecy between Angela and Enrico. "Look," said she, pulling Angelo aside, "am I to spend my money for a fête that a Calabrian beggar girl may make a fool of my son? Be a man, will you?"

Angela and her partner moved with light and rapid grace; Enrico, always keeping step with perfect precision, interpolated various antics and drolleries, which the guests, enlivened by copious draughts of red wine, found so witty that in their uproarious laughter they panted, screamed, and beat one another. The Tarantella gives opportunity for many modest coqueries; but whatever Angela's motive in detaining Enrico, she danced as simply as a child. Each figure was brought to a perfect finish; and without pause, a new one was begun as if the two were wound up to whirl until doomsday.

All day Angelo had hungered for a token that she forgave him and would

not punish him longer by her coldness. Because he loved her, her conduct and the jeers of the men hurt more than they angered him. Yet he could not permit the situation to be prolonged. He forced his way through the circle to the place next the dancers.

"I want my wife for my partner now," said he and waited. Even yet the scene might have passed without a quarrel, had Angela so chosen. He watched her closely as she continued moving quietly, rapidly, ceaselessly. He hoped for no sweetheart's welcome; but at least she would meet his yearning gaze with toleration. Her eyes, as he spoke, were cast down; he trembled, waiting for their upward glance. She looked him full in the face with heavy eyelids of scorn.

At the same instant Enrico, still dancing, waved him aside with a gay politeness, exclaiming, "To-morrow you. To-day for me."

Angelo uttered a fierce cry of passion, and in a flash, pierced by a bullet, Enrico lay dead at his feet. Angelo, the Neapolitan, had murdered a Calabrian.

The shot turned the tumult of laughter to one of shrieking woe. Angela's eyes blazed with excitement. Enrico was dead; yet Angelo — her husband — still lived. She shivered with repugnance.

"If there could be a battle," she thought, "he would fall first." Who knew better than Angela, the Calabrian girl, how to inflame the men of Calabria to vengeance against Angelo the slayer of their countryman?

"Bravo for Napoli," sang Angela's voice above the confused din. "Down with the dogs of Calabria," she taunted.

Enrico's friends rushed upon Angelo; the Neapolitans fought to rescue him. All were crazed with drink; weaponless, Neapolitans and Calabrians clutched and wrestled in a race battle. They bit and tore one another until their eyes were filmy with passion; vengeance was lost in the meaningless lust for blood — blood, that of foe or brother. At the centre of the mob Angelo had fallen.

His mother only had seen his face suddenly pale, his body grow limp and disappear. On hands and knees she forced her search amid their trampling feet.

Frenzy spent itself at last; neighbors and friends awoke to look into each other's bewildered eyes. Stillness fell upon them. Peering through the gathering twilight, they dimly saw a figure — Rosaria's — standing apart.

"Who is she?"

"There — the woman with gray, disordered hair hanging about her face; — and that — that heavy, dark object she embraces?" They looked more closely.

"Angelo!" they gasped. "Dead, and on his wedding day!"

"Listen! his mother whispers to him!"

"Does she not know that he is dead?"

"She has gone mad."

"Hush! She sings. How gentle, how sweet her voice!"

("Angelo, to sleep now, my pretty one," she was crooning.)

"She forgets. She thinks it is long ago."

"He sleeps, yes. But for her there is to-morrow."

Enrico and Angelo, comrades in death, lay side by side. Passion-spent, the people are no longer Calabrian or Neapolitan. Tears fill their eyes. They are Italians and brothers.

Far away glimmer the lights of a great city. From a doorway two groups of men issue into a quiet street. Each carries a bier on which lies a covered burden. How grateful the refreshing dampness of the breeze. There is no moon to-night — not even a star. The darkness is vast and peaceful.

IV

Midnight drew near in Rosaria's tenement home; in the flickering candlelight was seen Angelo's shrouded body. A great silver crucifix and a massive branched candelabra half filled the room where the friends and neighbors,

who a few hours before had fought and cursed Angelo, now with hushed tread and grave voices paid respectful tribute at the house of mourning.

Angela in a low seat at his side be-moaned him according to her traditions. Each Italian province has its own bodily rhythm of sorrow, its distinctive note of woman's wailing for the dead. At one moment silent and motionless, Angela stared fixedly from under her black head coverings, oblivious to the mourners who passed before her with ejaculations of pity. She rocked violently to and fro, while she pierced the air with her shrill cry, a long monotone without resonance, suggesting, not human, but animal woe. Heard even for the first time, this sound tells its story; it is the primitive cry of woe for the first dead, before grief has learned the gamut of sorrow. Were you to hear it, you would become aware of something unfamiliar stirring in your own consciousness, a chord of your being touched for the first time and reverberating from the shadowy depths of unknown ancestry. You, a modern, whose passions are schooled to play their part in the unemotional present, will at that dread yet alluring sound fall under the spell of savagery and the wild past.

The clock struck twelve, and the mourners went to their homes; two only remained, the appointed watchers of the dead. For Angela, the day's task was not yet completed. Purposes as imperative as religious commands possessed her mind.

"These things must I do," thought she. "Then I may sleep." Already she had fulfilled part of her vow; she had mourned publicly as Angelo's widow; she had paid the priest that a requiem mass might be sung for his soul in purgatory. One final act remained to be accomplished before the last tie that bound her to Angelo would be severed.

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"Good! they are drowsy," said Angela, glancing at the men.

She rose and brought some chairs from Rosaria's kitchen. "There, make yourselves comfortable," she said.

A few moments passed; the watchers slept. The girl glided with noiseless footsteps to the corpse; she paused; then with trembling yet persistent hands she drew back the shroud. She placed about Angelo's neck a ribbon upon which her wedding ring was strung. In concealing the ring she touched the dead man's icy flesh; her teeth chattered with fear; she again covered the body; she leaped from it with jubilant bounds.

A faint thrill of happiness stirred within her and would not be silenced.

"You must not be happy yet, my heart," she said.

Swiftly she freed herself from the black shawl which had enveloped her, loosened the veil fastened by Angelo's hands, and tore the fragile wedding gown from her shoulders.

"Ah!" She breathed a sigh of joy, and lifting her bare arms high above her head, she stood in her chemise and petticoat, — those dear clumsy garments of homespun in which she became once more Angela the free.

She lifted the lid of Rosaria's stove and, thrusting the finery within it, dropped upon it a lighted match.

"Nothing is left. All is ashes," she murmured as she fled into the night, through the silent street to her sister's chamber. There she knelt, crossed herself, and after repeating her usual prayers, laid herself in bed.

"To-morrow," she whispered, "I must work. I will make bread. I will make the house fresh and clean."

"To-morrow," she murmured; and with a smile of hope she fell into the dreamless sleep of health and innocence.

A MOTOR-FLIGHT THROUGH FRANCE

BY EDITH WHARTON

III

VI

IN AUVERGNE

At last we were really in Auvergne. On our balcony at Royat, just under the flank of the Puy de Dôme, we found ourselves in close communion with its tossed heights, its black towns, its threatening castles. And Royat itself—even the dull new watering-place quarter—is extremely characteristic of the region: hanging in a cleft of the great volcanic upheaval, with hotels, villas, gardens, vineyards clutching at every precarious ledge and fissure, as though just momentarily arrested in their descent upon the roofs of Clermont.

As a watering-place Royat is not, in outward aspect, an ornamental specimen of its class; and it has the further disadvantage of being connected with Clermont by a long dusty suburb, noisy with tram-cars; but as a centre for excursions it offers its good hotels and "modern conveniences" at the precise spot most favourable to the motorist, who may radiate from it upon almost every centre of interest in Auvergne, and return at night to digestible food and clean beds—two requisites for which, in central France, one is often doomed to pine.

Auvergne, one of the most interesting, and hitherto almost the least known, of the old French provinces, offers two distinct and equally striking sides to the appreciative traveller: on the one hand, its remarkably individual church architecture, and on the other, the no less personal character of its landscape. Almost all its towns are distinguished by one of those ancient swarthy churches, with western

narthex, great central tower, and curious incrustations of polychrome lava, which marked, in Auvergne, as strongly distinctive an architectural impulse as flowered, on a vastly larger scale, and a century or more later, in the Gothic of the Ile de France. And the towns surrounding these churches, and often built up, Italian fashion, on the crest or flank of one of the strange volcanic eminences springing from the plain—the towns themselves, with their narrow perpendicular streets and tall black houses, are so darkly individual, so plainly akin to the fierce predatory castles on the adjacent hills, that one is arrested at every turn by the desire to follow up the obscure threads of history connecting them with this little-known portion of the rich French past.

But to the traveller restricted by time, the other side of the picture—its background, rather, of tormented blue peaks and wide-spread forest—which must assert itself, at all seasons, quite as distinctively as the historic and architectural character of the towns, is likely, in May, to carry off the victory. We had come, at any rate, with the modest purpose of taking a bird's-eye view of the region, such a mere flight across the scene as draws one back, later, to brood and hover; and one glance at the landscape from the Royat balcony confirmed us in the resolve to throw as sweeping a glance as possible, and defer the study of details to our next—our already-projected!—visit.

The following morning, therefore, we set out early for the heart of the Monts Dore. Our road carried us southward, along a series of high ridges above the

wide Allier vale, and then up and down, over wild volcanic hills, now densely wooded, now desolately bare. We were on the road to Issoire and La Chaise Dieu, two of the most notable old towns of southern Auvergne; but, in pursuit of scenery, we reluctantly turned off at the village of Coudes, at the mouth of a lateral valley, and struck up toward the western passes which lead to the Pic de Sancy.

Some miles up this valley, which follows the capricious windings of the Couzes, lie the baths of Saint Nectaire-le-Bas, romantically planted in a narrow defile, beneath the pyramidal Romanesque church which the higher-lying original village lifts up on a steep splinter of rock. The landscape beyond Saint Nectaire grows more rugged and Alpine in character: the pastures have a Swiss look, and the shaggy mountain-sides are clothed with a northern growth of beech and pine. Presently, at a turn of the road, we came on the little crater-lake of Chambon, its intense blueness vividly set in the greenest of meadows, and overhung by the dark basalt cliff which carries on its summit the fortified castle of Murols. The situation of Murols, lifted on its isolated shaft of rock above that lonely upland valley, is in itself impressive enough to bring out the full value of such romantic suggestions as it has to offer; and the monument is worthy of its site. It is in fact a very noble ruin, raising its high central keep above two outer circuits of battered masonry, the ampler and later of which shows the classical pilasters and large fenestration of what must have been one of the stateliest specimens of the last stage of French feudal architecture. Though the guide-books record a mention of Murols as early as the thirteenth century, the castle now standing is all of later date, and the great rectangular exterior is an interesting example of the transitional period when Italian palace architecture began to be grafted on the rugged stock of French military construction.

Just beyond the lake of Chambon the road begins to ascend the long curves of the Col de Diane, the pass which leads over into the valley of Mont Dore. As we rose though bleak meadows and patches of scant woodland, the mountains of Auvergne unrolled themselves to the east in one of those lonely tossing expanses of summit and ridge and chasm that suggest the mysterious undulations of some uninhabited planet. Though the Col de Diane is not a high pass, it gives, from its yoke, a strangely memorable impression of distance and mystery; partly, perhaps, because in that desert region there is neither village nor house to break the labyrinth of peaks; but chiefly because of the convulsed outlines into which they have been tossed by subterranean fires.

A cold wind swept the top of the pass, and snow still lay under the rocks by the roadside; so that it was cheering to the spirits, as well as to the eye, when we presently began our descent through dark pine forests into the vale of the Dordogne. The baths of Mont Dore lie directly beneath the pass, at the mouth of a valley hollowed out of the side of the Pic de Sancy, the highest peak in Auvergne. In spite of the milder air and bright spring foliage we were still distinctly in high places; and Mont Dore itself, not yet decked for the entertainment of its bathers, had the rude poverty-stricken look which everywhere marks the real mountain village. Later, no doubt, when its hotels are open, and its scanty gardens in bloom, it takes on a thin veneer of frivolity; but it must always be an austere-looking village, with its ill-kept cobblestone streets, and gaunt stone houses grouped against a background of bare Alpine pastures. We were not sorry, therefore, that its few restaurants presented barred shutters to our midday hunger, and that we were obliged to follow the first footsteps of the infant Dordogne down the valley to the lower-lying baths of Bourboule.

The Dordogne is a child of lusty

growth, and at its very leap from the cradle, under the Pic de Sancy, it rolls a fine brown torrent beneath its steeply wooded banks. Its course led us rapidly down the mountain glen to the amiable but somewhat characterless little watering-place of La Bourboule, set in a depression of the hills, with a background of gentle slopes which, in summer, might offer fairly pleasant walks between one's douches; and here, at a fresh white hotel with an affable landlady, we lunched on trout that must have leapt straight from the Dordogne into the frying-pan.

After luncheon we once more took our way along the lively curves of the river; to part with them at last, reluctantly, a few miles down the valley, and strike out across a dull plateau to the mountain-town of Laqueille, — a gaunt wind-beaten place, with nothing of note to offer except its splendid view from the absolutely dizzy verge of a high cornice above the valley running south from the chain of the Dôme. Beyond Laqueille, again, we began to descend by long windings; and at last, turning off from the direct road to Royat, we engaged ourselves in a series of wooded gorges, in search of the remote village of Orcival.

The church of Orcival is one of the most noted of that strange group of Auvergnat churches which some students of French Romanesque are disposed to attribute, not only to one brief period of time, but to the hand of one architect; so closely are they allied, not alone in plan and construction, but in their peculiar and original decorative details. We had resolved, therefore, not to return to Royat without a sight of Orcival; and spite of the misleading directions plentifully bestowed on us by the way, and resulting in endless doublings through narrow lonely glens, we finally came, in the neck of the last and narrowest, upon a huddled group of stone roofs with a church rising nobly above them.

Here it was at last — and our first glance told us how well worth the search

we had made for it. But a second made evident the disturbing fact that a cattle-fair was going on in the village; and though this is not an unusual event in French towns, or one calculated, in general, to interfere with the movements of the sightseer, we soon saw that, owing to the peculiar position of Orcival, which is jammed into the head of its glen as tightly as a cork in a bottle, the occupation of the square about the church formed a complete check on circulation.

And the square was fully occupied: it presented, as we descended on it, an agitated surface of blue human backs, and dun and white bovine ones, so closely and inextricably mixed that any impact from without merely sent a wave across the mass, without making the slightest break in its substance. On its edge, therefore, we halted; the church, with its beautiful rounded *chevet* and central pyramid-tower, islanded a few yards away across a horned sea which divided it from us as hopelessly as Egypt from Israel; and the waves of the sea setting toward us with somewhat threatening intent at the least sign of our attempting to cross it. There was therefore nothing to be done but to own ourselves intruders, and defer a sight of Orcival to our next visit; and with much backing and wriggling, and some unfavourable comment on the part of the opposition, we effected a crestfallen exit from that interesting but inhospitable village.

The road thence to Royat climbs over the long Col de Ceyssat, close under the southern side of the Puy de Dôme; and we looked up longingly at the bare top of the mountain, yearning to try the ascent, but fearing that our "horse-power" was not pitched to such heights. That adventure too was therefore deferred till our next visit, which every renunciation of the kind was helping to bring nearer and make more inevitable; and we pushed on to Royat across the dreary plain of Laschamp, noted in the records of motoring as the starting-point of the perilous *circuit d'Auvergne*.

VII

ROYAT TO BOURGES

The term of our holiday was upon us, and stern necessity took us back, the next day, to Vichy. We followed, this time, the road along the western side of the Limagne, passing through the old towns of Riom and Aigueperse. Riom, thanks to its broad boulevards and bright open squares, struck us as the most cheerful and animated place we had seen in Auvergne; and it has, besides, a great air of Renaissance elegance, many of its old traceried hôtels having been built in the sixteenth century, when the chief development of the town took place.

Aigueperse, on the contrary, spite of its situation in the same sunny luxuriant plain, presents the morose aspect of the typical town of Auvergne, without many compensating merits, save that of two striking pictures of the Italian school which are to be seen in its modernized cathedral. From Aigueperse our road struck eastward across the Limagne to Gannat; and thence, through pleasant fields and woods, we returned to Vichy, on the opposite edge of the plain.

We started early the next morning on our journey to the north, for our slight experience of the inns of central France made us anxious to reach Orléans by night. Such long runs cannot be made without the sacrifice of much that charms and arrests one by the way; and this part of the country should be seen at leisure, in the long summer days, when the hotels are less sepulchrally damp, and when one can remain late out of doors, instead of having to shiver through the evening hours around a smoky oil-lamp, in a room which will not bear inspection even by that insufficient light.

We suffered, I remember, many pangs by the way; and not least, that of having to take in a mere parenthesis the charmingly complete little town of La Palisse on the Bèbre, with the ruined ivied castle of the Comtes de Chabannes overhang-

ing a curve of the river, and grouping itself in a memorable composition with the picturesque houses below it.

Farther north, again, Moulins on the Allier inflicted a still deeper pang; for this fine old town has considerable claims to distinction besides the great triptych that made its name known through Europe after the recent exhibition of French Primitives in Paris. The Virgin of Moulins, gloriously enthroned in the cathedral among her soft-faced Lombard angels, remains undoubtedly the crowning glory of the town, if only on account of the problem which she holds out, so inscrutably, to explorers of the baffling annals of early French art. But aside from this preëminent possession, and the interest of several minor relics, Moulins has the attraction of its own amiable and distinguished physiognomy. With its streets of light-coloured stone, its handsome eighteenth century hôtels and broad well-paved *cours*, it seemed, after the grim black towns of the south, a singularly open and cheerful place; and one was conscious, behind the handsome stone gateways and balconied façades, of the existence of old panelled drawing-rooms with pastel portraits and faded tapestry furniture.

The approach to Nevers, the old capital of the Nivernais, carried us abruptly back to the Middle Ages, but to an exuberant northern mediævalism far removed from the Gallo-Roman tradition of central France. The cathedral of Nevers, with its ornate portals and fantastically decorated clock-tower, has, in the old ducal palace across the square, a rival more than capable of meeting its challenge on equal grounds: a building of really gallant exterior, with fine angle towers, and within, a great staircase commemorating in luxuriant sculpture the legendary beginnings of that ancient house of Cleves which, in the fifteenth century, allied itself by marriage with the dukes of Burgundy.

At Nevers we found ourselves once more on the Loire; but only to break

from it again in a long dash across country to Bourges. At this point we left behind us the charming diversified scenery which had accompanied us to the borders of the Loire, and entered upon a region of low monotonous undulations, flattening out gradually into the vast wheat-fields about Bourges. But who would wish any other setting for that memorable silhouette, throned, from whichever point of the compass one approaches it, in such proud isolation above the plain? One forgets even, in a distant view of Bourges, that nature has helped, by an opportune rise of the ground, to lift the cathedral to its singular eminence: the hill, and the town upon it, seem so merely the unremarked pedestal of the monument. It is not till one climbs the steep street leading up from the Place Saint Bonnet that one realizes the peculiar topographical advantages of such a site; advantages which perhaps partly account for the overwhelming and not quite explicable effect of a first sight of the cathedral.

Even now, on a second visit, with the great monuments of the Ile de France fresh in memory, we felt the same effect, and the same difficulty in running it down, in differentiating it from the richer, yet perhaps less deeply Gothic impression produced by the rival churches of the north. For, begin as one will by admitting, by insisting upon, the defects of Bourges — its irregular inharmonious façade, its thin piers, its mean outer aisles — one yet ends in a state where criticism perforce yields to sensation, where one surrenders one's self wholly to the spell of its spiritual suggestion. Certainly it would be hard to put a finger, either within or without, on the specific concrete cause of this feeling. Is it to be found in the extraordinary beauty of the five western portals, so crowded with noble and pathetic imagery and delicate ornamental detail? But the doors of Chartres surpass even these! Is it then,

if one looks within, the rich blue and red of its dense ancient glass? But Chartres, again, has finer glass of that unmatched period. Is it the long clear sweep of the nave and aisles, uninterrupted by the cross-lines of transept or chancel-screen? But if one recalls the wonderful convolutions of the ambulatory of Canterbury, one has to confess that Gothic art — even in its conventionalized English form — has created curves of greater poetry and mystery, produced a more thrilling sense of shadowy consecrated distances. Perhaps the spell of Bourges resides in a fortunate accidental mingling of many of the qualities that predominate in this or that more perfect structure — in the mixing of the ingredients so that there rises from them, as one stands in one of the lofty inner aisles, with one's face toward the choir, that breath of mystical devotion which issues from the very heart of mediæval Christianity.

"With this sweetness," wrote Saint Theresa, of the Prayer of Quiet, "the whole inner and outer man seems to be delighted, as though some delicious ointment were poured into the soul like an exquisite perfume . . . as if we suddenly came to a place where it is exhaled, not only from one, but from many things; and we know not what it is, or from which one of them it comes, but they all penetrate us." . . . If Amiens, in its harmony of conception and vigour of execution, seems to embody the developing will-power of a people passionate in belief, and indomitable in the concrete expression of their creed, here at Bourges one feels that other, less expressible side of the great ruling influence of the middle ages — the power that willed mighty monuments and built them, yet also, even in its moments of most brutal material ascendancy, created the other houses, not built with hands, where the spirits of the saints might dwell.

(The End.)

THE ACCURSED ANNUAL

BY AGNES REPPLIER

"Why, by dabbling in those accursed Annuals, I have become a by-word of infamy all over the kingdom." — CHARLES LAMB.

THE great dividing line between books that are made to be read and books that are made to be bought is not the purely modern thing it seems. We can trace it, if we try, back to the first printing-presses, which catered indulgently to hungry scholars and to noble patrons; and we can see it in another generation separating *The Corsair* and *The Mysteries of Udolpho*, which everybody knew by heart, from the gorgeous *Annual* (bound in Lord Palmerston's cast-off waistcoats, hinted Thackeray), which formed a decorative feature of well-appointed English drawing-rooms. The perfectly natural thing to do with an unreadable book is to give it away, and the publication, for more than a quarter of a century, of volumes which fulfilled this one purpose and no other, is a pleasant proof, if proof were needed, of the business principles which underlay the enlightened activity of publishers.

The wave of sentimentality which submerged England when the clear-headed, hard-hearted eighteenth century had done its appointed work, and lay a-dying, the prodigious advance in gentility from the days of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu to the days of the Countess of Blessington, found their natural expression in letters. It was a period of emotions which were not too deep for words, and of decorum which measured goodness by conventionalities. Turn where we will, we see a tear in every eye, or a simper of self-complacency on every lip. Moore wept when he beheld a balloon ascension at Tivoli, because he had not seen a balloon since he was a little boy. The excellent Mr. Hall explained in his *Memories of a Long Life*

that, owing to Lady Blessington's anomalous position with Count D'Orsay, "Mrs. Hall never accompanied me to her evenings, though she was a frequent day caller." Criticism was controlled by politics, and sweetened by gallantry. The Whig and Tory reviewers supported their respective candidates to fame, and softened their masculine sternness to a lordly smile when Mrs. Hemans or Miss Landon, "the Sappho of the age," contributed their glowing numbers to the world. Miss Landon having breathed a poetic sigh in the *Amulet* for 1832, a reviewer in *Fraser* magnanimously observed, "This gentle and fair young lady, so undeservedly neglected by critics, we mean to take under our special protection." Could it ever have lain within the power of any woman, even a poetess, to merit such condescension as this?

Of a society so organized, the Christmas annual was an appropriate and ornamental feature. It was costly, — a guinea or a guinea and a half being the usual subscription. It was richly bound in crimson silk or pea-green levant; Solomon in all his glory was less magnificent. It was as free from stimulus as a bread pill. It was always genteel, and not infrequently aristocratic, — having been known to rise in happy years to the school-boy verses of a royal duke. It was made, like Peter Pindar's razors, to sell, and it was bought to be given away. At which point its career of usefulness was closed. Its languishing steel engravings of Corfu, Ayesha, The Suliote Mother, and The Wounded Brigand, may have beguiled a few heavy moments after dinner; and perhaps little children in frilled pantalets and laced slippers peeped between the gorgeous covers, to marvel at the Sultana's pearls, or ask in innocence who was the

dying Haidee. Death, we may remark, was always a prominent feature of annuals. Their artists and poets vied with one another in the selection of mortuary subjects. Charles Lamb was first "hooked into the *Gem*," with some lines on the editor's dead infant. From a partial list, extending over a dozen years, I cull this funeral wreath:—

The Dying Child. *Poem.*
 The Orphans. *Steel engraving.*
 The Orphan's Tears. *Poem.*
 The Gypsy's Grave. *Steel engraving.*
 The Lonely Grave. *Poem.*
 On a Child's Grave. *Poem.*
 The Dying Mother to her Infant. *Poem.*

Blithesome reading for the Christmas tide.

The *Annual* was as orthodox as it was aristocratic. *The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain* was not more edifying. *The Washwoman of Finchley Common* was less conspicuously virtuous. Here in *The Winter's Wreath* is a long poem in blank verse, by a nameless clergyman, on *The Efficacy of Religion*. Here in the *Amulet*, Mrs. Hemans, "leading the way as she deserves to do" (I quote from the *Monthly Review*), "clothes in her own pure and fascinating language the invitations which angels whisper into mortal ears." And here in the *Forget-Me-Not*, Leontine hurls mild defiance at the spirit of doubt:—

Thou sceptic of the hardened brow,
 Attend to Nature's cry!
 Her sacred essence breathes the glow
 O'er that thou wouldst deny;

—an argument which would have carried conviction to Huxley's soul, had he been more than eight years old when it was written. Poor Coleridge, always in need of a guinea or two, was bidden to write some descriptive lines, for the *Keepsake*, on an engraving by Parris of the Garden of Boccaccio; a delightful picture of nine ladies and three gentlemen picnicking in a park, with arcades as tall as aqueducts, a fountain as vast as Niagara, and butterflies twice the size of the rabbits. Coleridge, exempt by nature from an unserv-

iceable sense of humor, executed this commission in three pages of painstaking verse, and was severely censured for mentioning "in terms not sufficiently guarded, one of the most impure and mischievous books that could find its way into the hands of an innocent female."

The system of first securing an illustration, and then ordering a poem to match it, seemed right and reasonable to the editor of the *Christmas Annual*, who paid a great deal for his engravings, and little or nothing for his poetry. Sometimes the poet was not even granted a sight of the picture he was expected to describe. We find Lady Blessington writing to Dr. William Beattie, — the best-natured man of his day, — requesting "three or four stanzas" for an annual called *Buds and Blossoms*, which was to contain portraits of the children of noble families. The particular "buds" whose unfolding he was asked to immortalize were the three sons of the Duke of Buccleuch; and it was gently hinted that "an allusion to the family would add interest to the subject;" in plain words, that a little well-timed flattery might be trusted to expand the sales. Another year the same unblushing petitioner was even more hardy in her demand.

"Will you write me a page of verse for the portrait of Miss Forester? The young lady is seated with a little dog on her lap, which she looks at rather pensively. She is fair, with light hair, and is in mourning."

Here is an inspiration for a poet. A picture, which he has not seen, of a young lady in mourning looking pensively at a little dog. And poor Beattie was never paid a cent for these effusions. His sole rewards were a few words of thanks, and Lady Blessington's cards for parties he was too ill to attend.

More businesslike poets made a specialty of fitting pictures with verses, as a tailor fits customers with coats. A certain Mr. Harvey, otherwise lost to fame, was held to be unrivaled in this art. For many years his "chaste and classic pen"

supplied the annuals with flowing stanzas, equally adapted to the timorous taste of editors and to the limitations of the "innocent females" for whom the volumes were predestined. "Mr. Harvey embodies in two or three lines the expression of a whole picture," says an enthusiastic reviewer, "and at the same time turns his inscription into a little gem of poetry." As a specimen gem, I quote one of four verses accompanying an engraving called *Morning Dreams*, — a young woman reclining on a couch, and simpering rapidly at the curtains: —

She has been dreaming, and her thoughts are still

On their far journey in the land of dreams;
The forms we call — but may not chase — at will,

And sweet low voices, soft as distant streams.

This is a fair sample of the verse supplied for Christmas annuals, which, however "chaste and classic," was surely never intended to be read. It is only right, however, to remember that Thackeray's *Piscator and Piscatrix* was written at Lady Blessington's behest, to accompany Watier's engraving of *The Happy Anglers*; and that Thackeray confessed to Locker that he was so much pleased with this picture, and so engrossed with his own poem, that he forgot to shave for the two whole days he was working at it. To write "good occasional verse," by which he meant verse begged or ordered for some such desperate emergency as Lady Blessington's, was, in his eyes, an intellectual feat. It represented difficulties overcome, like those wonderful old Italian frescoes fitted so harmoniously into unaccommodating spaces. Nothing can be more charming than *Piscator and Piscatrix*, and nothing can be more insipid than the engraving which inspired the lively rhymes:

As on this pictured page I look,
This pretty tale of line and hook,
As though it were a novel-book,

Amuses and engages:
I know them both, the boy and girl,
She is the daughter of an Earl,

The lad (that has his hair in curl)
My lord the County's page is.

A pleasant place for such a pair!
The fields lie basking in the glare;
No breath of wind the heavy air
Of lazy summer quickens.
Hard by you see the castle tall,
The village nestles round the wall,
As round about the hen, its small
Young progeny of chickens.

The verses may be read in any edition of Thackeray's ballads; but when we have hunted up the "pictured page" in a mouldy old *Keepsake*, and see an expressionless girl, a featureless boy, an indistinguishable castle, and no village, we are tempted to agree with Charles Lamb, who swore that he liked poems to explain pictures, and not pictures to illustrate poems. "Your wood-cut is a rueful *lignum mortis*."

There was a not unnatural ambition on the part of publishers and editors to secure for their annuals one or two names of repute with which to leaven the mass of mediocrity. It mattered little if the distinguished writer conscientiously contributed the feeblest offspring of his pen; that was a reasonable reckoning, — distinguished writers do the same to-day; but it mattered a great deal if, as too often happened, he broke his word, and failed to contribute anything. Then the unhappy editor was compelled to publish some such apologetic note as this from the *Amulet* of 1833. "The first sheet of the *Amulet* was reserved for my friend. Mr. Bulwer, who had kindly tendered me his assistance; but, in consequence of various unavoidable circumstances" (a pleasure trip on the Rhine), "he has been compelled to postpone his aid until next year." On such occasions, the "reserved" pages were filled by some veteran annualist, like Mr. Alaric Attila Watts, editor of the *Literary Souvenir*; or perhaps Mr. Thomas Haynes Bailey, he who wrote "I'd be a Butterfly," and "Gaily the Troubadour," was persuaded to warble some such appropriate sentiment as this in the *Forget-Me-Not*: —

It is a book we christen thus,
 Less fleeting than the flower;
 And 't will recall the past to us
 With talismanic power;

which was a true word spoken in rhyme. Nothing recalls that faded past, with its simpering sentimentality, its reposeful ethics, its shut-in standards, and its differentiation of the masculine and feminine intellects, like the yellow pages of an annual.

Tom Moore, favorite of gods and men, was singled out by publishers as the lodestar of their destinies, as the poet who could be best trusted to impart to the *Amethyst* or the *Talisman* (how like Pullman cars they sound!) that "elegant lightness" which befitted its mission in life. His accounts of the repeated attacks made on his virtue, and the repeated repulses he administered, fill by no means the least amusing pages of his journal. The first attempt was made by Orne, who, in 1826, proposed that Moore should edit a new annual on the plan of the *Souvenir*; and who assured the poet — always as deep in difficulties as Micawber — that, if the enterprise proved successful, it would yield him from five hundred to a thousand pounds a year. Moore, dazzled but not duped, declined the task; and the following summer, the engraver Heath made him a similar proposition, but on more assured terms. Heath was then preparing to launch upon the world of fashion his gorgeous *Keepsake*; and he offered Moore, first five hundred, and then seven hundred pounds a year, if he would accept the editorship. Seven hundred pounds loomed large in the poet's fancy, but pride forbade the bargain. The author of *Lalla Rookh* could not consent to bow his laureled head, and pilot the feeble Fatimas and Zelicass, the noble infants in coral necklets, and the still nobler ladies with pearl pendants on their brows, into the safe harbor of boudoir and drawing-room. He made this clear to Heath, who, nothing daunted, set off at once for Abbotsford, and laid his proposals at the feet of Sir

Walter Scott, adding to his bribe another hundred pounds.

Scott, the last man in Christendom to have undertaken such an office, or to have succeeded in it, softened his refusal with a good-natured promise to contribute to the *Keepsake* when it was launched. He was not nervous about his literary standing and he had no sensitive fear of lowering it by journeyman's work. "I have neither the right nor the wish," he wrote once to Murray, "to be considered above a common laborer in the trenches." Moore, however, was far from sharing this modest unconcern. When Reynolds, on whom the editorship of the *Keepsake* finally devolved, asked him for some verses, he peremptorily declined. Then began a system of pursuit and escape, of assault and repulse, which casts the temptations of St. Anthony into the shade. "By day and night," so Moore declares, Reynolds was "after" him, always increasing the magnitude of his bribe. At last he forced a check for a hundred pounds into the poet's empty pocket (for all the world like a scene in Caran d'Ache's *Histoire d'un Chèque*), imploring in return a hundred lines of verse. But Moore's virtue — or his vanity — was impregnable. "The task was but light, and the money would have been convenient," he confesses; "but I forced it back on him again. The fact is, it is my *name* brings these offers, and my name would suffer by accepting them."

One might suppose that the baffled tempter would now have permanently withdrawn, save that the strength of all tempters lies in their never knowing when they are beaten. Three years later, Heath renewed the attack, proposing that Moore should furnish *all* the letter-press, prose and verse, of the *Keepsake* for 1832, receiving in payment the generous sum of one thousand pounds. Strange to say, Moore took rather kindly to this appalling suggestion, admitted he liked it better than its predecessors, and consented to think the matter over for a fortnight. In the end, however, he adhered to his

original determination to hold himself virgin of annuals; and refused the thousand pounds, which would have paid all his debts, only to fall, as fall men must, a victim to female blandishments. He was cajoled into writing some lines for the *Casket*, edited by Mrs. Blencoe; and had afterwards the pleasure of discovering that the astute lady had added to her list of attractions another old poem of his, which, to avoid sameness, she obligingly credited to Lord Byron; enough to make that ill-used poet turn uneasily in his grave.

Charles Lamb's detestation of annuals dates naturally enough from the hour he was first seduced into becoming a contributor; and every time he lapsed from virtue, his rage blazed out afresh. When his ill-timed sympathy for a bereaved parent — and that parent an editor — landed him in the pages of the *Gem*, he wrote to Barton in an access of ill-humor which could find no phrases sharp enough to feed it.

"I hate the paper, the type, the gloss, the dandy plates, the names of contributors poked up into your eyes in the first page, and whistled through all the covers of magazines, the barefaced sort of emulation, the immodest candidateship, brought into so little space; in short I detest to appear in an Annual. . . . Don't think I set up for being proud on this point; I like a bit of flattery tickling my vanity as well as any one. But these pompous masquerades without masks (naked names or faces) I hate. So there's a bit of my mind."

"Frippery," "frumpery," "show and emptiness," are the mildest epithets at Lamb's command, as often as he laments his repeated falls from grace; and a few years before his death, when that "dumb soporifical good-for-nothingness" (curse of the Enfield lanes) weighted his pen, and dulled the lively processes of his brain, he writes with poignant melancholy, —

"I cannot scribble a long letter. I am, when not on foot, very desolate, and take

no interest in anything, scarce hate anything but Annuals." It is the last expression of a just antipathy, an instinctive clinging to something which can be reasonably hated to the end.

The most pretentious and the most aristocratic of the annuals was the ever famous *Book of Beauty*, edited for many years by the Countess of Blessington. Resting on a solid foundation of personal vanity (a superstructure never known to fail), it reached a heroic measure of success, and yielded an income which permitted the charming woman who conducted it to live as far beyond her means as any leader of the fashionable world in London. It was estimated that Lady Blessington earned by the "gorgeous inanities" she edited, and by the vapid tales she wrote, an income of from two thousand to three thousand pounds; but she would never have been paid so well for her work had she not supported her social position by an expenditure of twice that sum. Charles Greville, who spares no scorn he can heap upon her editorial methods, declares that she attained her ends "by puffing and stuffing, and untiring industry, by practising on the vanity of some, and the good-nature of others. And though I never met with any one who had read her books, except the *Conversations with Byron*, which are too good to be hers, they are unquestionably a source of considerable profit, and she takes her place confidently and complacently as one of the literary celebrities of her day."

Greville's instinctive unkindness leaves him often wide of the mark, but on this occasion we can only say that he might have spoken his truths more humanely. If Lady Blessington helped to create the demand which she supplied, if she turned her friendships to account, and made of hospitality a means to an end (a line of conduct not unknown to-day), she worked with unsparing diligence, and with a sort of desperate courage for over twenty years. Rival Books of Beauty were launched upon a surfeited market, but

she maintained her precedence. For ten years she edited the *Keepsake*, and made it a source of revenue, until the unhappy bankruptcy and death of Heath. Like Mrs. Jarley, she was the delight of the nobility and gentry; and in her annuals we breathe the pure air of ducal households, and consort with the peeresses of England, turning condescendingly now and then to contemplate a rusticity so obviously artificial it can be trusted never to offend. That her standard of art (she had no standard of letters) was acceptable to the British public is proved by the rapturous praise of critics and reviewers. Thackeray, indeed, professed to think the sumptuous ladies who loll and languish in the pages of the year-book underclad and indecorous; but this was in the spirit of hypercriticism. Hear rather how a writer in *Fraser's Magazine* describes in a voice trembling with emotion the opulent charms of one of the Countess of Blessington's *Beauties*:—"There leans the tall and imperial form of the enchantress, with raven tresses surmounted by the cachemire of sparkling red; while her ringlets flow in exuberant waves over the full-formed neck; and barbaric pearls, each one worth a king's ransom, rest in marvellous contrast with her dark and mysterious loveliness."

"Here's richness!" to quote our friend Mr. Squeers. Here's something of which it is hard to think a public could ever tire. Yet sixteen years later, when the Countess of Blessington died in poverty and exile, but full of courage to the end, the *Examiner* tepidly observed that the probable extinction of the year-book "would

be the least of the sad regrets attending her loss."

For between 1823 and 1850 three hundred annuals had been published in England, and the end was very near. Exhausted nature was crying for release. It is terrible to find an able and honest writer like Miss Mitford editing a preposterous volume called the *Iris*, of inhuman bulk and superhuman inanity; a book which she well knew could never, under any press of circumstances, be read by mortal man or woman. There were annuals to meet every demand, and to please every class of purchaser. Comic annuals for those who hoped to laugh; a *Botanic Annual* for girls who took country walks with their governess; an *Oriental Annual* for readers of Byron and Moore; a *Landscape Annual* for lovers of nature; *The Christian Keepsake* for ladies of serious minds; and *The Protestant Annual* for those who feared Christianity might possibly embrace the Romish Church. There were five annuals for English children; from one of which, *The Juvenile Keepsake*, I quote these lines, so admirably adapted to the childish mind. Newton is supposed to speak them in his study:

Pure and ethereal essence, fairest light,
Come hither, and before my watchful eyes
Disclose thy hidden nature, and unbind
Thy mystic, fine-attenuated parts;
That so, intently marking, I the source
May learn of colours, Nature's matchless gifts.

There are three pages of this poem, all in the same simple language, from which it is fair to infer that the child's annual, like its grown-up neighbor, was made to be bought, not read.

MR. MUDGE

BY HARRY JAMES SMITH

OUT of the open windows of his private office, — open that April morning for the first time, — Aubrey Cutler and I had been watching the passing crowd below, and he had been making comments. Though it was a Sunday and the air was full of spring, he had remarked that the manner of the crowd could never have reminded you of anything less prosaic than a breakfast at Child's or a Jersey City ferry.

"The divorce of poetry from real life," he concluded, with the defiant air of one who announced a startling discovery, "that's the shocking price of commercialism. The man who stops to look at blue sky is a public nuisance, — in New York."

Because he seemed to expect it, I opposed him. "The fact is," I said tritely, "he's not contributive. Society gives your sentimentalist as much as he deserves."

As he knocked the ashes out of his pipe, he studied me with a pained look through half-shut eyes: thus I have seen him scrutinize some monstrosity of modern architecture. I leaned back in my chair and waited. I would have waited indefinitely for Aubrey; it is fascinating to watch the shades of expression that keep crinkling about his eyelids and touching the corners of his lips. And no matter how dogmatically he may finally bring out his opinions, you more than half suspect that underneath he's quietly laughing at himself all the time.

"You can't help saying that," he observed; "therefore you are not to be blamed. The whole race of sentimentalists has lately come into disrepute: and though it was n't to them that I was referring, but to the real poet, I'll take you up on your own statement. I main-

tain that the man of sentiment does a better quality of work than his pedestrian neighbor, because to him his work is as an art; he himself has one portion of the artist's birthright."

"I don't quite see it," I said.

"Of course not. I did n't expect it of a newspaper man, — and of one who does not know my friend, Mr. Mudge. There you have a tonsorial artist, — mind you, artist, — and the misunderstanding world, including myself, was on the point of pinning him ruthlessly to the wall like a butterfly; only that crime was prevented at the last minute."

"If you told me more of him, I might be converted," I said, — not too eagerly, though, for he always suspects me when I grow eager.

Aubrey hesitated. With all the assurance of his theories, he is singularly backward in talking about himself and his own personal experiences. His reputation embarrasses him; he knows that people say, "Is n't that just like Aubrey?"

As a matter of fact he is the most humanistic person I ever knew, never so happy as when getting acquainted with some new side of human nature, or discovering some purely unconventional and spontaneous reaction; and as a consequence he possesses an extraordinary set of friends. — You may have seen that funny little crack-brained French marquis who wanders about Harmony Row, — that's one of them; and then there's a bell-boy at the Murray Hill, and a curate of the Paulist Fathers, and a Russian anarchist from Hester Street, — nobody but Aubrey himself knows the whole list; but he's loyal to them all, and they love him, though they'd be at each other's throats if they met.

Observing that he still hesitated, I ventured to begin the story for him. "It was a pleasant day in the park; the sky was translucent amethyst," — I suggested, with the impudence of one who had written uncounted columns of Syndicate stuff, and who knew besides the manner in which Aubrey's adventures in humanity were likely to originate.

"Please don't make fun of me," he begged, with an earnestness not wholly feigned. "If I pretended to be a raconteur, I might be ashamed of such a crudity; but my theory is that if the thing happened in the park, why, I should n't be justified in transporting it to the conservatory."

"Tell me of Mr. Mudge," I urged seductively, in sudden fear that he might discuss the relation of sincerity to art. Aubrey's theories, despite the characteristic language in which he expounds them, are sometimes wearisome.

"It was a warm afternoon early last November," he said, "and I sat in the sun on one of the benches in Madison Square. There was a thin, almost a dreamy, haze in the air, which lent a peculiar suavity to the lines of the Garden tower; and on the summit of it the Diana gleamed and floated against pale clouds. And always in one's ears was the ceaseless rumble of the city, vague, indistinguishable, pervasive. — You get the setting?"

"And Mr. Mudge?" I asked.

"All things in due course," was his rejoinder. "You need the background, because otherwise Thomas may not compose properly: he demands the most delicate adjustment of high-lights and masses."

As has been said, [he continued, after a moment's silence] I was sitting there in the melancholy splendor of the autumnal sunshine, engrossed in a story of Tourgenieff's, — *Virgin Soil*, I believe, — when I was startled by a sigh — a sigh so gentle, so diffident, yet so undeniably

audible, that my attention was at once alert. I did not look at the person beside me, — not directly, I mean, — but from the periphery of my eye I observed his neat checked suit, small patent leathers, and mauve socks clocked in cerise. I noticed too that his newspaper was lying unregarded in his lap, and that he seemed to be gazing pensively through the bare branches of the trees in the direction of the Garden. It seemed a strange and baffling source for such a melancholy, and I had turned again to my book, when for a second time the sigh startled me, — a somewhat conscious and obvious sigh, I thought, that seemed — with great modesty — to be requesting audience.

I could resist its appeal no longer. I shut my book and stretched myself a little. "It's a queer world," I announced finally. There's nothing like a piece of banality like that, you know, to establish an *entente cordiale*: it's a token of our common humanity.

My neighbor must have been pleased, for after a courteous lapse of time he replied, "It is that, sir. As I was just turnin' over in my mind, amongst other things."

"I hope I did n't interrupt," I murmured.

There was an urbanity almost professional in his tone. "It was a pleasure I'm sure, sir. There is things, sir, as ye may know, that brings queer feelin's to a man when he turns 'em over in his mind, — exceptionable queer."

I regarded him in deferential silence. He was a proper little man, as impeccable as the most scrupulous clothier's dummy on Broadway. More than clothes too, for his mustache was done with the same finished art, and there was a similar bloom of spring on his cheeks. His eyes, however, were not glassy. I wish you could have seen them — responsive, limpid, mellow — little lakes, one might say, of gentleness and innocence. It touched me.

Then he resumed: "And so as I sits

here, kind o' broodin'-like on things in general, it come to me as how that there lady on the tower dancin' and skippin' so airy in the sun, she has a cinch, ain't she, — nothin' to trouble or annoy and stir up her feelin's, — and all us people down here worritin' our bloomin' heads off. . . . I suppose that's rot!"

At this strange anti-climax I sat up with a start. "What?" I ejaculated.

He looked at me a little sheepishly and let out a small, nervous giggle. "Most of what I say is rot," he explained meekly. "It's the way I'm made. I would n't care so much, only . . . there is things . . . any man knows what they be . . . and they don't always make you feel very funny."

I passed him a cigarette; but he declined it. "Thank you kindly," he said. "It's her, sir, — the one I'm tellin' you about. — She don't like me to."

I thought I scented the drift. "She's a bit fussy, perhaps," I hazarded. "Lots of them are."

He turned his eyes full upon me, reproachful, wondering, like the eyes of a spaniel maltreated. "No, she ain't fussy," he said. "She's only particular. You see, bein' a graduate of a Commercial College, she's got her ideas. I ain't objectin', sir. An' she plays the piano, too; it's — it's nice, I can tell you. A pianola ain't in it." His face beamed with pride and joy.

"You're engaged," I ventured amiably.

The smile faded. His whole personality drooped like the leaf of a sensitive plant too rudely handled. "No," he said, with sudden reticence. "We ain't engaged."

There was something so pathetic in this alteration, that I felt almost as if I had been gross, and sat silently for a time, wondering how I might make amends. He had not been offended, however.

In a minute he lifted his head and looked furtively around, as if to make sure that only sympathetic ears should

hear his *Confessio Amantis*. "The truth is, sir," he said, in a dramatic whisper, "*I ain't worthy of her.*"

He waited to observe the effect of his words; but I did not speak: I could not think of anything to say.

"I suppose that sounds sort of funny to you," he explained, allowing his glance (almost imperceptibly) to make a hasty summary of his personal attributes (I noticed anew the cerise embroiderings on his socks), — "leastways when you think o' the bloomin' little shop I got, with four chairs and all the up-to-date fixin's — Parisian massage, electric shampoo, and all them; but Isobel, well, she's different to other girls. 'Thomas,' says she, — just that way, sir, pleasant-like and yet severe, — 'Thomas,' says she, 'You're *such a fool!* That's the only thing I've got against you.'"

His candid eyes met mine. "Well," he concluded. "That's it, sir; I be."

His self-knowledge struck me as so encyclopædic that it would have been an impertinence to contradict him. "How do you mean," I asked, — "a fool?"

"Well, you see I always was kind o' that way, a little moonshiny. What's the use, says I to myself, of eatin' your grub an' doin' your work an' goin' to bed day after day as long as you live if there ain't nothin' else to it? You might just as well be a — a animile if that's all. I've got to be thinkin' about things. Where's the good o' bein' in love if you can't get no enjoyment in it?"

"I don't quite follow," I remarked.

"Well, like this," he elucidated: "Says I to a lady, 'will ye marry me, ma'am?' — 'Yes, sure I will,' says she, or 'No, not I,' says she; and there you be! You ain't got nothin' to think about in that. It might as well not o' happened accordin' to me. I wants to figgur things out and 'ave 'em happen right — one way or another — and then you've got something nice to remember in after days."

His eyes began to glow reminiscently as he reverted to his own tender past.

"Why, sir, before I ever got the dip to Isobel, I used to see her trottin' by the winder on her way to work, airy as a little butterfly; and I'd be lookin' out for her and lookin' out for her, an' gettin' that worked up — there's many a customer, sir, as don't know how near he come to havin' his ear chopped off by mistake. But she ain't that kind. 'Shut up, Thomas,' says she; 'You're such a awful fool!' says she."

I began to feel as if I had known Thomas Mudge all my life. Indeed it grew hard to realize that he was only a very small man sitting beside me on a Park bench; for in him my awakened imagination saw the type and perfect flower of all the Thomas Mudges, mute, inglorious, and obscure, that had sighed since the world was.

He was evidently glad to have discovered so appreciative a listener. And though, as he told me of himself and of Isobel, the mere facts were commonplace and familiar enough, they did not in the least give me that impression: each came touched and glorified by the same delicate aura of sentiment; of every bone was coral made. And I learned how for a year now he had been pressing his suit, and how she always let him give her flowers and candy, and take her to the Third Avenue to see "The Child Slaves of New York," or "A Crown of Thorns," — and twice last summer they had gone to Coney; — but how once when he had told her that she was like a violet only ten times more so, she had made up a face and said people who knew anything did n't talk that way nowadays.

"It's funny," he concluded confidentially, — "this 'ere business o' bein' thrown down by a girl. You'd think it would cut you up awful, and it do in one way, an' then in another, — well, put it like this: every mornin' when it comes time for her to pass, I'm a speculatin' on whether she'll give me one of her looks; an' suppose she goes by never turnin' of her head, I says to myself, 'Thomas, my boy, there goes a lady you ain't good

enough for, — you ain't worthy of her,' I says. An' then I goes to work again, — say it's a man I'm shavin', — and acts as if I did n't care, so's no one will see as I'm sufferin' like that inside. But I guess it's leaked out: one can't hide them things, can they?"

I made a sympathetic exclamation, which he took in good part.

"You may well believe, sir, as I've got plenty of things to think about when I comes out here like this into the square for a little spell. And then to-day, I thought she might be goin' by on her way home from work; but it's gettin' too late for her now."

"Tell me," I resumed, "how long is this going to keep up? It can't last always."

"I'm turnin' that over in my mind," he replied. "Somebody seen her with another fellow, and the last time I went to her house her mother said, 'Isobel was called away unexpected to-night,' — but I know there was somebody gigglin' around the corner. I did n't say nothin'. I wisht I had: I thought o' lots o' things since."

"What if she should marry him?" I asked with brutal directness. My motive was not mere curiosity, however. It was plain to me that someone ought to open Thomas's eyes.

He gazed pensively at the Diana glimmering through the soft curtain of haze. "Well," he said with a sigh, "it would make a pretty sad endin', would n't it?"

Thereupon he drew forth a fresh dotted lawn handkerchief, from which I caught a faint seductive scent of heliotrope, and flecked a bit of dust from his shoe. It had all the effect of bringing that chapter of our conversation to a perfectly-rounded period.

I got up to go. "I'll be walkin' along with you a little piece," said Thomas, "if it would be any pleasure to you. I ain't got to go back to the shop quite yet."

We walked through the Square together, speaking only of commonplaces, — of how quickly the winter was coming

on; — it was getting a little lonesome in the park, he said, now that the leaves were all gone and the flowerbeds empty; he hardly liked to go there any more because it made him think of how bright and sociable-like it had been in summer.

The full tide of the early afternoon traffic was flowing down Broadway, and in our attempts to make a safe crossing we were separated. For a moment I thought I had lost him; — then I spied him once more, leaning back limply against the rail of a show window, his mouth half open, and a look of consternation not yet gone out of his eyes. I made my way to him.

"Oh, oh," he blurted out faintly. "There she is, — and him!"

I followed the direction of his glance, and beyond the column of passing vehicles I caught a glimpse of Isobel and her escort just starting diagonally across the Square. I knew at once it was she: there was a tell-tale consciousness in her manner as she tossed her head archly at her companion — who, to judge by his shoulders, might have been a book-keeper — and with one hand nervously fingered her back hair. A moment later they were lost to sight.

"I almost bumped into 'em crossing the street," gasped Thomas weakly, "and she never give me a look. And she was laughin' fit to kill."

He recollected himself; gave a tasteful twitch to the creases of his trousers; and together we turned into a side street. We had not gone far when he nudged my elbow politely and looked up into my face. "Do you mind, sir, if I makes bold to ask your advice?"

In the midst of the hurrying crowd we seemed for the moment curiously alone, — I face to face with my responsibility. His confidence in me was a trust, I felt, to which I must not be disloyal, and I could see but one way of answering.

"Thomas," I said, "my advice may not please you, but I think I ought to be frank. It's clear to me that you will have to give her up sometime: I counsel you

to do it now, once and for all. It'll be the best thing in the end."

A look of gentle horror fled across his features. "O dear, but I could n't," he ejaculated weakly, — "not for ever, — and all to wunst."

"Well, a month to begin with," I qualified.

"For two weeks, — *if I can*," he consented despairingly. "I knowed already I'd ought to make up my mind that way. But you won't leave me do it all alone, will you?" he added, putting a detaining hand on my arm.

I took his card. "No," I said. "I'll drop in and see you."

I did. His shop was only a couple of blocks from my own office, and I used to run in for a shave every two or three days. Having involved myself so far in the affair, it was plainly my duty to stand by my protégé. And he needed support. It was really rather pitiful. The sacrifice cost him so much more than I could have predicted — out of my ignorance. I observed that he was looking old and worn; certainly the roses were fading from his cheeks, and there were blue channels under his eyes. He told me — with a certain dismal relish — that he was losin' his appetite, that nothin' tasted the same to him nowadays, that he could n't seem to get no enjoyment in things at all.

And as he shaved me (I cannot describe those shaves: every detail was touched with an artistic embellishment; it was an æsthetic privilege to submit one's self to his attentions), he insisted upon recalling in a reminiscent undertone various experiences out of his happier past, before the shadow of disillusion had fallen upon him.

"I wrote her," he explained, "that I guessed I was too busy to come round any more. I said me and you was very good friends, sir, — I thought that would make her feel funny, because she always told me my friends was a queer lot."

Thus Thomas would recount his heart's autobiography; and all the time

I supposed I was doing my duty:—that I was acting for his best good. Which only goes to show how fallible and materialistic all our theorizing is when it pits itself against that illogical and primitive thing which has made the world go round since before Eden. With the best intentions conceivable I was weeding a flower bed with a steam cultivator. It makes me shudder now to think of the harm I might have done,—ploughing around like that, reckless and insolent, among asphodels, bleeding-hearts, and love-in-a-mist! . . .

Aubrey shuddered dramatically, crossed his legs the other way, and relighted his pipe. I watched him with anxiety.

"Please go on with the story," I suggested, after a long and very inconclusive silence.

Aubrey looked annoyed. "I was n't telling you a story," he retorted. "I was trying to give you some insight into a significant type of character. It's disappointing to find that you're just like the rest of the world:—'A story! Tell us a story!'—as if that mattered."

"What I am really asking for," I explained diplomatically, "is further insight. It's a mere matter of terms. Did he finally succeed in forgetting her?"

"I don't know what he would have done if he'd been left alone. But that was n't her idea. You see she was in love with him."

"She was!"

"Oh yes,—madly, passionately, and all that. I found it out in due time. . . .

Something more than a week had passed, [he resumed],—nine days, to be precise,—since I had so solemnly pointed out the way of salvation to Thomas. I was sitting in my office dictating a bunch of letters, when the door-boy brought word to me that a young lady wanted to talk with me personally. "Something very important," she had said, and she would n't send in her name.

"Show her in," I said, though there was a sudden presentiment of ill about my heart. An instant later she entered. I recognized her by the small green hat with a bunch of wings at the side.

A glance at her tight-shut lips was enough. I sent out my stenographer and pointed Isobel to a seat, which she took stiffly, as if under protest. The silence in the room was like that in which one watches a fuse.

"I—have—come—" she began, at last, biting off each of her words nervously,—and then she stopped. I was sorry for her but had to wait.

"I have come," she resumed, and I noticed a certain shrillness in her voice, "to ask if you would be so kind and polite as to explain to me why"—She broke off again, leaned forward, and clutched the edge of the desk with both hands.—"What have you been saying to Thomas,—that's what I want to know! He's my—I'm Isobel Higgins, and I've made up my mind to find out, so there!"

She rose to her feet with blazing eyes. Her tongue was loosened, it appeared. "I don't know what business you have talking about me anyway or meddling in my affairs," she proceeded headlong.—"but I wanted to tell you that I just would n't stand it, that's all; and you've got to explain."

It was clear that I must act quickly. Isobel had taken hold of one of the arms of the hat-tree, and I could see all the hats and canes on it trembling with sympathetic emotion.

"Miss Higgins," I said, attempting to assume a calmness which was far from being mine, "there's a mistake somewhere, I'm sure. Thomas said that you did n't have any use for him. He was all broken up about it. He thought there was n't any hope."

"He did!"—she looked at me with one of those strange, luminous flashes of comprehension which women sometimes have. Then she suddenly loosened her hold on the hat-tree and sat down.

"Oh, is n't Thomas a fool!" It would be hard to decide whether she was crying or laughing.

"He said you had refused him," I hastened to add, feeling that somehow my own reputation and not his was now at stake.

"Well, I did," she granted, without the slightest hesitation.

"And that you were going around with another man."

"I was," she said.

"And that you did n't recognize him."

She nodded.

"Well, what could one help inferring from that?" I asked, in a voice which did not sound so triumphant as I wanted it to.

She gazed at me with eyes in which pity and scorn were curiously blended. "I guess you ain't much on girls," she commented dryly.

I felt myself withering under that look; and that same full-rout shame seized me which one occasionally experiences in dreams, caught half-clad on a public thoroughfare.

"Excuse me just a minute," I blurted out, and fled from the place. It was not wholly cowardice. In the midst of my inner turmoil, an inspiration had come to me.

I gave a message to the boy. . . . "It's very important," I added. "Don't delay a minute, and be sure to bring him back with you."

Then I took a long breath and returned to Isobel.

I said, "I feel, Miss Higgins, as if I owed you an apology and an explanation. If you will be a little patient with me, I will tell you about my acquaintance with Mr. Mudge, and I think that will make some things clearer."

I told her, — not exactly what I have told you: — it was a sort of revised edition with a series of special marginalia, — you understand. She listened almost without comment; indeed I don't think she was more than half paying attention to what I said. It was clear that I might

exonerate myself of perfidy, but never of stupidity.

I was just telling her how terribly to heart Thomas had taken his renunciation, how cast down and depressed he had been ever since, when I was interrupted by the long-expected knock at the door.

"Mr. Mudge, sir," said the boy, and disappeared.

Thomas entered, a little dazed still by the suddenness and obscurity of his summons; but his look changed to one almost of panic as he saw the lady in the chair.

Everything now depended on Isobel; but she was equal to the occasion: being, I may add, a woman, and very feminine, instinct and tact both came to her aid. She sprang to her feet and flung herself upon Thomas with a deliberate and thrilling abandon which his fondest dreams could hardly have given credence to.

"Thomas William," she cried, "you old dear!" and then they kissed each other and said a number of rather foolish things, as young lovers will. I stood a little at one side, silent and slightly embarrassed, but agreeably conscious that all things were working together for good; and if I add that Thomas looked at me two or three times over her shoulder to make sure that I appreciated the situation, you will not charge that unkindly against him.

An instant later Isobel drew herself hastily away. "Thomas," she said, and her face was very much flushed, "are n't you the biggest ninny that ever lived?" "I suppose I be," said Thomas, with modest pride.

Isobel turned to me, quite herself again. "But we must n't keep you any longer," she said, and after a good deal of handshaking and so forth, they left the room.

But Thomas had forgotten something, and came back. Leaning over the desk he spoke almost in a whisper. "You would n't of thought that day we was sett'n' together in the park that it was

goin' to have such a pleasant endin' as this, would you?" . . .

It has its compensations, you know, this business of being patron-saint to two young things like that, even if your charges do go off and leave you alone

with your hands still extended. And besides, Thomas has not forgotten me: I have the life privilege of being shaved at his shop without charge, — the only man, I dare say, in New York, who possesses so distinctive an honor.

BROWNING'S LINEAGE

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

How blind the toil that burrows like the mole,
 In winding graveyard pathways underground,
 For Browning's lineage! What if men have found
 Poor footmen or rich merchants on the roll
 Of his forbears? Did they beget his soul?
 Nay, for he came of ancestry renowned
 In poesy through all the world, and crowned
 With fadeless light that shines from pole to pole.

The blazons on his poet's shield are these:
 The flaming sign of Shelley's heart on fire,
 The golden globe of Shakespeare's human stage,
 The staff and scrip of Chaucer's pilgrimage,
 The rose of Dante's deep, divine desire,
 The tragic mask of wise Euripides.

LAFCADIO HEARN

BY FERRIS GREENSLET

ON a memorable day some years ago a certain sub-editor exploring the morning's mail found his sense enthralled by a weird, sad, delicious odor. Perfumes in the mail were not unheard-of: violets there had been, and musk, and orange blossoms, and tobacco; and the sub-editor, with the fantasy appropriate to his station, even prided himself on his ability to close his eyes and pick out a California contribution by the unaided sense of smell. But never before had there been anything like this. Its chief essence was sandalwood, that was clear, but sandalwood so etherialized and mingled with I know not what of exotic scents and incense that it gave to the imagination a provocative ghostly thrill indescribable. The basket of the Muses, hastily tumbled, disclosed a portentous envelope of straw color, with queer blue stamps in one corner, and queer unknown characters in another; yet queerest of all was the address in an odd orientalized hand, done with delicate, curiously curving strokes of the pen. Within, in a script still less Spencerian, these words met the sub-editor's excited eye:

"*The Dream of Akinosuké*

"In the district called Toichi of Yamato province, there used to live a gōshi named Miyata Akinosuké;" and so on through some twenty pages, telling a mystical legend of old Japan with exquisitely tinted colors, — in a singularly spare, yet lovely and melodious English style.

This was the writer's first introduction to Lafcadio Hearn, known to him up to that time only by a somewhat formidable repute as "the best interpreter of Japan," and mentally scheduled for perusal on a convenient opportunity which had never

come. Since then Hearn's twenty volumes have been read and reread; there has been correspondence with his family and friends; his complicated life has been investigated in detail. Yet the sharpness, the intensity, of that first experience of his quality is not blurred. Studying his works in their order, studying his recently published *Life and Letters*,¹ one may derive fuller knowledge of the furnishing of his mind, the variety of his experience, the direction of the inner current of his life. Yet the impression that persists is that of weird, sad, delicious savor, of ghostly thrill.

I

In Elizabeth Bisland (now Mrs. Wetmore) Lafcadio Hearn has a biographer of an exceptional sort. His intimate friend for twenty years, to whom, we may guess, he disclosed only the best that was in him, she has been singularly well prepared to write of him from the angle of the angels; and of Hearn the *advocatus diaboli* has already said his say. The salient and enduring merit of Mrs. Wetmore's work is that, without being sentimental, it is finely feminine. It may be doubted whether perfectly even-handed justice, the justice of the quizzical, critical, analytical male mind, is ever quite fair to the peculiar. It is certain, at any rate, that this vivid, affectionate, one may almost say motherly, record of Hearn's fugitive and feverish life affords a view of him in more illuminating consonance with the quality of his work than any that has been offered by his friends of his own sex.

In one of his earliest letters to Mrs. Wetmore we find Hearn saying: "You

¹ *The Life and Letters of Lafcadio Hearn*. By ELIZABETH BISLAND. In two volumes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1906.

have one very remarkable gift — that of creating an impression that remains, with a very few words." This gift is often in evidence in her narrative, nowhere more effectively, perhaps, than in a cleanly drawn pen portrait of Hearn's person and manner, which may serve to introduce us to the external semblance of the man whose inner life we are endeavoring to apprehend:—

"He was a most unusual and memorable person. About five feet three inches in height, with unusually broad and powerful shoulders for such a stature, there was an almost feminine grace and lightness in his step and movements. . . . A peculiar physical cleanliness was characteristic of him — that cleanliness of uncontaminated savages and wild animals, which has the air of being so essential and innate as to make the best-groomed men and domestic beasts seem almost frowzy by contrast. His hands were very delicate and supple, with quick timid movements that were yet full of charm, and his voice was musical and very soft. He spoke always in short sentences, and the manner of his speech was very modest and deferential. His head was quite remarkably beautiful; the profile both bold and delicate, with admirable modeling of the nose, lips, and chin. The brow was square, and full above the eyes, and the complexion a clear, smooth olive. The enormous work which he demanded of his vision had enlarged beyond its natural size the eye upon which he depended for sight, but originally, before the accident, — whose disfiguring effect he magnified and was exaggeratedly sensitive about, — his eyes must have been handsome, for they were large, of a dark liquid brown, and heavily lashed. In conversation he frequently, almost instinctively, placed his hand over the injured eye to conceal it from his companion. . . . One of his habits while talking was to walk about, touching softly the furnishings of the room, or the flowers of the garden, picking up small objects for study with his pocket-glass, and meantime pouring out

a stream of brilliant talk in a soft, half-apologetic tone, with constant deference to the opinions of his companions. Any idea advanced he received with respect, however much he might differ, and if a phrase or suggestion appealed to him, his face lit with a most delightful irradiation of pleasure, and he never forgot it.

"A more delightful or — at times — more fantastically witty companion it would be impossible to imagine, but it is equally impossible to attempt to convey his astounding sensitiveness. To remain on good terms with him it was necessary to be as patient and wary as one who stalks the hermit thrush to its nest. Any expression of anger or harshness to anyone drove him to flight, any story of moral or physical pain sent him quivering away, and a look of ennui or resentment, even if but a passing emotion, and indulged in while his back was turned, was immediately conveyed to his consciousness in some occult fashion, and he was off in an instant."

It is a cause for thankfulness that the delicate, some might say ticklish, task of writing the authoritative story of Hearn's life should have fallen to the lot of one who had "stalked the hermit thrush to his nest."

II

But the bulk of the two volumes, and, we may believe, their weight in Time's scales, consists of the letters written to an astonishing variety of correspondents and covering a period of twenty-five years; and before attempting to reconstruct the spiritual drama of Hearn's life it will be of advantage to consider his quality as a letter-writer.

The first trait that strikes the attentive reader of Hearn's letters is a certain impulsive *speed*, rising at times into an almost lyrical cadence. There is little trace in them of the careful, somewhat mannered neatness of expression which has marked the work of most of the great letter-writers in English, — Gray, Cowper, FitzGerald, Lowell, Stevenson. It is not

so much that the classic letter-writers wrote with an eye to the printing-press, as that they regarded epistolization as a by-pursuit appropriate to the man of letters, that they were not oblivious of the traditions of the art, that they not seldom thought "What a charming letter this is. Where's your James Howell now?" With Hearn, on the contrary, there is never the least sense of artifice. His letters are "lyrical" in their self-revelation as in their cadence. They have a certain unpremeditated effusiveness as of a shy and reserved person suddenly at ease with a sympathetic friend. They are to be classed, therefore, so far as flavor is concerned, — there is at present no question of rank, — not with the letters of the neat-handed bookmen, but with those of warmer romanticists, — Shelley, Byron, Richard Wagner. Another and a connected trait is that few bodies of letters have ever shown so much mutuality. Few letter-writers have been so sensitive as Hearn to the personality of their correspondents, so unaffectedly interested in their affairs and thoughts, or have been so ready to take color from their playful, grave, or inquiring moods. This is the source of one great present attraction of the Hearn letters, they are a microcosmic cross section of the lives of himself and his friends, and they have at times a lively dramatic quality.

But it must not be inferred from this that the correspondence is primarily interesting as a "human document," an artless record of a picturesque and romantic life. Unpremeditated, and in a sense casual, as much of it is, it is, nevertheless, the work of a master of impressionistic prose, and the outpouring of a singularly vivid spirit. There is scarcely a page without its gem of phrase, its memorable sentence. Take a few found by turning at random half a dozen pages of the first volume: "a flash of the eye like the gleam of a black opal;" "a vast and varied ass;" "Whitman's is, indeed, a Titanic voice; but it seems to me the voice of the giant beneath

the volcano, — half-stifled, half uttered, — roaring betimes because articulation is impossible;" "All history is illuminated by the Eternal Feminine, even as the world's circle in Egyptian mythology is illuminated by Neith curving her luminous woman's body from horizon to horizon." There are thousands of phrases and sentences as good or better. And the substance is as striking as the opulent felicity of expression. The book is in a way cosmic as well as microcosmic. It is vastly impressive to see so many regions of this colored world, so much of the grey realm of philosophy, of the black universe of modern science, through the temperament of a shy and passionate dreamer forever peering through the kaleidoscopic lens of his solitary eye.

How suggestive and haunting, to take but a single example, is this passage from a letter written to his friend, Mr. Ellwood Hendrick, on the morning after the birth of Hearn's first child: —

"What also much impressed me in your letter was the feeling of sadness the spectacle of the great Exposition gave you. But I scarcely think it was due to any reminiscence of boyhood — not simply because of its being certainly a feeling infinitely too complex to have sprung out of a single relative experience in the past (your confession of inability to analyze it, and the statement of others who had the same feeling, would show that), — but also because, if you reflect on other experiences of a wholly different kind, you will find they give the same sensation. The first sight of a colossal range of mountains; the awful beauty of a peak like Chimborazo or Fuji; the majesty of an enormous river; the vision of the sea in speaking motion; and, among human spectacles, a military sight, such as the passing-by of a corps of fifty thousand men, will give also a feeling of sadness. You will feel something like it standing in the choir of the Cathedral of Cologne; and you will feel something like it while watching in the night, from some mighty railroad centre, the rushing of glimmer-

ing trains, — bearing away human lives to unknown destinies beyond the darkness. . . .

"Now at the Exposition you had all the elements for what Clifford would call a 'cosmic emotion' of sadness. Vastness, which forced the knowledge of individual weakness; beauty, compelling the memory of impermanency; force, suggesting weakness also; and prodigious effort, — calling for the largest possible exertion of human sympathy and love, and pity, and sorrow. That you should feel like crying then, does you honour: that is the tribute of all that is noblest in you to the eternal Religion of Human Suffering."

But picturesque and variously suggestive as these letters are, interesting as every line of them is to the admirer of Hearn's work, it does not seem likely that in their present bulk they will preserve a permanent place in literature beyond the lives of his contemporaries. The cargo is too loosely stowed for that. But some day, perhaps, there will be made up from them a volume of pictures of American, West Indian, and Japanese life, of reflections upon the methods of literary art, of curious lore, of humane observations, of philosophical musings and lyrical confessions, that will take its place beside the *Journal Intime* of the Genevese professor as one of the minor but sincere and significant expressions of the soul of the nineteenth century.

III

The outline of the external course of Lafcadio Hearn's life is too well known to need repetition here. Mrs. Wetmore has not materially modified our notions of his career, but she has woven into her narrative a wealth of intimate and revealing detail that will make Hearn, for the first time to many of his readers, a credible, coherent, and even attractive human type. From her work and from the fuller revelation of the letters it is possible to revive a personality more definite and forceful than was to be felt beneath the

multi-colored web of his formal writing.

Born in that Ionian Isle where Sappho destroyed herself for love, the child of an Irishman and a Greek, with an added strain of Gypsy blood, Hearn first takes on a human tangibility when we find him deserted by his parents and living in the ultra-religious household of a great-aunt in Wales, a little dark-eyed, dark-faced, passionate boy, "with a wound in his heart and gold rings in his ears." In the fragments of autobiography dealing with this time, which Mrs. Wetmore has printed, we find his visionary little mind occupied with highly significant images, — the horrors of hell-fire, ghosts, and "the breasts of nymphs in the brake" soon to be blotted out from the plates in his favorite book by the priest who had his education in charge.

After a romantic though somewhat vague Odyssey of misfortune, Hearn finally emerges in Cincinnati at the age of twenty as "Old Semi-Colon," a proof-reader and budding journalist by profession, a flame-hearted artist in words by aspiration. His appearance at this time, as a striking bearded portrait shows, was that of a Parisian poet not yet "arrived;" and that side of his temperament, which later made him style himself, half in irony, half in penitence "a vicious, French-hearted scalawag," was then, perhaps, most restive. He attended spiritualistic seances, he tried a little opium, and made other fantastic experiments in life. But these are topics that need not concern us here. The important point for us is that with the Cincinnati period the tale of Hearn's career as a literary artist begins. He "devours" Hoffmann and writes marvelous murder stories for the Sunday edition of his paper; he studies the methods of those great *prosateurs*, Flaubert and Gautier; and finally, before leaving Cincinnati in 1877, he completes the translation of the tales of Gautier which he published some years later as *One of Cleopatra's Nights and Other Fantastic Romances*. As a conveying of the flavor of a strongly-flavored

writer the work was singularly successful. It was dedicated "To the lovers of the loveliness of the antique world, the lovers of artistic beauty and artistic truth." A dedication to the lovers of *macabre* would have been more appropriate. In his choice of tales, in his gusto in the rendering of certain passages, in the "flowers of the yew" which he thought best to add in an appendix, Hearn showed himself more macabresque than his master.

As we look at the decade of Hearn's life at New Orleans the notable thing now is the growth of his artistic, and still more of his intellectual, power. At first his imagination was captured by the strange, tropical, intoxicating beauty of the old Creole city, its social and ethnological contrasts, its mysterious underworld, and barbaric cults. He felt it to be his artistic duty, he writes, "to be absorbed into this new life and study its form and color and passion." Yet little more than a year later we find him in a mood of disillusion and of something resembling remorse. He writes to Mr. H. E. Krehbiel:

"I am very weary of New Orleans. The first delightful impression it produced has vanished. The city of my dreams, bathed in the gold of eternal summer, and perfumed with the amorous odours of orange flowers, has vanished like one of those phantom cities of South America swallowed up centuries ago by earthquakes, but reappearing at long intervals to delude travellers. What remains is something horrible, like the tombs here, — material and moral rottenness which no pen can do justice to. You must have read some of those mediæval legends in which the amorous youth finds the beautiful witch he has embraced all through the night crumble into a mass of calcined bones and ashes in the morning. Well, I feel like such a one, and almost regret that, unlike the victims of these diabolical illusions, I do not find my hair whitened and my lips withered by sudden age; for I enjoy ex-

uberant vitality and still seem to myself like one buried alive or left alone in some city cursed with desolation like that described by Sinbad the sailor. No literary circle here; no jovial coterie of journalists; no associates save those vampire ones of which the less said the better. And the thought — Where must all this end? — may be laughed off in the daytime, but always returns to haunt me like a ghost in the night."

Later, his advantageous connection with the *Times-Democrat*, his friendship with some of the best and most interesting people of the city, made him happier and wholesomer in his residence there; but from 1881, the date of the passage quoted, his preoccupation is more and more with books, and the things of the intellect and imagination, with "the life of vanished cities and the pageantry of dead faiths," less and less with "vampire associates." He purchases queer books, follows queer subjects, and "pledges himself to the worship of The Odd, The Queer, The Strange, The Exotic, The Monstrous," which, as he writes, "suits his temperament." The literary expression of this impulse in its early phase was his *Stray Leaves from Strange Literatures*, chiefly written before 1883, and published two years later. This, a series of reconstructions of what impressed him as most fantastically beautiful in the most exotic literature he was able to obtain, shows a remarkable growth in mere craftsmanship over his translations from Gautier. The cadences are surer, the weird or gorgeous pictures built up from simpler words, and the exotic atmosphere more enveloping and persuasive. In *Some Chinese Ghosts*, published in 1887, Hearn's *flair* for the black lilies and phosphoric roses of Chinese fancy is still keener, and the current of his prose still more luminous and suave.

The year 1883 marked an epoch in Hearn's intellectual life. Then for the first time he read Herbert Spencer, and by a singular paradox conceived a passionate

adoration for that passionless philosopher who, we may think, had the peculiar advantage of knowing so much about the "Unknowable." The secret of the paradox seems to have been that Spencer's vast synthetic panorama of the universe, outer and inner, was precisely the kind of vision to attract Hearn's gypsy intellect, so long bewildered by the "pageantry of dead faiths," so long obsessed by the incommunicable sorrow of the world, yet by all the forces of his Celtic and Hellenic ancestry pledged to the quest of "the absolute." At any rate the philosophy of Spencer came to him with something of the power and unction of an evangelical religion, bringing with it not only conversion, but "conviction of sin," and "regeneration." From this time on, despite some rather eccentric escapades, there was a new seriousness in his life and a new gravity in his work. Henceforth he was concerned about the Exotic and Monstrous chiefly as they could be employed as parables of the gospel according to Herbert Spencer.

A year or two later there came into his work another strain that was to remain potent, — the tropical. As early as 1879 he had felt the spell, and written: "So I draw my chair to the fire, light my pipe *de terre* Gambièse, and in the flickering glow weave fancies of palm trees and ghostly reefs and tepid winds, and a Voice from the far tropics calls to me across the darkness." In 1884 he made the visit to Grande Isle in the Mexican Gulf that resulted in his *Chita*, which is still in many respects his most astonishing *tour de force* in word-painting, though in it we see how far away he was from the English tradition of creative art in fiction. The only logic in the harrowing conclusion is the emotional logic of a temperament immitigably macabresque, that must make a tale of terror intensify in poignancy to the end.

In 1887, responding more freely to the call, he made his first trip to the French West Indies, and found there a theme perhaps more in consonance with the full

current of his vein than any he afterwards encountered. In *Youma*, his West Indian novelette, the note is certainly falsetto, but in his *Two Years in the French West Indies* the luxuriant leafiness of his style, heavy with tropical perfumes, subtly interpenetrated by the sense of tropical horrors, rarely goes beyond the bounds of faithful depiction. And underneath it all we begin to see that impressive Spencerian perception of the fatal unity of the world.

In June, 1888, Hearn landed in New York, but drunken as he was with tropical light, he was terrified by the canyonized streets, and returned to Martinique by the same boat that had brought him. In the following year he was in Philadelphia, living with Dr. George M. Gould, a kindred wayfarer in the paths of cosmic speculation, and preparing his West Indian books for the press. At this time he suddenly conceived a passionate and characteristic interest in Japan from reading Mr. Percival Lowell's *The Soul of the Far East*. His correspondence is full of it. "How luminous," he exclaims, "how psychically electric!" It was with boundless delight and with the highest hopes that he welcomed a suggestion that he should go to Japan to prepare for *Harper's Magazine* a series of articles upon that country.

IV

Lafcadio Hearn's position as "the best interpreter of Japan" has been so adequately exploited in the *Atlantic*, and the peculiar potency of his chemical blending of Spencerian philosophy, Buddhistic theology, and Japanese legend, so ably analyzed with both a qualitative and a quantitative analysis,¹ that it only remains to point out in this section some significant *rapproches* between Hearn's later life and his later work.

As one who reads his writings chron-

¹ See "Lafcadio Hearn: The Meeting of Three Ways," by PAUL ELMER MORE, in the *Atlantic* for February, 1903.

ologically passes from the West Indian books to the Japanese, there is evident a remarkable change, not only of atmosphere but of tone, and, despite the continuity of the Spencerian preoccupation, of what we may perhaps call "soul." The tropical luxuriance of his earlier manner has been replaced by quieter tints and subtler cadences, and henceforth he gives free rein to his faculty only in rare heightened passages, which rise above the narrow, quiet stream of his habitual prose with an effect incomparably telling. In part this was the result of his sensitive perception of the peculiar color of Japanese landscape, "a domesticated Nature, which loves man, and makes itself beautiful in a quiet grey-and-blue way like the Japanese women;" which must in consequence be reproduced in water-color rather than in the oils in which he had been working. In part it was the result of his greater maturity, and his perfected control over his medium, which left him no impulse to mere virtuosity. But still more, one thinks as one reads the letters, it was the result of happier and more normal conditions of life. As a professor of English literature, he had something approaching an assured social and economic position. As the friend of men like Professor Basil Hall Chamberlain, and Paymaster Mitchell McDonald, some of his oddities were neutralized. (He felt always more of a man, he said, after contact with their reality, "like Antæus, who got stronger every time his feet touched the solid ground.") As the father of three boys and the head of a Japanese household of eleven persons, he had for the first time a stake in the world. And in what was clearly a marriage of almost miraculous suitability for him, his restless spirit found a measure of peace. After Hearn's autobiographic fragments, quite the most valuable material Mrs. Wetmore possessed for her portrait of his temperament was Mrs. Hearn's vivid reminiscences. It is the present writer's good fortune to have in hand Mrs. Hearn's

account of her husband's death, which came to America too late for incorporation in the *Life and Letters*. The quaint and tender record will give the reader most convincing evidence of the man "Old Semi-Colon" had become:—

"About 3 P. M. Sept. 19th, 1904, as I went to his library I found him walking to and fro with his hands upon the breast. I asked him: 'Are you indisposed?' Husband: 'I got a new sickness.' I: 'What is your new sickness?' Husband: 'The heart-sickness.' I: 'You are always over anxious.' At once I sent for our doctor Kizawa with a jinrikisha furnished with two rikisha men. He would not like let myself and children see his painful sight and ordered to leave him. But I stayed by him. He began writing. I advised him to be quiet. 'Let me do as I please,' he said, and soon finished writing. 'This is a letter addressed to Mr. Ume. Mr. Ume is a worthy man. He will give you a good counsel when any difficulty happen to you. If any greater pain of this kind comes upon me I shall perhaps die,' he said; and then admonished me repeatedly and strongly that I ought keep myself healthy and strong; then gave me several advices, hearty, earnest, and serious, with regard to the future of children, concluding with the words, 'Could you understand?' Then again he said: 'Never weep if I die. Buy for my coffin a little earthen pot of three or four cents worth; bury me in the yard of a little temple in some lonesome quarter. Never be sorry. You had better play cards with children. Do not inform to others of my departure. If any should happen to inquire of me, tell him: 'Ha! he died sometime ago.' That will do.' I eagerly remonstrated: 'Pray, do not speak such melancholy thing. Such will never happen.' He said: 'This is a serious matter.' Then saying, 'It cannot be held,' he kept quiet.

"A few minutes passed; the pain relaxed. 'I would like to take bath,' he said. He wanted cold bath; went to the bath-room and took a cold bath.

'Strange!' he said, 'I am quite well now.' He recovered entirely; and asked me: 'Mamma San! Sickness flew away from me. Shall I take some whisky?' I told him: 'I fear whisky will not be good for heart. But if you are so fond of it I will offer it to you mixed with some water.' Taking up the cup, he said: 'I shall no more die.' He then told me for the first time that a few days ago he had the same experience of pain. He lay down upon the bed then with a book. When the doctor arrived at our house, 'What shall I do?' he said. Leaving the book, he went out to the parlour; and said: 'Pardon me, doctor. The sickness is gone.' The doctor found no bad symptom, and jokes and chattering followed between them.

"He was always averse to take medicine or to be attended by a doctor. He would never take medicine if I had not been careful; and if I happen to be late in offering him medicine he would say: 'I was glad thinking you had forgot.' If not engaged in writing, he used to walk in meditation to and fro in the room or through the corridor. So even in the time of sickness he would not like to remain quiet in confinement. . . .

"It was a few days before his departure. Osaki, a maid, the daughter of Otokitsu of Yaidzu, found a blossom untimely blooming in one of the branches of cherry-tree in the garden. She told me about that. Whenever I saw or heard anything interesting I always told it to him; and this proved his greatest enjoyment. A very trifling matter was in our home very often highly valued. For instance, as the following things:—

"Today a young shoot appeared on a musa basjoo in the garden.

"Look! an yellow butterfly is flying there.

"In the bamboo bushes, a young bamboo sprout raised its head from the earth.

"Kazuo found a mound made by ants.

"A frog is just staying on the top of the hedge.

"From this morning the white, the pur-

ple, and the red blossoms of the morning-glory began to bloom, etc., etc.

"Matters like those had great importance in our household. These things were all reported to him. They were great delight for my husband. He was pleased innocently. I tried to please him with such topics with all my heart. Perhaps if anyone happened to witness it would have seemed ridiculous. Frogs, ants, butterflies, bamboo-sprouts, morning-glory, . . . they were all the best friends to my husband.

"Now the bloom was beautiful to look. But I felt all at once my bosom tremble for some apprehension of evil, because the untimely bloom is considered in Japan as a bad omen. Anyhow, I told him of the blossom. He was interested as usual. 'Hello!' he said, and, immediately approaching to the railing, he looked out at the blossom. 'Now my world has come—it is warm, like spring,' said he; then after a pause, 'but soon it will become cold and that blossom will die away.' This blossom was upon the branch until the 27th, when toward the evening its petals scattered themselves lonesomely. Methought the cherry tree, which had Hearn's warmest affection for these year, responded to his kindness and bade good-bye to him. . . .

"Hearn was an early riser; but lest he should disturb myself and children, he was always waiting for us and keeping quiet in the library, sitting regularly upon the cushion and smoking with a charcoal-brazier before him, till I got up and went to his library. . . . In the morning of September 26th—the sad, last day—as I went to his library about 6.30 A. M., he was already quietly sitting as usual on the cushion. 'Ohayo gozaimasu' (good-morning) I said. He seemed to be thinking over something, but upon my salutation he said his 'good morning,' and told me that he had an interesting dream last night, for we were accustomed to tell each other when we had a pleasant dream. 'What was it?' I asked. He said: 'I had a long distant journey. Here I am smok-

ing now, you see. Is it real that I traveled or is it real that I am smoking? The world of dream!" . . . Thus saying, he was pleased with himself.

"Before going to bed, our three boys used to go to his library and say in English: 'Papa! Good-night! Pleasant dream!' Then he says in Japanese: 'Dream a good dream,' or in English: 'The same to you.'

"On this morning when Kazuo, before leaving home for school, went to him and said a 'good-morning,' he said: 'Pleasant dream.' Not knowing how to say, Kazuo answered: 'The same to you.'

"About eleven o'clock in the morning, while walking to and fro along the corridor, he looked into my sitting room and saw the picture hung upon the wall of alcove. The picture, entitled 'Morning Sun,' represented a glorious, but a little mystic, scene of sea-shore in the early morning with birds thronging. 'A beautiful scenery! I would like to go to such a land,' he remarked. . . .

"He was fond of hearing the notes of insects. We kept *matsu mushi* (a kind of cricket) this autumn. Toward evening the plaintive notes which *matsu mushi* made at intervals made me feel unusually lonesome. I asked my husband how it sounded to him. He said: 'That tiny creature has been singing nicely. It's getting cold, though. Is it conscious or unconscious that soon it must die? It's a pity, indeed.' And, in a lonesome way, he added: 'Ah, poor creature! On one of these warm days let us put him secretly among the grasses.'

"Nothing particularly different was not to be observable in all about him that day through. But the single blossom of untimely cherry, the dream of long journey he had, and, the notes of *matsu mushi*, all these make me sad even now, as if there had existed some significance about them.

"At supper he felt sudden pain in the breast. He stopped eating; went away to his library; I followed him. For some minutes, with his hands upon the breast, he walked about the room. He wanted to

lie on bed. With his hands on breast, he kept very calm in bed. But, in a few minutes after, he was no more the man of this side of the world. As if feeling no pain at all, he had a little smile about his mouth."

v

Lafcadio Hearn has been called a "decadent;" the word does n't signify, but if by it is meant, as sometimes seems to be, a humanist without the physique, there is a considerable measure of truth in its application. There is, however, nothing more unjust to most human beings than the application to them of cant tags that have taken their color from trite literary usage and hasty popular association with a few notorious characters. This is especially true in Hearn's case. In 1885 he wrote to W. D. O'Connor: "If my little scraggy hand tells you anything you ought to recognize in it a very small, erratic, eccentric, irregular, impulsive, nervous disposition, — almost your antitype in everything except the love of the beautiful." The *advocatus diaboli* himself could scarcely have done better. Erratic, eccentric, irregular, impulsive, nervous, Hearn undoubtedly was; and these qualities, enhanced as they were by self-pity, so far from being what the psychologists call "independent variables," were of the very essence of his faculty. "Unless," he writes, "somebody does or says something horribly mean to me I can't do certain kinds of work;" and again, "I have found that the possessor of pure horse-health never seems to have an idea of the 'half-lights.' It is impossible to see the psychical undercurrents of human existence without that self-separation from the purely physical part of being that severe sickness gives like a revelation." For all his fine Byronic swimming of straits and wide bays Hearn was never the possessor of "pure horse-health," and it is pretty clear that to his lack of it, to his trembling sense of the hard attrition of the world, we owe his marvelous mastery of the "half light." A certain element

of unwholesomeness in this there may have been,—in his earlier life his preoccupations were distinctly those of the true Latin *decadent*,—yet with the growth of his domestic well-being and his artistic and intellectual powers, it became not so much “morbidity” in our English sense, as *morbidezza*, the quality of mellow-tinted color and soft harmonies. Late in life he wrote, “I like Kipling’s morbidity, which is manly and full of enormous resolve and defiance in the truth of God and Hell and Nature,—but the other—no!” Of “the other” there is little trace in his own latest work.

The chief morbid factor in Hearn’s physical constitution was his vision. One eye was totally blind, the other had, it is said, but one twentieth of normal vision; but too much has been made of this as a qualification of his genius. His monocular vision gave him, of course, landscape “flat,” without perspective and depth; but undoubtedly, like the half-closed eye of the painter, it gave him color in wonderful harmonious intensity, and who shall say that it was with a vividness beyond Nature. The tremendous cumulative rhapsody of blue at the beginning of his *Two Years in the French West Indies* is said by those who best know the Southern seas not to exceed reality. And there is plenty of evidence that in his quick, comprehending glances through the single eyeglass that he habitually carried, he seized minute significant details of persons or objects which others missed. It has been said by one who should be qualified to know, that he saw his world as partially and obscurely as one who looks through the large end of an opera glass; but the analogy is imperfect unless we remember that objects so seen are given not only with remoteness, but with rich color, and with a curious artistic composition like a Claude Lorrain in miniature.

But after all it was the lens in the brain that counted with Hearn. As opposed to his vision, his visionary faculty was of the first order. From boyhood, “ghostly”

was his characteristic, as it finally came to be almost his trick word. He envisaged wraiths and vanished cities with a definiteness more like that of objective than of subjective sight. Only his skeptical intelligence kept him from being a thorough-going spirit-seer. Perhaps his most characteristic mood was that reflected in his impressive essay on “Dust” in *Gleanings from Buddha Fields*:—“I have the double sensation of being myself a ghost and of being haunted,—haunted by the prodigious luminous spectre of the world.”

It is not necessary to go much further about to apprehend the inner nature of Lafcadio Hearn. In the same “Dust” there is a “lyrical” paragraph that conveys him very perfectly:—

“I confess that ‘my mind to me a kingdom is’—not! Rather it is a fantastical republic, daily troubled by more revolutions than ever occurred in South America; and the nominal government, supposed to be rational, declares that an eternity of such anarchy is not desirable. I have souls wanting to soar in air, and souls wanting to swim in water (seawater, I think), and souls wanting to live in woods or on mountain tops.” And so on through a Homeric catalogue of his souls, till at the end he breaks out, “I an individual,—an individual soul! Nay, I am a population,—a population unthinkable for multitude, even by groups of a thousand millions!”

Half fantastic this passage may very well be, but none the less it is the faithful reflection of a temperament lacking the sane integrity of perfect health, a nature at odds with itself through many warring inheritances and subtle rebellions of the blood, yet mastered at the last in most of its human relations by a character essentially fine.

VI

The final estimation of Hearn’s work is impeded by its bulk and by a certain repetitiousness in the Japanese volumes. To the student of Japan all of the studies,

however similar in texture and substance, will doubtless continue to have a certain value; but "the best of Hearn," in a set of three or four volumes, would make him look considerably more like a classic than he does in the mass of twenty. Such an edition, in the judgment of the present writer, should contain, of his West Indian writings, *Chita* and the earlier sections of his *Two Years in the French West Indies*; of his Japanese studies, "The Japanese Smile," "Of a Dancing Girl," "Dust," "Incense," "A Passional Karma," "The Screen Maiden," "The Corpse Rider," "Fuji-no yama," "Frogs," "A Woman's Diary," "A Drop of Dew," "The Dream of Akinosuké," "Mosquitoes," and "The Romance of the Milky Way;" of his cameos of weird ancestral sensation, "A Mystery of Crowds," "Sadness in Beauty," "Parfum de Jeunesse," "A Serenade," "Frisson," and "Azure Psychology." Some such selection as this would quite adequately represent the range of his power, and, unless I greatly err, stand very high in the second class of English prose, the class of the self-conscious *proseurs*, Sir Thomas Browne, Thomas De Quincey, Walter Pater.

Had he lived longer his rank might have been higher still. He had outgrown his old, fallacious conception of style as separable from substance, as an end to be attained in itself, to be arrived at by miners' work in dictionaries and thesauri. His work never ceased to be conscious art, but in his very latest writing there is a more perfect fusion of his vigorous imaginative thought in the melancholy music of his cadenced prose. Towards the end of his life he had dreams more ambitious even than the stylistic ambitions of his youth so amply realized. In 1895 he wrote, "I really think I have stored away in me somewhere powers larger than any I have yet been able to use. Of course I don't mean that I have any hidden wisdom or anything of that sort, but I believe I have some power to reach the public emotionally if conditions allow." Still later the project is explicitly

stated: "a single short, powerful philosophical story, of the most emotional and romantic sort." "I feel within me," he writes, "the sense of such a story—vaguely, like the sense of a perfume or the smell of a spring wind which you cannot define. But the chances are that a more powerful mind than mine will catch the inspiration first, as the highest peak most quickly takes the sun." Whether his imagination, with all its activity, had quite the creative, shaping energy ever to fulfill this dream, may be doubted. But it is certain at any rate that the last of his work, published posthumously, shows both a broadening and a deepening of what, despite the artifice of his method, we may justly call his inspiration. Had he lived to complete the imaginative autobiography of which fragments are printed in his *Life and Letters*, it might have proved his masterpiece. The fragments have a sincere and haunting poignancy, and his prose was never more vivid and musical. For all that "population" within him, his own imaginative life had been marked by a unity that would doubtless have induced a corresponding unity in the book, with striking artistic results.

The integrity of Hearn's imaginative and intellectual life consisted in his strangely single-hearted devotion to both artistic beauty and scientific truth. And precisely in this lies the final representative significance of his work. He is the most Lucretian of modern writers. It has been said that, as Spinoza was "a man drunk with God," so Lucretius was a man drunk with natural law. Well, Hearn was drunk with Herbert Spencer, and in all save the accident of form he was the poet of Spencerian evolution. As Lucretius, preaching his tremendous doctrine of the monstrous, eternal writhing of atoms through the world, wove into his great poem the glory of the old mythology, and the tragedy of passionate humanity, so Hearn, in his gentler fashion, steadily envisaged the horror that envelops the stupendous universe of modern science, and by evoking and reviving

ancient myths, ancestral shudders, and immemorial longings, cast over the darkness a ghostly light of vanished suns.

In the final paragraph of his "Romance of the Milky Way," — the River Celestial along which, in Japanese mythology, the spirits of the dead return to meet their loves beneath the moon, — we have the very quintessence of Lafcadio Hearn: —

"Perhaps the legend of Tanabata, as it was understood by those old poets, can make but a faint appeal to Western minds. Nevertheless, in the silence of transparent nights, before the rising of the moon, the charm of the ancient tale sometimes descends upon me, out of the scintillant sky, — to make me forget the monstrous facts of science, and the stupendous horror of Space. Then I no longer behold the Milky Way as that awful Ring of the Cosmos, whose hundred million suns are powerless to lighten the Abyss, but as the very Amanagowa itself, — the River Celestial. I see the thrill of its shining stream, and the mists that hover along its

verge, and the water-grasses that bend in the winds of autumn. White Orihimé I see at her starry loom, and the Ox that grazes on the farther shore; — and I know that the falling dew is the spray from the Herdsman's oar. And the heaven seems very near and warm and human; and the silence about me is filled with the dream of a love unchanging, immortal, — forever yearning and forever young, and forever left unsatisfied by the paternal wisdom of the gods."

If, as some hold, the problem of modern romantic literary art is to portray the human spirit caught in a magic web of necessity, "penetrating us with a network subtler than our subtlest nerves;" to marry strangeness with beauty; to accomplish this in a style as express and gleaming as goldsmith's work; then few writers have solved it more brilliantly than Lafcadio Hearn. In this, rather than in his elaborate interpretation of Japan, may lie his enduring achievement.

PROGRAMME MUSIC THEN AND NOW

BY W. J. HENDERSON

DURING the peaceful summer of 1900, at the festival of the Society of Swiss Musicians held at Zurich, was produced the symphony in E minor, opus 115, of Hans Huber, a Swiss composer born in 1852. This formidable piece of music was planned at first as a melodic celebration of Arnold Böcklin, the painter, and the composer intended to name each movement after one of this artist's pictures. This purpose was afterward abandoned, and only in the finale, a series of variations, was the original idea of musically delineating paintings carried out. The other movements sought safety in the old and well established field of broad mood

representation. Böcklin's temperamental and personal feelings, it seemed, might be expressed without binding the symphony to a programme so detailed as to be destructive of spontaneity of style.

But in the last movement the composer showed to what programme music in these days might aspire. No less than eight variations are found in this movement, and they represent the following pictures by Böcklin: The Silence of the Ocean (in the Berne Museum), Prometheus Chained (owned by Arohold of Berlin), The Fluting Nymph (owned by Heyl of Darmstadt), The Night (owned by Henneberg of Zurich), Sport in the

Waves (in the New Pinakothek, Munich), The Hermit Fiddling before the Statue of the Madonna (National Gallery, Berlin), The Dawn of Love (owned by Heyl of Darmstadt), and Baccanale (owned by Knorr of Munich).

Those who are familiar with the habits of composers will observe that all these pictures deal with subjects already introduced into the realm of musical representation. Silences and darkneses, either on sea or in mountains, have long found tonal embodiment in a more or less solemn *adagio molto*, major if peaceful, minor if troubled. Prometheus, both chained and unchained, has been done in music many times. Usually the composer seeks him in Æschylus, not in Böcklin. Fluting, guitarring, or harping nymphs, Greek, Roman, Alpine, and even Piccadilly, have been melodiously and harmoniously set forth in divers pieces. They are always *allegretto grazioso* and attended by triple rhythms. Night, with muted strings and distant horn calls, is an old orchestral friend, and is usually followed by morning, *cre-scendo*, with strings, wood, and all the brass unmuted. Love scenes, *andante molto espressivo e appassionata*, are always with us. Why not? Sidney Lanier, poet and musician, said, "Music is love in search of a word." As for bacchanales, we have had them in all styles, from *tempo di valse* to *allegro furioso*, according to the state of the bacchantes.

Huber is a fair example of the modern composer of programme music. He is not an extremist, like Strauss, nor a conservative, like Goldmark. In spite of his attempt to travel a roundabout way through painting, in itself a representative art, in order to utilize music as also representative, he has not undertaken to delineate in tones anything which has not been already delineated without the intervention of painting.

Upon his achievement, then, we may profitably hang a brief inquiry whether any of the modern writers of programme music are doing anything in itself new.

We may ask ourselves whether it is not rather the manner than the matter that is novel, or at least whether the originality is not to be sought in incidents of detail rather than in the process itself.

To examine into this matter microscopically would be to make an essay at determining how far all music is representative or strictly absolute.¹ The loose dictum that music is the language of the emotions may after all mean a great deal, for music which represents nothing, but appeals to us wholly as tonal architecture, is so scarce that one hardly knows where to lay his hands upon it outside of the fugues of Jadassohn.

The early writers of sonatas formulated this scheme of movements: the first, an appeal to the intelligence through the exhibition of design; the second, a slow movement, seeking by its passion or its tenderness to move the feelings; and third, the finale, a lively movement to afford relief after the intensity of the second. Yet even in this plan, upon which the most extended compositions of absolute music have been built, we find that human feeling is always considered; for even in the display of design in the first movement, there is an endeavor to arouse that emotion which springs from a contemplation of the workings of Nature's first law, order.

The point which we must bear in mind is that the classic composers, who were the leading authors of absolute music, did not strive to blot out the emotional element from their works, but that they subordinated it to the demands of artistic form. When the romantic period arrived, composers had reached the decision that the representative powers of music were of greater importance than its formal beauties, and that thereafter forms must be occasional, not typical, — that every composer must feel at liberty to modify old forms or devise new ones according to the demands of the thought to be expressed.

¹ Musicians use "absolute" to indicate music without text or programme.

This seems to be the doctrine of the composers of the present period. No one seems to be willing to compose music in the broad and indefinite manner of the early sonata writers. Every one is burdened with a profound message, a message which he desires to frame in terms of tone. Yet it is rare indeed that the message is original in itself. We have come upon a period of literary music. We must go to the concert hall, not to listen to an "Eroica" symphony, a piece of programme music of which the programme was entirely original with Beethoven, but to hear a prelude to *Œdipus Colonnus*, a symphonic prologue to *William Radcliffe*, a musical analysis of Nietzsche's *Also sprach Zarathustra*, or a set of variations setting forth with manifold details the history of *Don Quixote*.

We have heard so much of this species of music that when a composer entitles his composition simply "Symphonic Variations," we grope blindly for an explanation, and we heave a sigh of relief when we learn from the programme book, inseparable companion of programme music, the information that each variation represents one of the composer's intimate friends. We do not know these friends ourselves, and in some cases even the programme-book writer does not know them; but still we are happy, for we have found that this music is not mere music, but that it represents something outside of itself.

The composers of to-day have a vast storehouse of musical materials from which to select their means of expression. In the first place they have all the conventional formulas which were invented by the fathers of the art, and which have been handed down from generation to generation, till there is nowhere a musical public to whom their significance is unknown. When we hear the oboe singing a solo in undulating triplets, with an accompaniment of soft strings, we know at once that we are in the presence of pastoral scenes. When the strings rush up and down the scale in alternate as-

cending and descending passages of considerable breadth and sonority, we know that we have embarked upon the multitudinous sea. It is unnecessary to recount the instrumental formulæ which have become parts of the common speech of music. It is necessary to do no more than to remind the reader of the readily accepted meaning of the major and minor modes, of chromatic scale passages, of sustained and slow movements as contrasted with those of rapid and agitated character.

All these things belong to the oldest machinery of composition. But in addition to these the contemporaneous composer has the enormous sweep and variety of modern harmony and the gorgeous tonal palette of the modern orchestra. Haydn and Mozart managed to compose their symphonies within the range of half a dozen keys, none of them far away from that selected as the fundamental one. A composer of to-day chooses a key in order that he may at least finish in it, for the elasticity of the new harmony permits him to wander at will through all the major and minor keys in the course of a single movement.

Haydn and Mozart found it possible to say all that they had to say with two flutes, two oboes, two bassoons, two horns, two trumpets, tympani, and the usual distribution of stringed instruments played with bows. In some of their later works they introduced clarinets. The symphonic composer of to-day equips himself with a piccolo, three flutes, two oboes, an English horn, four clarinets, a bass clarinet, a double-bass clarinet, three bassoons, a contra-bassoon, eight horns, three trumpets, a bass trumpet, three trombones, two tubas, kettle drums, bass drum, and cymbals, snare drum, triangle, bells, gong, six harps, and enough bowed instruments to bring out something approaching balance of tone. Sometimes even all these are not sufficient unto the day, and the composer introduces instruments not recognized in the honorable society of music at all. The far-darting

Strauss, for example, has borrowed the wind machine of the theatre to realize a storm in his "Don Quixote."

With such means of expression at hand it is not at all astonishing that the composers of to-day produce results which would have amazed the fathers of programme music. Yet the elders were not afraid, even with their slender means, to attempt quite as much as their Titanic progeny in the way of detailed description. True, they were not so overwhelmed by a consciousness of their own superiority. They approached their delineative undertakings in a charming spirit of innocence. Not fearing to drown the stars with their splashings, they plunged into the sea of tone-painting as children into woodland streams. Your modern, on the other hand, makes a to-do like the Cyclops bombarding the ship of Ulysses.

It is not essential to the purpose of this article to enumerate all the early attempts to write programme music. The most interesting, because the most logical, was that of Johann Kuhnau (1660-1722) in his "Bible Sonatas." In these six compositions for the clavier, the piano of his time, he essayed to describe such incidents as the battle of David and Goliath, the dissipation of Saul's melancholy by the power of music, the marriage of Jacob, and other similar topics. He wrote an interesting preface to his music, explaining his aims and defending this style of composition. He tells us of a remarkable piece of programme music by one of his predecessors. This composition was entitled "La Medica," and it described the sufferings of a sick man, the attentions of the physician, and the progress of the illness. At the end came a *gigue*, with this significant programme note in the score: "The patient is progressing favorably, but has not quite recovered his health." And the failure to reach recovery was indicated by the persistent postponement of a carefully prepared modulation in harmony! Thereupon Kuhnau imitated the deceit of Jacob by a similar postponement.

Kuhnau's Bible sonatas invite a much more extensive examination than is practicable here. Those who care to know more about them should read J. S. Shedlock's *The Piano-forte Sonata*. It is sufficient for us to note that Kuhnau proceeded logically. He admitted that only the broad emotions could be published in music, and that textual explanation was necessary when anything else was attempted. In this he joins hands with a more modern author, Wilhelm Ambros, who wrote an admirable little volume to demonstrate how far music could go in representation without the aid of poetry.

Kuhnau at any rate took care to write under the passage delineating the hurling of the stone at Goliath what may be called the stage business. "Vien tirata la selce frombola nella fronte del gigante." The passage is principally a rapid ascending scale, precisely the same idiom as that used by Wagner to illustrate the hurling of the spear at the head of Parsifal. The close relation of these two composers on this single point is further shown by the fact that a slurred scale on the clavier in the early music foreshadows the *glissando* passage for harp in the complex score of the later master. The calm confidence with which Kuhnau embarked upon the task of depicting the conflict between David and Goliath is delightful. This stupendous struggle was to be set forth by one player on one instrument. Richard Strauss would need for the same purpose an orchestra of not less than one hundred and twenty-five men.

The great Bach also exercised his ingenious mind, though briefly, in the field of programme music, when he composed his "Capriccio on the departure of my dearly beloved brother." In this he depicts the persuasions of friends trying to induce him to give up the journey, makes a picture of the things which may happen to him, utters the lament of companions saying adieu, and winds up with a cheerful fugue on the post-horn call. Almost at the same time François Couperin composed a set of connected pieces called

"The Pilgrims," and Rameau was painting his "Tender Girl" and "The Cyclops." Both of these masters wrote for the clavier, thus providing food for the imagination by the fireside of a winter night.

These old writers of programme music seem to have been troubled with no misgivings. They formulated no theories. They followed the impulses of their charming natures and left posterity to solve the riddles of the speech of melody. The musicians of to-day are burdened with theories; and much of their programme music is open to the suspicion of being designed as much to support their doctrines as to provide the world with æsthetic joy. Wagner was not the only propagandist in the world of tonal art. Yet there are substantial arguments on both sides.

For example, Felix Weingartner, one of the coolest, keenest, and most scholarly of contemporaneous conductors, a student of the history and the philosophy of music, a thinker and a doer, has written a pithy little book called *The Symphony since Beethoven*. In it he awards a leading position among modern composers to Hector Berlioz, but finds himself unable to praise the final orchestral movement of his "Romeo and Juliet." This bears the inscription: "Romeo at the Tomb of the Capulets; Invocation, awakening of Juliet; frenzy of joy and first effects of the poison; anguish of death and parting of the lovers."

Weingartner admits that this is almost ridiculous. He declares that music is "debased and shorn of the subtle peculiarities of its being if he [the composer] attempts to bind it bar by bar or episode by episode to a programme. Music can interpret moods, it can represent a mental state that some event has caused in us, but it cannot picture the event itself."

On the opposite side, we find arrayed no less a champion than Ernest Newman, one of the two or three men in Great Britain who write pregnant criticism of musical art. He holds that Beethoven

deceived even himself when he wrote a line over the score of his "Pastoral Symphony," requesting that it should be regarded rather as an expression of feeling than as mere tone-painting. Mr. Newman holds that tone-painting was its chief merit, and furthermore that tone-painting has come to be a clearly defined art. Composers photograph externals now as their predecessors of two hundred years ago could not. "Who," asks Mr. Newman, "would believe that a windmill could be represented in music? Yet Strauss's windmill in 'Don Quixote' is really extraordinarily clever and satisfying."

This same "Don Quixote" of Strauss is the most complicated and ingenious piece of musical realism invented in these strange modern times. Yet it contains nothing that has not already been attempted by other composers. For example, in a pamphlet written by Arthur Hahn for the purpose of elucidating this score we are informed that some strange harmonies introduced under a simple melody in the introduction "characterize admirably the well-known tendency of Don Quixote toward false conclusions." What have we here but a new avatar of Kuhnau's deception of Jacob?

What of the eighth variation, the "Journey in the Enchanted Bark?" Don Quixote, seeing an empty boat, is sure that it has been sent by a mysterious power that he may embark in it to do some glorious deed. Once he and Sancho are afloat, the knight's theme is transformed into a barcarolle. The boat capsizes, but the two reach the shore, and give thanks for their safety. But Froberger, who died in 1667, wrote for the clavier a description of the Count von Thurn's passage of the Rhine, in which all the dangers encountered by him are, according to the testimony of Matheson, set before our eyes in twenty-six little pieces. And the count's boat upset, too.

In his "Symphonia Domestica" Strauss went still further into the domain of musical realism. He told the story of a

day in his family life, using three principal themes, representing papa, mamma, and the baby. In this remarkable composition one even hears the baby spanked. But had not Kuhnau already composed the striking of Goliath's head by the stone from David's sling?

The truth is that Strauss, and the few who have chosen to bear him company, are, as Mr. Newman puts it, realists in music. In the programme music of today there are also idealists, and they are the men who are carrying out to their ultimate possibilities the ideas defined in the naïve compositions of Kuhnau. Mr. Newman argues that programme music of the most detailed and definite sort is good art, but only when accompanied by printed explanation of what it means. He has therefore little sympathy with that large number of modern composers who satisfy themselves and try to satisfy their hearers by giving a simple key, such as a quotation of verse, to the general purpose of a composition. This is what Liszt did with his finest symphonic poem, "*Les Préludes*," and Wagner with his splendid "*Faust*" overture. In the same way Schumann suggested the underlying thought of his great Piano Fantasia in C major. Others have contented themselves with mere titles, as Tchaikowsky did in the case of his "*Symphonie Pathétique*."

But taking all these moderns and their works into consideration, we find that one indisputable fact remains. They are doing in a larger way what their fore-runners of more than two centuries ago did in a primitive fashion. In so far as its philosophy is considered, Kuhnau penetrated to the very heart of the matter, but he had neither the musical nor the instrumental materials for a more imposing embodiment of his thought. He recognized the fundamental truth that moods and feelings were the food of music. The greatest modern masters have adhered to this principle. Even

Strauss, the arch realist, has succeeded best when he has done so.

There is still another factor in the development of programme music. The earliest writers of it did not conceive the notion of attempting to interpret literature. Kuhnau painted Bible pictures, for music was still the handmaid of religion; but in a secular literature whose best products were a translation of *Robinson Crusoe* and bad German imitations of the Italian jingles of Marini, he saw nothing suggestive of tone poems. The literary movement in music was to come much later. Since the dawn of the romantic period in German letters music has pursued poetry, fiction, and the drama in search of material.

Behold then the natural result when literature sought its own inspiration in the psychological dissecting-room. Soul analysis, the quest after the hidden springs of our moral corruptibility, so fascinated composers that the tragedies of Ibsen and Maeterlinck reëchoed in pessimistic proclamations through solemn assemblies of instruments. To this complexion have we come.

Were this a discussion, instead of a mere presentment, one might be tempted to ask, what next? To answer would not be difficult. Almost from the birth of instrumental music, composers have tried to make the art in some measure representative. Theorists and critics point out the impossibility of defining in music the cause of the emotion which the music can so beautifully embody. But one writer like Mr. Newman, declaring that every composition should be accompanied by a printed explanation, and that realistic programme music is genuine high art, is likely to command more sympathy from contemporaneous composers. He at any rate supports them in their practice. They are all traveling in the same path, and absolute music is apparently approaching the end of its history.

RECENT SOCIALIST LITERATURE

BY JOHN GRAHAM BROOKS

To spend a week, as the writer has just done, with a batch of new books exclusively on socialism recalls one of the many definitions of a pessimist as "a man who has had to spend several days shut up with an optimist."

This sustained feeding upon almost any *ism* would doubtless bring the same reaction. Indeed, an economist who has done some lively tilting against the socialists has said that if he were to dine six successive nights with the judges, business men, bankers, and clever women of his city, and listen to the conventional arguments meant to annihilate socialism, it would drive him from sheer weariness into the ranks of the socialists. He was not thinking of that helpless ignorance which merges anarchist, communist, and socialist into one object of supercilious disapproval. He was thinking rather of those who had read collectivist books; who had informed themselves about the general movement by listening to some of its agitators until the main "absurdities" had become defined. With this leisure-time equipment, the critical task of the superior person is easy and full of entertainment. "They want to destroy private property," "pay mind and muscle alike," "make all men equal," "divide up," "kill private enterprise," "make an end of individual liberty," "ignore nature," and even do away with the "survival of the fittest." With these and other phrases the discomfiture of the socialist is complete.

The intelligent socialist, of course, neither asks nor wants any of these things; but it is great fun to create imaginary buffooneries in your opponent. It is an easy use of the faculties, which saves all the worry of securing accurate information. That socialism will "destroy pri-

vate property" is oftenest and most confidently said. The charge is false unless made with most important qualifications.

When President Roosevelt urges the withholding by the state of increasing forest and coal areas, he is attacking specific forms of private property. He is saying, "Here are properties open to such dangers, if left to free competition, that the state should extend over them its control." Many special *forms* of private property have been destroyed, — as in slaves and toll-roads, — and upon other such forms collectivism makes further attack, because it is believed their social utility is at an end. Neither do they ask to "level down" or "make men equal." They do not seek to curb personal liberty or cripple "private initiative." William Morris once told me the reason he was fighting for socialism was to get some real freedom for the English workingman. "They do not know what personal freedom means. Its very sources are choked by our capitalistic system. The fever took me when I discovered that no great art was possible until the people secured liberty and leisure for individual development and variation."

The inequalities at which these leaders strike are the artificial ones nursed under a property system and strengthened by inheritance laws which produce excesses and anomalies so grotesque in a republic, that the President himself gravely asks for remedies. That socialism, logically applied, would develop evils like loss of liberty, decreased wealth, and hampered individual initiative, is of course a thesis which one may stoutly maintain. There are reasons to fear such ultimate consequences. They are, however, to be viewed strictly as *results*, which the critic must base on probabilities.

We do not start fair with the collectivists until we stop telling lies about them. Their complaint is frequent and bitter that they always have to begin with a perverted statement of their faith and principles. "In the capitalistic press," says one of them, "we are handicapped by opponents who insist upon identifying what we want with what they think will happen if we get it." This is especially true of the socialist attitude toward private property.

It is one of the great services of this school to show how powerfully the process of wealthmaking influences our entire social life,—our religion, politics, education, customs, and manners. In the South every one of these was moulded by the kind of industry carried on there before the war with slave property. Though far more complicated, every phase of life in the North has been influenced by the forms of business into which our greatest strength has gone. For example, the economic struggle to organize monopoly privilege has almost exclusively determined the character of our politics. That we have now learned this belated lesson, is perhaps our surest hope of reform. This view does not exclude other influences. It insists that the economic forces have been immeasurably stronger over us than we have been willing to admit. It is for this reason that socialists seem always to be dealing with questions of property and its distribution. For this reason, unfair censors will have it that they are "mere materialists," when the most obvious of facts is that no world movement now carries with it a more impressive idealism.

The more recent literature is so informed by this spirit that one seems to be dealing with a religion. A man of university and legal training, Edmond Kelly, whose first book was as socialistic as it was religious, now gives us *A Practical Programme for Workingmen*.¹ Its open-

ing chapters are almost perfervid religious exhortation. The volume closes with a rhapsody to Wisdom, Faith, and Love. Between these devout appeals to the wage-earners is the Book of Facts, an attempt to work out a positive and constructive policy on which labor can unite politically against the competitive capitalistic system. He holds that all attempts to reconcile Christianity with competition have definitely failed. Only so far as co-operation is substituted for competition does he see a ray of hope for a living religion of brotherhood among men.

Another stout volume, by James Mackaye, *The Economy of Happiness*,² is an elevated and closely knit moral system with an outcome frankly socialistic. It is a sustained plea for unselfish social conduct. Like Mr. Kelly, he finds the arch enemy to altruistic behavior in our competitive system. It leaves the real government in the hands of an oligarchy controlled by the rich. Like parrots we have been taught to call these the "fittest." But for what are they fittest? Their fitness, we are told, consists in acquired skill and cunning to play the competitive game largely against their fellows. But these very talents may work incalculable mischief. They may delay and defeat the moral forces on which the coming of a better social order depends.

The author's main charge against competition is that its normal working so sets men against one another, as to intensify self-seeking rather than brotherly and social instincts. He condemns it because it fails to make us happier. That it breeds infinite evasion and lying; that it is prolific of frauds, adulterations, and quackeries; that it stimulates a passion for mass and bigness as against quality and excellence has often enough been said. Beyond and deeper than all these, the evil, to Mr. Mackaye, is that happiness, hopefulness, and delight in one's work suffer irreparable hurt. Until these

¹ *A Practical Programme for Workingmen*. By EDMOND KELLY. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1906.

² *The Economy of Happiness*. By JAMES MACKAYE. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1906.

higher values are rescued, our real "survivals" are the "survivals of the incompetent."

Social release from these ills the author finds only in socialism. His word is "Pantocracy;" the rule of all in contrast to the rule of the few. Socialism he identifies with realized democracy. Like William Morris, he holds that every highest end of life suffers permanent impairment under our reigning capitalism. The family, liberty, enthusiasm for one's work, the free use of faculty, and even private property, in its larger social sense, all alike feel the crippling influence of the brute struggle in industry called competition.

Precisely because our captains of industry have learned that competition is the death of trade as well as its life; because these masters for a quarter of a century have been using their cunning to control and to curb these forces, does the author see some hope of transition to a control — not alone for stockholders in sugar, oil, transportation, mines, but a control by all in the inclusive interests of society as a whole. We have indeed now passed into the stage of "pseudo-socialism" in which we shall agonize to regulate these vast interests for partial groups now in possession. That this halting regulation can succeed, he has, like all socialists, no hope. We shall madly plunge at it, and after many a fall and much floundering, take our punishment and pass gayly under pantocratic banners into the collectivist régime.

Once there, no soul of us can rob his fellow by taking a cent of interest on money, neither shall any private profits pass to our pockets, nor any rent from houses or lands. These forms of private property are to be taken from the individual and become a social possession.

This "shifting of burdens" is inevitable, because all means of production, land, capital, machinery in every shape, pass from individual to social ownership.

Whether one look farther, to the *Socialism*¹ of the veteran John Spargo, with its lucidity and good temper, or to the brilliant pages of Professor Jaurès' *Studies in Socialism*,² we are in the presence of the same moral revolt against competition, and the same religious faith that men are capable of a nobler and more unselfish social order.

The day has passed when this social challenge can be met either by railing or by raillery. Neither can the collectivist criticism as a whole be cried down. Much of it is morally sound and economically approved. We have already socialized vast areas of what was once private property. A further extension of this policy is now a working part of the responsible politics in every progressive nation.

It is now generally admitted that the more monopolistic forms of business do exploit labor, and the public generally, unless socially controlled. In several nations mere control has been found so difficult that governments have taken the monopolies wholly from the competitive field. No assumption in socialism is more fundamental than that this movement will continue until the whole capitalistic machinery is taken from private ownership and given to the public. To the socialist, all interest, rent, and profit-bearing forms of property are vicious and monopolistic.

He not only objects to the "swollen fortunes" that our Chief Executive finds so far threatening as to require legislative action, but upon principle he objects to the most moderate fortunes that are built up or maintained by receipts of rent and interest, or by profits on the sale of products. The true collectivist delights in Rockefeller and Carnegies, because they serve as shining object lessons in reducing the capitalistic system to an absurdity. One of them writes, "We love

¹ *Socialism*. By JOHN SPARGO. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1906.

² *Studies in Socialism*. By JEAN JAURÈS. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1906.

the Rockefeller type because his very success works for us. He is not an iota worse than the whole hungry pack of little profit-makers, who do their utmost to take Rockefeller's place, but lack the strength. He exploits greatly, but the little ones exploit all they *can*, and no man can be bad beyond his capacity to be bad."

This admirably reveals the accepted logic of the movement. Not only are the railroads, the express companies, the coal combines, and the beef trust, vicious in private hands, but our entire agricultural and industrial system is vicious in the sense that under it labor does not get what it produces.

The farmer steals from his laborer in the field as truly as the railroad steals from the brakeman. To the socialist our universal business method so works that the wage-earner gets only a portion of his product. Because the farmer is allowed to own his land and hire helpers, he cannot avoid cheating them. They will be fleeced until the public owns the land and all men have free and equal access to it. Then, through coöperative methods, labor secures the strict equivalent of its toil. Whether it is the petty village shopkeeper, or a Wanamaker, matters not. Profit-making under our present wage system, is, at the very heart of it, a form of thievery from those who depend on wages.

The family living gorgeously at the Waldorf-Astoria upon coal royalties is of course a group of parasites sucking plentifully from the life blood of many miners; but parasitic also are those who own their garden plot from which they supply the local market. Here and there, able socialists shrink from their own logic and begin to make exceptions. They would distinguish between the greater and the lesser industries.

It is a dangerous concession. It not only gives up the imposing infallibilities and absolutism of the Marx School, but it implies that private interest and profits are socially useful on considerable areas

of the industrial field. This point is vital. Scores of the ablest economists have long since shown the iniquities of wealth appropriation under which monopolies have despoiled the people. It has been held, however, that society could learn to meet this evil, either by taking them over, or through rigid regulation and control. This method does not "throw out the baby with the bath." It sees without the slightest fear that the "socializing" of many great industries — transportation, express companies, telegraph, and even mines — is likely enough to come on apace. In this country we are soundly committed to the policy of regulation. If, after trial, we are so discomfited as finally to acknowledge that "ownership" is still with the monopolies, they will certainly pass to the government.

New Zealand has done this already and much more, but that brave community is in no proper sense a synonym of socialism. With extreme daring, it is using its strength to socialize every monopoly-breeding industry, but it uses the same strength to stimulate hundreds of forms of property ownership that are the very antithesis of socialism. When it gives at least eight times as much of its relative wealth as we in the United States, in order to teach the application of science to the soil, it is hoped and believed that private profit-making will have immense fruitful development. To encourage investment and receipt of interest among the whole people is also a part of its policy.

All this, in the extremest democracy in the world, moves directly and defiantly away from the logical theory of collectivism. Fearless, as it is careless, of mere names, democracy in Switzerland and New Zealand is trying to work itself out without attacking the whole complicated order of rent-bearing forms of property. Socialism as a theory and a logic will thrive wherever private monopoly thrives, because these justify the attack.

What we now wish to see is the clean elimination of these private privileges.

We wish it not only for a greater economic equality, but, even more, in order to rescue the sources of our political life from defilement. Then and then only can we tell whether all land and all the "means of production" should be taken from private possession. It may prove of indispensable social utility to retain much land for intensive culture in private hands, and many forms of machinery also in private hands, for the interest and stimulus which this form of possession gives. The glaring abuses of capitalism are now fairly clear to us. When these abuses are under control, we shall for the first time be competent to reckon with its further *uses*. Switzerland and New Zealand have so far subdued the dangerous element in monopoly, that they already serve as the most enlightening examples of a steadily growing democracy. If a genuine democracy with its equalized privilege can be reached, it is a nobler goal than any which a logically developed socialism can possibly offer. This latter carries with it a certain fatalism of compulsion from which the friendliest student continually shrinks. To control *politically* not merely monopolies, but the whole infinite complexity of wealth-making and distribution, is a proposal as Utopian as any of the older schemes which the modern socialist now assures us were only amiable visions. They are very careful to tell us that Utopian socialism was really very absurd. But Utopia dies hard. It is at the heart of practically every "thorough" proposal made by the different schools in this country.

It is the very bravery of their dream that is the safety of society. The appeal to force has now dwindled to a minority which the collectivist leadership in every country treats kindly, but with assuring condescension. It is a leadership growing year by year more conservative, chiefly because it is learning the nature of the thing called politics,—that relentless practical art of making rules for social guidance by some form of majority vote. When once in the saddle, what will it

do with importunate and unsatisfied minorities? We know well that no mere multiplying of wealth-products can bring docility or satisfaction. The hunger for power and distinctions underlies all this.

The rough-and-tumble of politics in the last quarter of a century has taught hundreds of these leaders that the government of men and the organization of society are tasks for sober men who get near enough to take their measure. But still more than this, they see that the economic method of socialism has to submit to terrible tests. It must *somewhere* be tried, and tried in spots. We have had a socialism which scoffed at this objection as frivolous. "Socialism never can be fairly tried until the whole nation tries it together." This is of Utopia with a vengeance. Even if it were conceivable that catastrophic changes should enable — let us say — France to adopt it at once and all together through her entire industrial life, even then the test is no less severe. France then must compete. Her collectivism, as an industrial method, is pitted against the capitalistic ways of surrounding nations. To stand against them, she must prove the preëminence of her industrial service to the French people.

Would it be ill news, that a sister nation had found new methods to humanize and enrich her organic life? One socialist friend will have it that the supreme trial must be among all the leading nations acting together, or the trial will be vain. This flight of fancy need not delay us. The sane men among them see that this cannot be. It must here and there, in specific industries, show its superiority in open competition with the despised methods of capitalism. Is it a thing to frighten us, if it can show superiority? It is a superiority moreover that must be passed upon in many places and many times by the larger part of society. If results of widely observed improvement, — empty almshouses, better homes, fewer hours, no unemployed, ampler income, new delight in one's work, — are found to

follow, who are they to fear so great a good?

Never a theory of social reconstruction was spun in the gray mists of the mind, that was not profoundly modified when applied to life. Socialism as a theory is already touching life at a hundred points and among many peoples. Upon the whole the touch is the touch of life. It makes for a better distribution of wealth and for more deserved equality. But everywhere socialist theory is transformed by that touch as much as the social order is transformed. The tugging drudgery of the world has still to be done, whether under one name or under another. It is a service of responsibility that never fails to sober him upon whom the burdens fall. The immediate work of the generation before us is marked out. That twin iniquity, industrial and political privilege, is the enemy against which socialist and individualist alike have to make war. Enough has already been cleanly achieved to show that the remaining task is within our power.

The truth is, society has not even faintly begun to use its strength against the monopoly privileges, that is, against the crass, exploiting abuses of capitalism.

For the first time a president becomes the disturber. Even if, as one somewhat bewildered, he strikes hotly at the enemy, he calls it by its proper name. He reaches for the great weapon — taxation. Our steel king runs him close; fifty per cent

at least inheritance tax upon the intemperately rich! There have been no abler students than those who have long since held that through taxation the real menace of monopoly can be met. To this end, we have not even lifted a finger except here and there, tentatively and timidly, in states. So little are we democratic, that taxation protects and nurses the rich.

If it is true that an awakening is now at hand, this whole mass of economic aristocracies can be turned from the service of the few to the service of the many.

To do this work even decently would deprive socialism of its only danger. We should then not have to fight it or even oppose it, but rather to understand it, to give it freest critical fling, and, above all, to open to it a generous field for collectivist experimenting. If monopoly can be turned to these larger uses, such experimenting will be as safe as an agricultural college. Yes, it will be more than safe, it will be a wholesome critical stimulant. Socialism has been a faith. It is slowly becoming scientific, in the sense and to the extent that it submits its claims to the comparative tests of experience.

We are now too cowardly to face these tests as they apply to the deeper and determining life problems. We shrink because of our very vices and inequalities, as we cringe and shuffle before the only effective proposals to stop the blank horror of war. To win the courage of these new mental habits, socialism will aid us both by its spirit and by its criticism.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

A RITUAL OF INFIRMITIES

DR. JOHNSON has remarked that the office of a book is to help us either to enjoy life or to endure it. I wonder if he ever thought how much books may be made to help us excuse it. I do not think I could keep my countenance a week if it were not for the fact that I can nearly always turn the edge of my worst faults by recalling some classic instance of a much better man who was afflicted with the same weaknesses.

After many years I am now able to place against each of my infirmities the authority of some great name, the very mention of which produces a lull in the criticism of my own household. If I dare not employ these defenses out in the world, they render me good service at home. I do not know how I should have gotten through these years of late rising without Dr. Arnold. As a matter of fact — let it be confessed — Arnold did not lie abed, but only put on record that he never made any headway against the desire to do so. Of course one cannot make a single example do everything, any more than he can make a parable walk on all fours. In all literary matters selection is what we need, and I too have never made any headway against the desire. It has long been a comfort to me when I have lain in bed to recall that Dr. Arnold felt just as I do.

Of course all misquotation or imperfect reference is sooner or later found out, and the day came when Henrietta announced that Thomas Arnold had spoiled our breakfast quite long enough. She proposed to see for herself what his actual habits were. At length she found not only my favorite passage, but its untimely context, which averred that he did get up, no matter what it cost him. But while not infallible, literary reminiscences

are inexhaustible, so that I have found another instance which I trust will last out my time.

For a cigar at bedtime I have found Emerson efficacious whenever I have felt need of a reason for a final smoke. But there was some attractive thing which Milton used to do toward the last of the evening, which I would give anything to remember, for I know that at the time of reading it, it seemed to me a perfect gem of an excuse for days to be; but it has utterly passed from my mind. I wish I knew what it was.

The best authority for late lunches is Coleridge. For me he takes off that feeling of animalism which is apt to assail me, so that by his aid I can stand before the dumb-waiter at midnight, with a consciousness quite transcendental. If I seldom quote this writer as an apology, preferring to bear the brunt of the matter alone, it is because it grieves me to hear him spoken of as "That Coleridge."

For absent-mindedness, forgetfulness of errands, and carrying letters in my pocket, I for some years employed Charles Lamb's friend, Mr. George Dyer, the gentleman who walked straight out of the Lambs' front door, across the road and into the river, and who, after being brought to, said cheerily, "Ah, I soon found out where I was." But I no longer dare mention the name of George Dyer in the family circle. He is too much. For some years he did very well, simply as a friend of Charles and Mary, but since I let out about that river episode I have never dared mention the name of Dyer again. Though literature has still great power within our walls, the name of dear George Dyer is the signal for a revolt against which my richest reminiscences are powerless.

When I am disagreeable I lay it all to Thoreau. I do not think he would much

care, while he might conceivably consider it a compliment, to be taken as authority in one's more iconoclastic moods. Henrietta says she has read in him hours at a time without finding anything particularly disagreeable, to which I reply that the real heart of such writers is not to be reached without giving one's days and nights to him. If reminded, as I frequently am in the continued playing of this Game of Authors, that all of these persons did many creditable things in their life which might much better be emulated than the characteristics which I have chosen, I reply that this is quite true, but that such matters hardly come within the province of the excusing function.

THE HONEST THEOLOGIAN

If newspaper space is any measure of public interest, there has been evidence enough during the past year that questions of religious belief hold their own as vital questions with a multitude of readers. Or is it rather that the public is intensely concerned with personal exhibitions and tests of honesty—not the honesty of the counting-room, but that of the mind and heart?

We have all been witnessing the spectacle presented by a gentleman whose outward and inward life have given him every claim to his reverend title, placed within a church with definite boundaries of public teaching, if not of private belief, and straining so violently the resistance of those boundaries as to cause his fellows to decide that the pressure had better cease. It has not been altogether an edifying spectacle: that seems to be precluded by the very fact of an ecclesiastical trial—a procedure which seldom reveals the ministers of a gospel of peace at their best. That the keen public interest in the whole affair has been primarily theological is too much to assume. The tenets and discipline of a body of Christians vastly outnumbered by other bodies in America are not of such general importance as to account for the

columns and columns of news reports, editorial articles, and correspondence, which have flooded the secular journals.

The issue of personal intellectual honesty must surely be reckoned with in any accounting for the phenomenon as a whole. The unchurched have been asking as eagerly as the devout laity of various folds whether a man believing thus and so is justified in holding to ancient forms upon which he has come to place interpretations not yet sanctioned by authority; whether a church which charges its ministers "to teach nothing, as necessary to eternal salvation, but that which you shall be persuaded may be concluded and proved by the Scripture," is warranted in limiting too strictly those conclusions and proofs. Here indeed is a pretty matter for argument. Far be it from the present writer to embark upon that perilous sea. All that he wishes to suggest is that the whole secular public makes a rather reassuring exhibition of itself when it warrants the press in providing it so fully with the points at issue that it can arrive at a judgment of its own.

It is just as well to remind ourselves, however, that the whole tendency of a period is not summed up in a single case. Sixty years ago Theodore Parker was galloping far ahead of his Unitarian brethren, and frightening many of them out of their wits. Fifty years ago another Unitarian minister was pursuing precisely the opposite course. The newly published life of the late Bishop of Central New York¹ recalls an ecclesiastical episode in striking contrast to the case of Parker—and to that of the past year. The Reverend Frederic Dan Huntington, Plummer Professor at Harvard, chaplain to the college, one of the most popular and influential preachers in the Unitarian body, with every prospect of advancement in the region where Unitarianism then had everything its own way, deliberately turned his back upon it all,

¹ *Memoir and Letters of Frederic Dan Huntington*. By ARRIA S. HUNTINGTON. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1906.

and took upon himself the very restraints from which others have been willingly or unwillingly freed. There was no possible foreseeing at the time that an important city parish and later an important bishopric, with a long career of conspicuous usefulness, were in store for him. When he made his decision that he could not honestly go on preaching within his fellowship what that fellowship had a right to expect of him, and must therefore place himself in other surroundings, the decision seemed associated, in its temporal aspect, only with sacrifice. A remarkable inheritance and cultivation of the spiritual sense enabled him always to give to his temporal concerns the subordinate place ideally proper to the ministerial life. Happily his change of association involved no ecclesiastical trial. It is the man who believes a little less, not a little more, than his fellows, who is put on the rack. The sincerity and dignity of Bishop Huntington's course won nothing but respect—even from those who could not in the least sympathize with it.

After all, this holding of respect is the important thing. One man finds his liberty too extensive, and seeks its abridgment; another finds it insufficient, and would enlarge it. Each of them knows that his associates will look upon him as abnormal, and wonder why, with suppressing a few mere fragments of the whole truth as he sees it, he could not have been content to continue where he was—speaking comfortably to Jerusalem. Now, who shall arbitrate? Certainly not the non-theological spectator. There are refinements of theological definition about which he cares no more than about the number of angels who can dance upon the point of a needle. He does, however, care greatly to see the members of a profession which has the spirit for its chief concern deal honestly with their own consciences and with one another. He may not go to church as often as his fathers did; but he cannot be thought indifferent to re-

ligion so long as he demands of its ministers an adherence to standards which he knows are the highest. Whether his attention happens to be fixed upon an unfrocked priest or upon a convert raised to the purple, he looks for absolute honesty, and when he finds it he is ready to appreciate and to applaud. Let those who are prone to despair of our too material civilization take heart.

THE MAGAZINE CHILD

I trust it is for no such petty personal reason as that I am myself childless, that I feel tempted to contribute a "club" to the collection of weapons with which a long-suffering public is at last arming itself in the hope of ejecting *The Child* from current magazine fiction.

Surely, a potent cause of the recent popularity of the juvenile is its felicitous lending of itself to illustration. How familiar we have all become with the shapeless-legged little girl in wrinkled stockings and outgrown frock, her lanky hair surmounted by a splashing bow, and with her straight-backed little brother with his Buster Brown suit and his "Dutch cut,"—two trade-marks of the modern boy. The types are attractive and they are often remarkably well drawn, both by the descriptive and the illustrative pen, but the time has come when we have been served with child to repletion. We are heartily sick of the child of the slum and the child of fortune, of the Jewish child and the Bowery child, of the morbid, misunderstood child, and the sentimental, neglected child, of the tomboy and the prig, the natural and the unnatural child. In our state of surfeit we feel tempted to say with Lamb when asked how he liked children, "I like them fried."

People who enjoy reading about children derive a kindred pleasure to that afforded by the weather as a perennially popular subject of conversation. Childhood is a universal experience, and we are all sufficient egotists to enjoy reading about our dead selves, to nod our gray

heads and say, "Yes, that is true, I was like that;" for, though we all have not children of our own, we all have been children ourselves.

May not the present youthful epidemic among writers be due also in part to the comparative rarity of large families among the reading public to-day? As fewer examples of a specimen remain to be studied, more attention is focused on those that survive, and it is the cult of the hour to turn the light of scientific and psychological research on a child as on an interesting type of animal life slowly becoming obsolete. The ubiquity of the child in contemporary fiction is symbolic of the over-emphasis placed upon his every word and deed in daily life. Owing to the modern craze for the development of individualism — even in the immature — the child has become the father of the man in a sense never dreamed of in Wordsworth's philosophy. The sight of parents in such complete subjection tempts us to become reactionary, to revert to the primitive methods of the old woman who lived in a shoe, and it is not improbable that being whipped soundly and put to bed would be quite as beneficial for the children as being analyzed and put into a magazine.

The jaded traveler buys a "Weekly" or a "Monthly" at the news-stand, in the hope of temporarily forgetting his domestic duties and suburban sorrows; but instead of finding a tale of adventure, love, or crime, to refresh a soul thirsting for romance, he is confronted by an exhaustive study of the conditions leading to young Harry's latest deed, or the psychological motives inspiring little Lucy's last saying.

I am, by nature, as fond of children as if I had not a dozen badly brought-up nieces and nephews of my own; but if I am beginning to grow tired of young people, I represent one of a large class, and it is not our fault nor yet the fault of the children. It is a guilty trio of conspirators whom we hold responsible for our seeming heartlessness, and we hereby

offer up a prayer to writers, illustrators, and editors, that the Magazine Child be at last allowed to grow up.

ON READING PROOF

A galley slave! The ancient representative was a wretch chained to the oars; the modern example is fettered to labor of more exacting *type*. What spirit of malicious satire, naming the instruments of modern printing, chose to devise the galley and its proof, true symbols of that black slavery into which innocent authors are forced by the modern press-gang?

There was a time when I looked upon the printed book as the sign of some one's felicity, the accomplished revelation to the world of the deepest truths perceived by the author; to-day I regard the volume as the triumph not of thinking but of inking. I render homage to the alert eye of the proofreader, whose devotion to truth leads him to observe so carefully the letter of the law and to contend against misspelling and other Capital offenses.

No mailed hand in the days of chivalry could strike so profound a blow as that of the postman who delivers a roll of proof. Summon all your faculties, try to be all vision, something will escape your vigilance, and in your poem, in your article, in your book, there will appear one of the petty, exasperating inaccuracies that brings a shame more unendurable than that attendant upon some actual misdeed. To find "lyrioal" gleaming derisively out of a page of serious disquisition, to discover Browning's line printed, —

"O lyric love, half orgel and half bird," is to suffer without hope. Sometimes one has an escape from life-long humiliation. A gifted friend of mine had the insight to insert a "t" in the following passage included by her printer in a chapter of noble idealism, — "We must rise to the level of our loftiest inquiry. The first suspicion we get of immorality makes us responsible for it." I can proudly boast of having rescued two verses from corrup-

tion. One compositor, firmly opposed to simplified spelling, established a new reading of a modern poem, —

"With yellow evening in the skies,
And rhyme upon the tawny hills."

Another improved Keats, ameliorated him, to speak truly:

"Honey from out the gnarled bevi I'll bring."

Surely the psychologists have neglected their legitimate prey. Much could be learned by the study of such lapses from the normal, and the men and women who wrote volumes upon the subject would have, in support of their theories, what few psychologists do have, indubitable proof.

If, in these days, there be any one who has not appeared in print, let him be warned in time. The sentence that seemed to flow so melodiously will become, in the fifth earnest scanning of your proof, a thing more odious than the newspaper of a year ago. The adjectives that you chose with so much care for effectiveness will seem only pitfalls for misprinting; little by little you will arrive at the desperate mood of using only words of one syllable and those easy to spell. The colon and the semi-colon will disappear (ex-

cept in messages from Panama). You will be glad that you learned Greek because you know how to make the mystic sign δ .

Certain voluble critics have said that Shakespeare's indifference toward the question of printing his plays was, and is, inscrutable. Let those triflers in human experience read *Henry VI*, where the poet in raillery anathematized the whole race of printers: "Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar school; and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used, and, contrary to the king, his crown and dignity, thou hast built a paper mill. It will be proved to thy face that thou hast men about thee that usually talk of a noun and a verb, and such abominable words as no Christian ear can endure to hear."

I agree with Shakespeare; the old days of manuscript were better, when monks labored day by day over their copying, and adorned their pages with brightly colored letters. Then writers were really illuminating; they were never represented by a *lead*en cast of thought.

